THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 201, Number 32

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Roland Pertwee—Arthur Train—Colonel Givens—Charles Francis Coe
Margaretta Tuttle—F. Britten Austin—Edith Fitzgerald—Edwin Lefèvre

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HE'LL COME HOME

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

The Handwriting Was Difficult and the Characters Were So Faded as to be Almost Illegible

ADMIRAL SIR JESMOND BRIDGER defined the situation clearly enough. The admiral was more than a senior officer—he was a very real friend.

"It's like this, Shaftoe," he said, dropping a hand on my shoulder. "When a fellow like you comes into a crowded promotion zone in company with sons of men with sea names as familiar as Nelson's and Drake's, his chances are none too good." I had realized that even before the Gazette was published which left me a commander without a chance of a higher step between then and eternity.

"You can't exactly blame the Admiralty," he went on. "You are simply paying the price naval cuts demand. As a result of the war, the service is overcrowded with commanders and some of 'em must go. It's no discredit to you or dozens of other men with fine records who're similarly placed. With only ten vacancies and more than a hundred in the zone, influence is bound to tell."

I was feeling pretty sore, but I nodded. Ten to one is long odds, but I hadn't been able to resist the hope that one or two things I had pulled off in submarines and later as a torpedo expert would help me through. It is a blank lookout, after giving your heart and hand and the best years of manhood to a job, to get shelved at thirty-two. In the commercial markets of England since the war ex-service men are scarcely at a premium. I was a fair engineer, but the navy was my job and I'd lost it.

"What do you mean to do?" he asked. "Stick on as a commander until you get your pension or cut loose?"

I had a thousand or two my mother had left me, so there was no immediate shortage where cash was concerned.

"I haven't really thought, sir," I answered, "but I rather expect I'll cut loose. If I have to find a new way of making a living, the sooner I find it the better."

I had no very great enthusiasm for the idea of hanging on until I was forty for the modest pension the Admiralty bestows on retired officers. That prospect was a trifle too flat for my taste. It seemed to suggest a couple of rooms at Portsmouth, a membership in some potty little sailing club and rather too many odd spots o' nights for the good of my health.

"If you'd care for introductions——" said the admiral. "Armstrong's or Vickers might be glad to have you. I tell you what, though, Oscar Kahnet of the World-United Oil and Transport Company might be useful. In these days of motor traction both on

"'Marning, Master Bob,"
He said. "'Twas a Gran'
Shot I Sees 'ee Fire"

land and water, the United have immense interests all over the world. They have plenty of jobs to offer, and what's more, they are willing to pay." That sounded more hopeful. "I'll write now," he said and, sitting down to a table, grabbed a pen and wrote. It would be unbecoming to record that letter in detail. Until I read it I had no idea what a hell of a fellow I was.

"All right, don't blush," he said; "it's an honest expression of the way I feel." He tucked the letter in an envelope, gave it to me, shook hands and ordered a couple of drinks. "A rosy future," he said, and we drank to that.

So I tendered my resignation and hung about Portsmouth until the formal acceptance came through. I could have taken leave if I had wanted to, but since I was going to say good-by to the sea and going down to the sea in ships, I was in no hurry to get away.

My last night on the Spindrift my fellow officers gave me an informal send-off. As at many such affairs where old friendships are becoming broken and old ties severed, the talk, for the most part, ran on strictly impersonal lines. We argued as to the likelihood of another coal strike and as to which way the electors would vote at the forthcoming general election in May. The government's expenditure in and occupation of Irak was, at that time, suffering severe criticism from the opposition and it was generally accepted that Irak was to become a party cry. One or two of us were boringly eloquent on the subject and talked a lot of tripe about the value of Mesopotamian oil fields and other matters with which we were imperfectly acquainted. We lowered a good deal of Scotch and faked up some high spirits, but I hated that night worse than any I can remember. I seemed to be leaving behind all that belonged to me. When I found some ratings gathered round the accommodation ladder to give me a parting cheer, I came perilously near to blubbering. We don't go in for speeches in the navy and I couldn't have made one then if I had tried. I ducked my head and ran. I ran so fast, and I was seeing so badly, that I took an imperial header over one of the mooring ropes on the quay. Heart trouble, not whisky, was the cause of it. I could have drunk a gallon that night and not felt any the worse—or better.

I had ordered a room at the Swan and had sent a card to a pal of mine who had been looking after my spaniel, Pixie, to have her sent along to the hotel to be there when I arrived. Rank sentimentalism, I suppose, but I knew I should be wanting the company of a friend who wouldn't answer back and wouldn't remind me if I didn't happen to exhibit that air of stoic reserve with which a man should mask his feelings from the world.

The porter told me Pixie had arrived at six o'clock and had expressed herself very unfavorably toward her surroundings.

"I guessed you'd be late, sir," he said, "and I didn't know 'ow to keep her quiet. Whining something dismal, she was, till I 'it on the idea of putting that old gun case you sent beside 'er. Wonnerful things, dogs, sir. She jest took one sniff at it and ever since she's been sittin' alongside of it, purring like a cat."

A good fellow, that porter. I took him upstairs and we had a drink together, while Pixie squirmed and wallowed round my legs and parked her head on my knee and pushed her nose under my hand and flicked the little white pennant at the end of her stumpy tail like a signaler.

I went to sleep that night with Pixie curled up like a caterpillar at the foot of the bed. We were up betimes and Pixie and I had a nice talk while I put on my civilian things.

"Our future plans are a trifle uncertain," I told her. "Today we shall take the car, or what's left of it, and make for London Town. I have a letter, Pixie, which may result in my becoming an oil magnate. Anyway, we shall see. After that we'll slip down to the Xavier, see the old man and have a few days' shooting."

At the mention of Xavier, Pixie pricked up her ears, and at the word "shooting" she went mad. That I cut my chin while shaving is due to the fact that Pixie was routing out an imaginary rabbit from beneath the dressing table.

I had not written to my father to let him know that I was out of the service. He disliked receiving letters almost as much as he disliked writing them. He always read the Times and I knew very well that he was aware from the Gazette that I was not in the list of promotions. The last thing I expected from him was a letter of sympathy. He argued, and rightly, that I was sure of his sympathy. Very well then, why waste time braying about it? His intense loyalty to members of his family called for neither ink nor paper to give it expression.

We did not linger long over breakfast. I paid my bill and marched off with Pixie to heel, to inspect the old crock of a car which I kept in a garage on the fringes of the town for use when I was ashore.

There are few sadder sights than a neglected motor car. The radiator and the lamps had collected blue mold and looked as though they were made of Cheshire cheese. However, she responded willingly enough to a swing on the starting handle, and very soon, with Pixie in the seat beside me and my gear stuffed into the dicky, we were clanking along up the London Road.

II

HAVING regard to its age and to the neglect it had suffered, the car served us bravely. I had an early luncheon at Simpson's and presented myself at that great new building in Kingsway which is the headquarters of the World-United Oil and Transport Company. I presented my letter and asked for an interview with Oscar Kahnet. The porter to whom I made the demand expressed an air of astonishment.

"Have you an appointment?" he inquired.

"That's a question you'll be able to answer yourself after he's seen that letter," said I.

He departed, shaking his head. Presently he returned and asked me to accompany him to a waiting room. It certainly was that. I waited enormously. Presently a very bright young man breezed in and gave me a look-over. He had a well-brushed head and carried his hands in his trousers pockets.

"I say, what's it about?" he said.

As an introductory phrase it struck me as vague. "About half an hour since I arrived," said I.

He grinned. "I call that funny," he said, and added: "Do you really expect to see the guv'nor?" I asked why not. "He hates seeing people," was the reply. "Just hates it. I don't know anything he hates worse than that."

"I am sure," said I, "he will enjoy seeing me."

The young man laughed. "Are you really set on it?" he asked. I told him yes. At that he sighed and retired, pausing at the door to remark: "I honestly think it 'ud be much pleasanter if you cut the idea."

For another ten minutes I justified the title of the waiting room. At the end of that time another man appeared—a very silent and beaten man who conducted me to a door which was labeled, Mr. Cole, Asst. Manager.

He left me with Mr. Cole, who seemed busy. Between my arrival and the first words he addressed to me, he

sacked someone on the telephone, signed a large pile of correspondence and cleaned his pince-nez with a small square of wash leather.

At last he said, after the fashion of a man who has made a distressing discovery:

"You are Commander Robert Shaftoe?" I nodded. "Yes, but why?" he said. I was on the point of replying that Shaftoe was a family name, when he added, "Why come to us?"

"The admiral seemed to think ——" I began, but he cut me short.

"Yes, yes, I know. That is the trouble with admirals. They always seem to think, but they never actually know."

"Know what?" I demanded.

"The conditions of our business, of course. Are you aware that we have sometimes as many as fifteen hundred applications for employment in a day? And a great many of these applicants," he added, "are ex-service men, like yourself."

"I hope," said I, "you do not allow that to influence you against them."

Mr. Cole showed me the palms of his hands and I observed with sorrow that he had a short life line.

"It is scarcely a recommendation, is it?" he asked.

"Isn't it?" said I.

"No," he said.

My assault on the citadels of commerce seemed a bit of a failure. I rose. "Then it only remains for Mr. Kahnet to tell me I'm not wanted," said I.

Mr. Cole's brow clouded. "Is that necessary?" said he. "Why not take it from me?"

"As I have a letter to Mr. Kahnet, I may as well use it."

"As you please, commander," he said. "In the circumstances, I imagine he will scarcely refuse to see you. But it is only fair to say that he would very much rather not."

It was all that I could do to prevent myself laughing. "Tell me," I said, "is my appearance in any way responsible for this reluctance, or does Mr. Kahnet feel the same about everybody?"

"About everybody," he replied. "There are times when even I, myself, find it hard to get an interview. However, since you're determined, there is nothing for it."

Pushing open an inner door, he led me along a narrow passage to a very small room, naked of furniture save for an immense armchair in which Oscar Kahnet, with a handkerchief over his face and his hands folded across an enormous stomach, sat peacefully asleep.

"Do not attempt to wake him," Mr. Cole besought. "Remain perfectly quiet and presently he will become aware of you."

So saying, he retreated like a shadow.

In the course of my travels I have encountered some fairly remarkable types, but without fear of contradiction, I declare Oscar Kahnet was the most remarkable of all. He was at once the tallest, largest and fattest man I have ever seen. Recumbent in his chair, with his small pale blue hands lying on his belly and his face covered, he presented a Brobdingnagian picture I shall not readily forget. He breathed very silently, and the only signs of life were the movements of the handkerchief as he inhaled and exhaled the air. The huge rolls of fat which girt his immense body were still as death. There was a broad window ledge, and tiptoeing across the room, I seated myself upon it to await his pleasure. I noticed that the letter of introduction from the admiral lay crumpled at his feet; that the armchair and himself were the only details of the apartment, if I except the mouthpiece of a telephone, with a little row of bell pushes alongside, which were bracketed to the wing of the chair.

How long I waited I do not know, partly on account of the fact that the man and his empty room interested me enormously. I remember thinking that he looked like a reservoir for the oil from which his fortune had been amassed. I also remember wondering whether his dislike of seeing people was traceable to a more natural dislike for himself being seen.

When subsequent events brought us more closely together this impression was banished by the discovery that Oscar Kahnet was singularly conceited. In many respects there is no doubt he had a right to be conceited. As a financial genius he was second to none, and for sheer cold nerve in a crisis, I have yet to meet his rival. With two such qualities, one would have expected him to be satisfied, but he was not. He fancied himself not only as an elegant example of humanity but regarded his personal charms in a more than favorable light.

My thoughts and speculations were thus occupied when, without a word of warning, he blew the handkerchief away as it might have been a puff of thistledown and stared at me with a pair of innocent blue eyes.

I use the adjective "innocent" advisedly. His eyes—and, indeed, all his features—were of a surprising innocence. They resembled the features of a baby—a little round blob of a nose, a red curly mouth and those big blue eyes. This in itself was surprising enough, but to find that infantile equipment lodged in the center of a massive head and a great wallow of shapeless cheeks and double chins all but excited from me an exclamation of amazement.

"Sitting there!" he exclaimed. "Who the devil asked you to sit down?"

As he spoke I had my third surprise, for his voice, without being actually falsetto, was thin and fluty as a girl's. I can best describe it by saying it tinkled like those glass wind bells that come from Japan.

I rose and made some pretense of bowing.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said, "but since you were asleep, I assumed a privilege which I supposed you would offer me had you been awake."

"Oh, dear, what a tiresome fellow," he said. "If I had wanted you or anyone else to sit down I should have provided chairs—lots of chairs. People who sit down stop too long—they stop interminably. I can see what it is—I shall have to have glass put on that window sill—bits of broken glass. That'll be the thing. Now, before you go, what is it?"

"I thought, sir, you might have a job to offer me."

(Continued on Page 36)

A Tremendous Excitement Obsessed Me and I Attacked the Network of Branches With Savage Energy

CRACKING OPEN THE NORTH

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

A FEW months ago I went back to a place in the New North of Canada which held many memories. Not old memories, however, for the time of my previous visit had been only two years before. Then with our packs on our backs, my trail partner, Jack Nankervis, and myself had hit the bush in an effort to get to a new mining camp—that of Rouyn, in Northwestern Quebec.

It had been somewhat of a job to learn just how to get in there. Of course, we could take the airplane, someone said, but nobody in Toronto, whence we had started, knew where the airplane ran from.

Then there was a boat which ran from somewhere, too, but that somewhere wasn't clear. After a time it had been decided that the best route would be to to go to Taschereau, on the transcontinental line of the Canadian National Railways, and follow the grading and survey stakes of a branch line which was building into the new, raw town.

So we went to Taschereau, and we rode out on the new line as far as it went—a distance of ten miles. Then, sometimes on right of way, sometimes in muskeg, sometimes sleeping at the camps of railroad engineers and sometimes not, we hit for Rouyn, fifty miles or five days away. Once we had a lift in a canoe. Once, too, we got lost, and it rained all that night.

The Special Train Arriving at Cranberry Portage for the Golden Spike Ceremonies

Log and Frame Buildings at the New Town of Cranberry Portage, Manitoba

The Broken Trail

THROUGHOUT the five days, our shoulders bent beneath our heavy packs, the black flies and the mosquitoes swarming out of the soggy muskeg to feast upon us, the trail sometimes a tote road and sometimes nothing at all, we moved onward through the black, dense bush of the Canadian North, yielding stubbornly, grudgingly to the advance of civilization. We had a fishing rod along, and in that journey we laid a trout fly on waters that never before had seen a Royal Coachman or a yellow-bodied Gray Hackle. Finally, fly-bitten, muskeg-soiled, we arrived at a little collection of log cabins, where the life rafts lay in the bend of Lake Osisko in case the bush should blaze into all-consuming fire some night, and where a black shaft house on the hill denoted a mine that some day might amount to something.

It was the kind of town that one sees mostly in motion pictures. The cabins were set crazily where pioneers had decided to place them. Prospectors roamed about, talking grandly and perfectly willing to accept a free meal. The bush clung, black and menacing, on every side; it was a frontier town, with its population living upon hopes and upon one another. Bootleggers, ladies of the Golden Chance, tinhorn card sharps—one found them frequently. Our abode was a cot room, together with eight other men, and that was the nicest place in town.

So, as I say, a few months ago I went back to Rouyn. This time the railroad ticket seller in Winnipeg knew just how I would get there, and at Taschereau I simply changed from one Pullman to another. Along the right of way where Jack and I had tramped, roofless buildings now showed themselves, as of long-deserted pioneering; they were the engineers' camps where we had slept two and a quarter years before. The train stopped often at little settlements. In two hours I was in Rouyn.

A thousand-ton smelter stood where Jack and I had wallowed through the muskeg on the last leg of our journey. Along the lake where the life rafts had been was the town of Noranda, with apartment houses, a fifty-room hotel, building and fire restrictions, and a society set, already long enough established to find things to say about the society set of Rouyn, a mile away. There were water mains and sewers, a fire department, the usual civic organizations. A dozen chugging taxicabs met the train, and busses, clamoring the comforts of the hotel in Noranda and the four or more in Rouyn. That night I took a walk. At last I found, as if it had been laid away for reference, a tiny group of log buildings—all that remained of the Rouyn I had known. And the next day I went back to Toronto. By the same railroad? Not at all. I took a through drawing-room on the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario line—the connection of which had not even been started on my previous visit.

Things move that swiftly in Northern Canada these days. Or perhaps that is an unfair statement, for they move with even more alacrity. A short time before I went back to Rouyn I was in Northern Manitoba. The end of steel of the Hudson Bay Railway beckoned to me. It was to be a hard trip, and one which I felt my wife would not enjoy. So I left her to visit with friends in a town that had not even existed eight months before.

Beyond the Fringe

THERE was a time when even Canadians looked upon Canada as a name to be mentioned softly when prosperous commonwealths were brought into the conversation. Fifteen years ago, when this writer traversed the Dominion each year, there was to be noted everywhere that standoffish, let-me-alone attitude that one finds so often aligned with the inferiority complex; even two and a half years ago there were more Canadians who spoke of Canada as being a tough job to see through than who were exuberant over its future. Contrast, therefore, this attitude with the one recently exemplified in a speech of one of the Dominion's most prominent men:

"I expect that eventually Canada will become the center of the British Empire with its hundreds of millions of happy people."

There must be a reason for such a change in attitude. There is, and it does not lie in that comparatively narrow fringe of populous areas which most persons know as Canada. Instead it occupies the same position to the Dominion as the once-far-away Pike's Peak region meant to the United States—a frontier land, neglected, cursed as useless for years, only suddenly to reveal itself as bulging with riches.

It is the New North, crammed with minerals, thundering with possibility for hydroelectric development, sufficiently tillable at remote spots to give small fortunes to hard-working pioneers. And everywhere it bristles with the spires of soft woods which return almost ton for ton in newsprint, to say nothing of the developments of cellulose fiber which, in rayon and kindred products, has put the feel of silk where it never touched before. It is the land which once belonged only to the Indian trapper and the dog-sled driver, to the wandering factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and the French Canadian pioneer, content if he could find a living in the clay revealed by the hacking of a hole in the stubborn, tangled bush. It is even beyond this, in the Barren Lands which lie along Hudson Bay, and stretching even farther, in the Arctic Circle. For now that Canada has started to crack open its northland, there seems no limit. It goes onward into the Barrens, where the ice lies only eight inches under the caribou moss, and onward beyond that even, to where the white whales play in Hudson Bay, where the ptarmigan flits upon the snowdrifts and the polar bear is not an unusual sight for the prospector, and still farther, where the aviator leans from the cockpit to study out problems in navigation that ships

may steam from Churchill to England by a passage once fit only for explorers.

And as men pour in, so pour the millions, hundreds upon hundreds of them, money from Canada, from England, from the United States; one hears lump sums discussed in the northland today that would have been jeered at as the ravings of a crazed person a decade ago. Twenty-five millions for this, a hundred millions for something else, twenty millions more for a year's railroad-building program, ten millions for the development of a single mine, another million for prospecting—just to find out if a piece of ground is worth spending a real sum of money upon. This is the land that, a few years ago, was called the "land of the stunted poplar"—a hopeless drag upon a Dominion which felt itself doomed to exist upon a comparatively narrow strip of country along its southern border.

Naturally, when such statements as the foregoing are made, they by necessity demand both proof and a cause. The proof is simple. The cause of this sudden opening up of a country which has lain fallow since the glacial age is a bit more difficult. Expansion following the war, a reawakening of the pioneer spirit, better methods of travel, owing to the introduction of the airplane in mapping districts which otherwise might never have been reduced to paper, better railroading—all these things can be cited as contributing causes. But to this writer's mind, there is something besides that. It is the omnipresent desire to know what is going on.

The Hammers Sound Day and Night in The Pas, Northern Manitoba

A Mine Near at Hand is Worth Two in the Bush

FOR instance, before the war it was widely known that practically 95 per cent of the Pre-Cambrian shield on the North American continent, and more than half the world's known quantity lay in Canada. The term is geologic, descriptive of any of the rocks representing the oldest era of formation, when the shell over the boiling pot of chemicals that was the earth was thinnest.

It was known, too, that wherever one found the Pre-Cambrian, one found mineral riches. It was true in California, where a patch of the shield exists. It was true in Colorado, with its rich Pike's Peak region, in the Black Hills of South Dakota, in Montana, where prospectors once flooded, and in Alaska, where it brought about the rush of '98. It had proved itself true also in Canada, with the discovery of Cobalt in 1905, during the building of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railroad. But after that nobody seemed to bother much about the poor old Pre-Cambrian shield. A great part of it lay under muskeg, some under ice; it was a good country to stay away from, with its harassing flies in the summer, its distance from civilization, its hardships, its twenty to fifty degrees below zero weather in the winter. And suppose somebody should find a mine away off in the bush. What could a person do with it? In fact, mines were found and mines were abandoned. Rich veins were staked and forgotten. As one prospector remarked to me: "Sure, I discovered a nice vein of ore in Northern Manitoba when I was trapping in there in the winter of '16. It was low-grade and lots of it. But I couldn't pack it out on me back, could I?"

Distance, hardships, impossibilities—these three barriers arose incessantly. The bush is a jealous guardian; beginning only a short distance above the southern fringe of population, it stretches, black and forbidding, tangled and all but impenetrable, mile upon mile northward, until the rising touch of never-melting ice chills the roots and stunts its growth as it nears the Arctic Circle.

A brooding thing, this bush; thrumming mournfully with the swish of the slightest wind. Birch and hemlock and poplar and balsam are intertwined with trailing vine and rank underbrush; jack pine and tamarack and spruce grow so thick sometimes that one tree literally welds into the other; it is no inviting place for travel.

Spreading the News

ROADS exist only in the winter. Summer brings the canoe and the misery of cloudlike attacks of flies at the portages; muskeg, soft, sucking at one's feet, the mushy residue of age upon age of swamp-rotted vegetation that refuses to become earth; endless stretches of brule where the forest fires have swept their way in times departed; lakes and streams and swamps and morasses—this is the bush, and even the old-timer hesitates before he ventures into it alone. Under this bush, gnarled and rounded where it was ground from the height of the Rocky Mountains to a maximum altitude of only 1800 feet, lay the Pre-Cambrian.

There it stayed; there was neither the means nor the desire to disturb it. Now and then a strike would be made close to a railroad, such as Porcupine or Timmins or Sudbury. But the recesses remained intact. Even if one should find a mine, where was there the means to extract its riches? Money for development was lacking; beyond that, the incentive also was absent. A mine meant the necessity for a smelter on the ground in these remote places. Where would be the power to run it? And who would care to risk money on building in the wilderness? But all the while, more and more persons insisted on reading, greater and greater became the demands for paper, kraft paper, sulphites, ground wood pulp. The north was full of spruce and other soft woods looked upon as useless by lumbermen, but prized by the pulp manufacturer.

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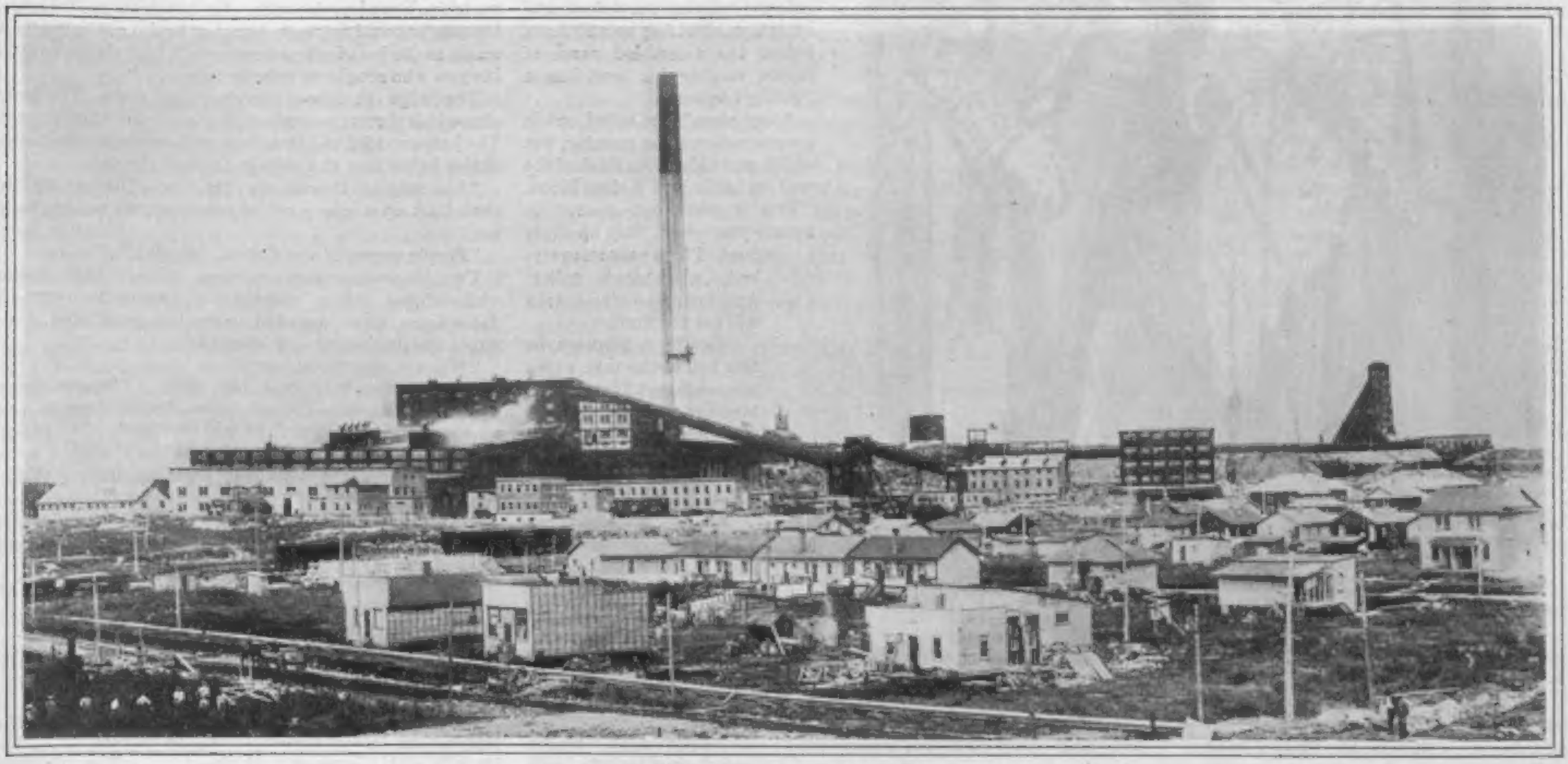

A Portion of Noranda, Sister City to Rouyn, Quebec, Constructed Since 1926

YALLER DOG

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Now I don't care if he is a houn',
They gotta quit kickin' my dog aroun'.

"BLOODY BILL," otherwise the Hon. William Francis O'Brien, assistant district attorney of the County of New York, had come down into Part I of the General Sessions of the Peace with the avowed purpose of "knocking hell out of the calendar." Translated into less technical English, this meant that Mr. O'Brien had descended from his den upon the third floor of the Criminal Courts Building to the court room upon the second, determined to arraign an impressive list of defendants and send each and every one of them to jail for a term of years. Preceded by a bodyguard of officers, legal understudies, process servers and camp followers, he marched through the corridor much after the manner of a Roman senator proceeding with his lictors to the Forum, and exacting even more respect.

"Stand aside for the district attorney!" bawled his henchman Mulcahy, shoving the crowd right and left. "Get out of the way, youse!"

"Is that the district attorney? I want to speak to him!" murmured a gray-haired woman in a knitted shawl, endeavoring to intercept the great O'Brien.

"Stand aside!" ordered Mulcahy, giving her a push. "He's busy!"

"But my boy ——" she protested faintly.

"I know! I know!" snorted the officer. "It's too bad about you—about all of youse! . . . Make way there!"

And he thrust her so roughly back into the crowd that she nearly fell. A tall, ramshackly old man in a stovepipe hat and dingy frock coat, smoking a queer rat-tailed cigar beside a pillar, caught her just in time.

"I'll fix you for that, you brute," he muttered at Mulcahy's back. "Never mind, Mrs. Menken. O'Brien wouldn't listen to you, anyway." He patted the old lady on the shoulder. "But everything's all right. Leave it to me."

"Gussie's really such a good boy," she whimpered. "And he didn't do a thing. Just stepped into the store because he didn't want to meet the officer. He knew Grady had it in for him, and he was afraid he might beat him up. And now he's afraid to testify, because if he took the stand the district attorney would bring out the fact that he's been convicted once already and sent to the reformatory. You know how it happened? Grady railroaded him for assault because he threw a snowball at him. He was away six months. Just a kid! And Grady's been layin' for Gussie ever since he got out—and him tryin' so hard to find a job! Why can't they give him a chance?"

"A swell chance if a boy has once been convicted. I know how they hound those fellows. But now they've got to stop! They've got to leave Gussie alone. Yes," he added, "'they gotta quit kickin' my dog aroun'!' Trust me!"

"Trust you, Mr. Tutt!" she answered fervently. "If it wasn't for you and what you've done for us I'd have given up trusting anybody long ago." They were among the last to enter the court room, and although the judge had not yet come in, all the seats were taken except two on the back row.

"Wouldn't you like to go up front, Mr. Tutt? I guess I can find one seat for you by the jury box," asked the court officer by the door.

Mr. Tutt glanced down at the frightened little woman beside him.

"No, Tim," he answered. "I'll sit back here with this lady."

"Bloody Bill" was already inside the rail, barking orders at the officers, bullying the defendants' attorneys, strutting up and down before the assembled panel of jurors, cocking his head like a fighting bantam.

"Any pleas?" he called out in a voice meant to be enticing, but which made Mr. Tutt think of the wolf in Little Red Riding Hood. "This is your last chance to square yourselves. Step up lively now. I'll go easy on everybody who pleads guilty. Any man who stands trial will get the limit."

"Don't you think maybe Gus had better take a plea to something?" asked Mrs. Menken nervously. "I don't want him to get the limit, as that gentleman says. They might give him twenty years!"

"Admit his guilt when he's really innocent!" ejaculated the old lawyer. "Only over my dead body! I'll give O'Brien the fight of his life. But I wish it were somebody else than that yellow dog!"

He caressed his long lantern jaw.

"Yellow dog!" he repeated meditatively with an abstracted look in his eyes, which seemed to have focused themselves upon some point far beyond O'Brien—indeed, far beyond the court room. "Jumping Jehoshaphat!" he ejaculated. "It might work! It might!" He looked at his watch hurriedly. There was still ten minutes before court opened.

"Excuse me," he said to Mrs. Menken. "I've got to speak to somebody outside for a minute. You stay right here. I'll be back in no time."

He slipped out just as the judge came in.

"All up!" bellowed Captain Gallagher, the senior court officer, by the rail, and everybody in the room arose and made obeisance to a stout figure in a bellying black bombazine gown. "Oyez! Oyez! All persons having business with this court draw near, give your attention and ye shall be heard! His Honor the Judge of the General Sessions!"

Old Judge Tompkins slowly ascended the bench and stood looking down benignly upon the multitude. Mrs. Menken, her eyes on his kindly, withered face, took courage. O'Brien, with the grin of a hyena suffering from acute gastritis, bowed profoundly. He hated Judge Tompkins because he could not bully him, but he did not hate him as much as he hated all prisoners who had rights and the lawyers who sought to enforce them.

The judge sat down; everybody sat down. The judge cleared his throat; everybody began to clear their throats. The judge nodded to a little man with enormous mustaches sitting below him at a desk in front of the dais.

"You may call the calendar, Mr. Clerk," he said, and the clerk took up a long scroll of paper, almost as long as he was.

"People versus Moses Cohen. Ready?"

Two black-enameled attorneys, who in their flaring white-winged collars resembled a vaudeville song-and-dance team, arose, marched to the bar, prostrated themselves simultaneously and chanted:

"We is ready, Yo' Honor!"

"Marked ready!" said the clerk. "People versus C-z-j-k-z—Cheezik—I don't know exactly how to pronounce this, Your Honor," he said plaintively. "Cheezicksky! Anybody here representing anybody with a name like that indicted for attempting to steal a ship's anchor?"

There was no answer.

"Mark it ready and send for an interpreter," directed Judge Tompkins. "It's probably pronounced in the English fashion—Chisselham, or something."

"People versus Chisselham!" called the clerk with an air of relief.

"That was a joke," remarked His Honor mildly.

"People versus Michael Flanegan. Assault in the second degree."

"Guilty," came huskily from the back of the room.

"It's a plea, yeronner," explained O'Brien. "Anybody representing this defendant? Come on up here! . . . Hit his wife with a piece of lead pipe. . . . Want to plead guilty, don't you? Where's your lawyer?"

"Everything's All Right. Leave It to Me"

Mr. Tutt Allowed the Jury to Compare the Two Antagonists and Then Directed Them to Sit Down

"He was afther askin' forty dollars av me," answered Mr. Flanegan belligerently. "An' I towld him 'tw'd be cheaper to save it fer the warden! Yeah! I'm guilty."

"All right! Sit down there, Flanegan!" said the clerk. "People versus Menken."

"The People are ready," announced O'Brien, leaning back nonchalantly with his thumbs in his armholes.

"People versus Menken! People versus Augustus Menken; indicted for burglary in the first degree. Appearances—Tutt and Tutt."

Mrs. Menken arose unsteadily to her feet. They couldn't be going to try Gussie without Mr. Tutt! Why ever had he gone out? She tried to speak, but her voice failed her. The judge was so far away!

"Call Mr. Tutt in the corridor," suggested Judge Tompkins. "He's probably smoking a stogy out there."

Mrs. Menken could hear her friend's name echoing throughout the rotunda.

"We'll hold the case until the end of the calendar and call it again," said the judge. "Mr. Tutt is a busy man and usually very prompt. . . . Next case!"

By eleven o'clock O'Brien had so far gratified his ambition that he had secured eleven pleas for offenses varying from bigamy to mayhem, adjourned but three cases and forced eight others to be marked ready and held for trial in spite of the inconvenience to the defendants and their attorneys, although he very well knew that he could not possibly dispose of more than two.

Mr. Tutt made his appearance just as the calendar call was ended and Moses Cohen, even more blackly enameled than his attorneys, was being escorted to the bar.

"We've been looking for you, Mr. Tutt," said Judge Tompkins. "What do you want done with this Menken case?"

"I crave Your Honor's indulgence," answered the old lawyer, stepping into the inclosure and placing his stovepipe upside down carefully upon the counsel table. "I was here in court before the opening, but a matter of vital importance compelled me to hurry back to my office. . . . I ask Your Honor to discharge the defendant in this case for lack of evidence."

O'Brien gave vent to a loud and indignant snort.

"Lack of evidence!" he shouted wrathfully. "This man was caught red-handed and armed with a dangerous weapon, burglarizing a dwelling house in the nighttime! He has been indicted by the grand jury for burglary in the first degree, burglary in the second degree, burglary in the third degree, grand larceny in the first and second degrees, assault in the second degree, illegal entry ——"

Mr. Tutt waved his hand airily. "Why didn't you indict him for champerty and maintenance, driving a motor car without a license, osteopathy ——"

There was a subdued snicker from the audience. O'Brien became brick-red.

"Will Your Honor permit a senile old man to trifle with this court?" he roared.

Bang! went the judge's gavel.

"Your language is grossly improper, Mr. O'Brien!" he said sternly. "Mr. Tutt is a distinguished officer of this court. I feel sure he had no intention of trifling with it. He was merely trying to lighten our burdens with a touch of humor."

Mr. Tutt bowed sadly. "I am, it is true, an old man, past the allotted span of threescore years and ten, and bowed down with the cares and sorrows of this world, but never did I expect to have my gray hairs made an object of derision!"

O'Brien ground his teeth. "Osteopathy!" he hissed.

"What are you saying?" demanded Judge Tompkins.

"I said 'osteopathy.'"

"What has osteopathy got to do with this case?"

"Precisely, Your Honor! Nothing whatever! I was calling attention to the irrelevancy of Mr. Tutt's remarks."

"My point is," argued Mr. Tutt with dignity, "that if this nineteen-year-old boy is a burglar, to indict him for illegal entry is as ludicrous as to indict him for osteopathy."

"But osteopathy is no crime, Mr. Tutt," answered the judge.

"Well, illegal entry—that is to say, walking through an open door where one has not been invited to do so—is hardly one; at worst a misdemeanor. To insert such a count in the indictment is a contradiction in terms!" He turned and swept the court room, including the interested body of waiting jurors. "If this boy merely went into a grocery store—perhaps just to get warm, so far as we know—why indict him for a crime for which he may be given twenty years in state's prison? And if the witness"—he turned over the indictment in his hand and pointed to the names on the back of it—"if the only witness to the facts doesn't know whether the defendant was a burglar or simply a tramp, and yet is willing to accuse him of being the former, that witness, I say, is so unworthy of respect or belief that the court should order an acquittal!"

"What nonsense!" interposed O'Brien. "Under the Code of Criminal Procedure all indictments are drawn that way. There are always half a dozen counts."

"So much worse for the law, then!" retorted his adversary.

"Your argument is better suited to a jury than to the court, Mr. Tutt," replied Judge Tompkins. "If there is a lack of evidence the defendant will in due time be discharged as matter of law."

"If eventually, why not now?" pleaded the old lawyer.

"Your motion—if it is a motion—is denied," said His Honor.

He turned to the still fuming O'Brien.

"I stated that your language, Mr. District Attorney, was improper. I will now add that it is disrespectful to this court. You referred to counsel for the defense as senile. This court is several years older than Mr. Tutt and does not regard itself as senile by any manner of means. Have you anything to say, sir?"

The color in Mr. O'Brien's cheeks faded to olive.

"I didn't mean any disrespect to the court," he answered feebly. "I'm sorry if Your Honor took it that way."

"Very well. Mr. Tutt probably took it that way. Have you anything to say to him?"

O'Brien hesitated. He would have liked to tell old Tompkins, then and there, where to go, but he knew perfectly well that if he did he would land in the jug. Besides, he needed Tompkins in his business. It was bitter beer.

"Naturally I didn't mean literally what I said. I was using poetic license. There is nothing senile about counsel for the defendant," he remarked coldly.

"Does that satisfy you, Mr. Tutt?" inquired the judge.

Mr. Tutt smiled genially. "Knowing Mr. O'Brien as I do, I consider his remarks as the handsomest sort of apology of which he is capable."

One of the talesmen guffawed—a fact which did not escape Mr. Tutt.

"The incident is closed, gentlemen. How long will the Cohen case take, Mr. District Attorney?"

"Unless the defendant offers a plea ——" began O'Brien.

"Dere ain't gwine to be no plea!" averred the colored gentlemen in emphatic chorus.

"In that case, it will probably take a couple of hours."

"Is there any need of keeping Mr. Tutt hanging around here all the morning, then?"

O'Brien shrugged, as much as to say that if the fool court desired to treat old Tutt as if he were the Prince of Wales, it was quite within its power to do so.

"You may go until two o'clock, Mr. Tutt," said Judge Tompkins. "Impanel a jury!" he ordered.

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First Aid to the Undertaker

By Benjamin G. Eynon

Motor Vehicle Registrar for Pennsylvania

AS TOLD TO M. H. JAMES

Passing on a Curve—Positive Evidence That the Guilty Driver Should Not be Intrusted With the Driving Privilege

THE legislatures of forty-five American states are or soon will be engaged in revising old statutes and creating new ones, and in each legislative hall orators are rattling the chandeliers as they demand that something be done to stop the progress of a Juggernaut that is crushing and maiming thousands of men, women and children every year. Their voices tremble with emotion as they call upon all the gods to witness that the slaughter must end. And 25,000,000 operators of motor vehicles pay little or no attention to them. Since the first horseless carriage chugged its one-lunged way through the ranks of the amazed citizenry, men have written and declaimed continually and at length upon the fact that the death toll of the automobile in a single year is greater than that in a good-sized war. They have demanded remedial legislation, and their idea of a legal remedy begins and ends chiefly in the limitation of speed.

As a matter of fact and of record, a motor-vehicle accident occurs simply because some human being is not on the job. He is either the driver of a vehicle, or a passenger or a pedestrian. Men and women die, property is destroyed, because someone failed mentally.

All the laws of the Congress of the United States and all the laws of the legislatures of all the states will not instill caution and courtesy, alertness and attention, in the minds of motor-vehicle operators whose forte it is to be careless, discourteous and inattentive.

The Few Who are Law-Abiding

WERE all drivers cautious and courteous—and all pedestrians—there would be no need for motor codes and regulatory measures, but they are not, and laws will not make them so.

Speed in itself is not dangerous. Ten years ago, to have sponsored such a statement would have brought upon me the anathemas and derision of countless thousands who considered that a rate of speed greater than twenty-five or thirty miles an hour was flirting with death in painful form. Of the members of the Eastern Conference of Motor Vehicle Administrators, which includes the officials of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, and the Canadian province of Ontario, only one today clings to the belief that speed is the root of most automotive evils. The others are a unit in the belief that inattention is the chief cause of vehicular accidents.

In the majority of legislatures for the next four or five months hundreds of bills will be introduced bearing in some manner upon the operation of motor vehicles and the qualifications of drivers. Unfortunately, however, the sponsors of the majority of these measures will have had no practical knowledge of their subject; the bills will be merely gestures. Attempts to increase the legal speed limit will meet with the opposition of legislators and private citizens obsessed with the idea that all speed is dangerous. In vain it will be pointed out that in Michigan, where there is no speed limit, motor-vehicle accidents have increased neither in number nor in the percentage they bear to the number of cars and trucks registered in that state. In vain it will be pointed out that Florida, with a top limit of forty-five miles an hour, reports accidents in no greater percentage than those states which say no car may travel faster than thirty miles an hour.

A Touring Car Driver Who Takes His Half of the Road "in the Middle"—Entirely Unnecessary in These Days of Practically Flat Improved Highways

Despite the varying limitations placed upon them in the several states, motor-vehicle operators throughout the Union travel at practically the same speed—which is, simply, the rate which appeals to the individual driver. The driver who, in Maryland, slows down to thirty-five miles an hour when he sees a painted injunction directing him to travel at twenty, will endeavor to travel at thirty-five, or better, no matter where he is. The man whose powerful machine glides along Pennsylvania concrete at sixty miles an hour will travel at sixty along the concrete in New York or Illinois.

A Privilege With Responsibilities

SPEED restrictions as contained in the various motor laws and codes mean little or nothing. Of the 25,000,000 or more motor-vehicle operators in the United States, I doubt if half of 1 per cent keep within the legal speed limit; and I am afraid this small percentage comprises that portion of the road-using public which insists it is privileged to drive as slow as it pleases, no matter who nor how many others are inconvenienced

The clause in the Michigan motor law governing the legal rate of speed for motor cars is as follows:

> Any person driving a vehicle on a highway shall drive the same at a careful and prudent speed not greater than, nor less than, is reasonable and proper, having due regard to the traffic, surface and width of the highway, and of any other conditions then existing; and no person shall drive any vehicle upon a highway at a speed greater than will permit him to bring it to a stop within the assured clear distance ahead

The reckless-driving clause is:

> Any person who drives any vehicle upon a highway carelessly and heedlessly, in willful or wanton disregard of the rights or safety of others, or without due caution and circumspection, and at a speed or in a manner so as to endanger, or be likely to endanger, any person or property, shall be guilty of reckless driving.

The Michigan provision does not relieve a driver of responsibility. If an accident occurs the burden of proof is upon him to show that he was not driving recklessly or in a manner not justified by existing conditions.

The Corner Cutter is Responsible for a Great Many Crashes. Corner Cutters are in the Infant Class Among Motor-Vehicle Operators

The motor car of twenty-five years ago was crude and imperfect. In comparison with the mechanisms of 1929, it was a mechanical atrocity. But the speed at which it traveled—though actually not speed at all—was so much greater than was possible for horse-drawn vehicles, its imperfections were so numerous and varied, its operator so

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THE PROFITS OF CRIME

By Charles Francis Coe

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE story is told of a gambler who lay upon his death bed. The man realized that at last he was face to face with the Great Portal. Toward his young son, wide-eyed and somewhat terrified in the presence of approaching death, the gambler extended his hand. It was a smooth hand and soft, unsullied by the touch of labor.

"I hate to leave you, kid," he said. "Given another six months of life, I'd leave you in clover. As it is, I'm broke. If this had come six months ago you could have had a college education. But remember this; there's nothing stingy about me. I'm leaving you the whole world to work in."

Nothing more exactly epitomizes the harvest of the crook than the foregoing story.

A well-known confidence man recently said to me: "I never knew a grape drinker who croaked with anything more important than the barber's itch."

His remark was based upon observation over a period of a good many years, some of them spent in prison. The meaning he conveyed is that it is of small moment whether or not the champagne buyer dies intestate. He has nothing to leave anyway.

It seems to me that the remark of the dying gambler discloses the philosophy of those who live by their wits. I am also quite ready to believe that the remark of the confidence man is a sage bit of wisdom, the substance of which is exemplified every single hour of the twenty-four.

I have in the past written in the pages of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST both articles and fiction having to do with criminals. As a result, my mail is frequently heavy with communications from criminologists, public officials and criminals themselves, to say nothing of reform organizations anxious to abate the criminal nuisance.

"What," I am frequently asked, "is the psychology of crime?"

If someone will first explain to me just what psychology is, perhaps I can then discover what it has to do with crime. Until that date I confess profound ignorance. It seems to me that there is no more psychology in crime than there is in business; no more psychology in prison than in college; no more mystery in crime than—in fact not half so much as—in adolescence.

To me a criminal is a man who makes up his mind to steal something and actually does it. Thousands of men who have made up their minds to steal something and then failed in the nerve to do it are not criminals. Obviously, if what I understand to be psychology plays a part in crime, one is morally just as bad as the other. If a legislature had not enacted a law, then neither or both would be criminals.

The point is that morals and crime are not necessarily related, in as much as the vilest creature on earth who does not happen to violate a written law is not a criminal, whereas a pretty decent sort of individual who does violate a written law is a criminal. The psychology of the lawmaker would appear to be infinitely more important to crime than the psychology of the law violator. Because of this fact I do not hesitate to number among my acquaintances a great many men whose violations have made of them criminals and given to them a criminal record. I regard crime not in the least psychologically. I take it as a material fact and try to weigh it upon the scales of materialism without delving into the hazy realms of psychological, psychiatric and psychoanalytical iams.

All this I have written in the past. Several months ago similar views appeared in the pages of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. In those articles I told how and why crime is organized and expressed some opinions as to how the activity of the professional criminal could be curbed. I repeat it here solely for the effect of cumulative emphasis by way of establishing a premise upon which may be disclosed the exact fruits of criminal operation.

There is a well-accepted fictional tenet to the effect that crime does not pay. It seems to have been the belief of editors that to promulgate the truth in connection with criminal activity is to inspire the youth of the country to crime and so serve an ignoble purpose. This feeling, I think, along with many others of similar ilk, is passing away. We cannot, in other words, longer hide the skeleton in our closet. Crime is rampant in the United States and, irreligious as it may sound, crime does pay. The point is, it does not pay the man who commits it. That is the sheer fact of the matter, and that is the thing to be considered by young men who contemplate a career of crime.

Recently there has come to widespread

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The Point is, Crime Does Not Pay the Man Who Commits It

THE PELICAN

By COLONEL GIVENS

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

"Here's Three Grand, You Dirty Rats!" I Hollered, Slamming the Three Yellow Boys on the Table

THE lights flashed on and Ward A in Flintville's new fifty-thousand-dollar jail came to life. A new man was coming in; probably a drunk, because Ward A was the drunk ward. Men roused from cell bunks and came out in the runway, curious. Stupid-eyed, touseled-headed men with dirty faces and day's-old whiskers. A clean-shaven, well-dressed man with nervous hands and worried eyes. A gawky, country kid in soiled overalls.

Old Dad, the cell boss, an old bindle stiff, stationed himself at the head of the runway to greet the newcomer. He would have a smile of welcome for the new one and a hearty pat of encouragement. He would usher him to his cell and promise that clean linen would most certainly be on the dirty cot on the morrow. If the new one was sober enough to listen, Old Dad would explain to him that the folks in Ward A were just one big family—a happy family, at that, even though some of them were playing in mighty hard luck. He would carefully explain that everything in the ward was common property, a sort of give-and-take agreement existing by common consent, ask him solicitously if he needed any tobacco or cigarettes, even promise him a drink of booze to sober up on tomorrow.

These heartening preliminaries over, Old Dad would systematically put the bee on the newcomer. He would ask, point-blank, how much money George, the night jailer, had left in his pockets when George fanned him. The boys had a sort of working agreement with George, a good fellow who had a big family to support on a little salary. When George searched a new prisoner he always managed to leave a few dollars or a few cents, according to how drunk or how sober the new one happened to be. George got half.

There was no kangaroo court. The sheriff had done away with that. The boys in Ward C, upstairs, got a bit rough with a fellow one night. He refused to pay off, even got nasty about it, and the punishment of the court was a trifle severe. He was sentenced to take a cold shower with his clothes on. He died of pneumonia. But kangaroo or no kangaroo, there were ways and ways of collecting. Old Dad had a way with him. He made a newcomer feel at home. His methods of collecting money for the kangaroo fund were nearly always successful, but if he failed the boys were always ready to help out.

There was the blanket trick. If a newcomer proved to be stingy, refused to contribute, the boys simply waited until George turned the lights out. Then somebody would slip up and throw a blanket over the stingy one's head and the others held him and fanned him for everything he had. And the newcomer could squawk his fool head off if he wanted to. George would swear till he was black in the face that the fellow hadn't had a dime when he went in Ward A.

Old Dad had a personal kitty. He cut a quarter out of every dollar. The boys knew about it and it was all right with them, because Dad was very old and a nice fellow. He did most of the work in Ward A, like sweeping and mopping and disinfecting the cells. Like most old bindle stiffs, lazy as the very dickens, in jail half the time because he wouldn't work, Old Dad would go crazy if he didn't have something to do.

He ran a sort of barber shop in Ward A, too, cutting hair and shaving the guys. He saved two guys ten years apiece by clipping their hair close—a couple of young stick-ups; their victims couldn't positively identify them with their hair cut close.

He said he was saving money to buy himself a bed in an old men's home in Chi. There's a joint there, they say, where an old bum, for a thousand dollars, can buy a home for the rest of his days. Old Dad had two hundred dollars saved up. He had it in a tomato can hidden in his cell. And then one day it disappeared. Old Dad got hold of a fire extinguisher that hung on the wall outside his cell. It was on his birthday. He was eighty-one, he said. You can draw a terrible jag out of the stuff in those fire extinguishers. You don't drink it. Just sniff it, like gas or cocaine. They all say it's much better than canned heat—that is, if a guy wants to pass out quick. Anyway, Old Dad got hold of this thing and threw a solo party. The old devil all but tore up that jail house.

The next morning, when he came out of it, he let out an awful squawk. The tomato can and his two hundred bucks were gone. They all say George, the night jailer, gave Old Dad the fire extinguisher as a birthday present. I don't know about that. George did have a big family and needed money badly. It like to have broke Old Dad's heart. He just moped around after that and sniffled and cursed at George. George just laughed at him. George was a jolly sort of fellow.

This night, when the lights flashed on, Old Dad was the first one up. I saw him shuffle up the runway to greet the new one. His rheumatic old body was clothed in a baby-blue suit of silk pajamas a bootlegger had given him. The key grated in the lock and George shoved the new man through the door.

He looked sick, this boy. He was tall—more than six feet—and he looked like a T. B. His face was thin and pinched, his arms and legs long and scrawny. He had a long, hooked nose, like the beak of some hideous bird, and his neck needed a couple of joints, it was that thin and long. A great Adam's apple protruded and bobbed up and down when he talked. His neck seemed to bend in the middle and to hold his head forward from his body.

Somehow, he reminded me of a bird—some strange bird, awkward and gawky, yet ever ready for flight, its long neck holding its head in an ever-alert position. Later, I learned the newcomer's monniker was the Pelican.

He stalked in and glanced around him with little, beady eyes—hostile, unfriendly eyes. Most of the boys were home-town miscreants—drunks and wife-beaters—a nice, friendly, homy bunch. They felt ill at ease under the Pelican's scrutiny.

"Where's the cell boss?" he asked sharply.

Old Dad shuffled up to make the usual friendly overtures, but the Pelican shut him off quickly.

"No cell below the line, Whiskers," he snapped. He evidently had heard about the plague area—the two or three cells that a good cell boss always keeps free of disinfectant to hand out to stingy guys. The Pelican fumbled in his right shoe with long, white fingers and produced a ten-dollar bill. "Here's a sawbuck, Whiskers," he said. "I got more, see? And I want service."

Old Dad's weak old eyes glistened. Here was a customer. For a sawbuck the Pelican would get service. He would get clean sheets Old Dad kept washed himself for special customers such as the Pelican. And a soft pillow. In the morning he could have his breakfast of bacon and eggs and good, black coffee served to him in bed. Such food the kangaroo fund purchased. Old Dad cooked it on

an improvised stove in the bathroom—a stove fueled by the disinfectant.

And more. Were the Pelican's nerves frayed, Old Dad would soothe him and send him to sleep with a drug. A trusty could be depended upon to slip across the street and purchase this hypnotic for a guy as good as the Pelican—a guy who slipped the boys a sawbuck.

"If a guy's got money and can buy this junk," I heard Old Dad say one time, "he can do two-thirds of his time, or more, on his back. And that is the only way to pull time—on your back."

The Pelican's shoes easily caught the eye. He was well-dressed. He wore a light gray suit with a gray hat, gray shirt and gray tie to match. Good taste. His clothing was of good material and fitted him well. But his shoes! He had on a pair of hobnailed shoes twice too big for him, old and caked with mud, heavy as lead. He dragged himself when he walked, the hobs weighting him down.

I imagined the Pelican was vain. His clothing, his general appearance, the way he brushed his hair, told the story of Nature being kind to a freak by making him vain. And I knew he would have died a thousand deaths rather than voluntarily get into those hobnailed shoes.

"What'd they bring you to jail fer, mister?" the gawky country kid wanted to know.

The Pelican slowly turned around and looked at the kid. It was a nasty once-over. His little beady eyes started at the kid's muddy shoes and traveled up his overalled legs to his hickory shirt, and finally to the kid's face. And then the Pelican smiled. It was a crooked smile, but right pleasant at that. It took the ice out of his black eyes and the vulture look out of his face.

"Me, babe—I'm up for disturbing public worship," he said "Either that, or I'm up because my mamma didn't teach me Johnny Law in the bushes is as smart as he's bloodthirsty. Take your choice, babe."

The Pelican laughed and went into his cell. Directly I heard him snoring. In a few minutes George switched off the lights. I didn't go to sleep. You don't sleep much in Ward A unless you have money to buy Old Dad's hypnotic drug. It's the drunk ward, and all night long George brings in new customers.

So I was awake when, about two hours later, the lights came on again and George shoved a drunk through the door. From my cell I watched Old Dad go over him as the drunk lay on the iron bench in the runway and snored. Old Dad must have been clumsy, because the drunk woke up and started singing. I remember some of the words.

"I'm jes' from th' Redlights, an' I don' give a damn,
An' I'm a-goin' a-roamin'."

The song woke the Pelican. He came out into the runway, a broomstick in his hand.

"What'll I do," the Pelican asked, holding up the broomstick—"rock him to sleep with this?"

I shook my head. The Pelican leaned down and started to fan the drunk, but saw that his pockets were turned out.

"Whiskers get him?" he asked. I nodded.

He reached over and shook the drunk. "What's the sad, sad story, friend?" he hollered. The drunk blinked his eyes and raised up. Then, drunk-like, he made a clumsy pass at the Pelican. The Pelican ducked and straightened out a left. It got the drunk on the chin. He went to sleep on the floor. The Pelican sat down beside me on the iron bench, the drunk sprawling on the floor at his feet. For a long time we just sat there, the Pelican's long body doubled up, his chin in his hands.

Old Dad

Finally he spoke.

"I been in a lot of jails where they'd try a guy's chin if he started singing the blues," he said. "Maybe this is one of them kind."

I assured him it wasn't. "If you want to sing 'em, buddy—sing 'em loud and long. I'm listening."

The Pelican gave me a grateful look. I waited. There was a long silence, the Pelican sitting there with me, his long body doubled up, his chin in his hands. On the floor the drunk lay, sleeping like a baby. A buzz-saw chorus of snores came from the open cells. Finally, the Pelican told me his story.

This sure makes me think of Big Bill Maynard—the Pelican said. The last time I saw Big Bill was in a courtroom in Chi. He was fighting extradition to Indiana and he'd lost. I had seen him in the Cook County jail a few days before, and he was in good spirits.

"I got fifty grand, lad," he told me, "and a guy with fifty grand can beat any rap ever manufactured."

But now he didn't feel so good. He was sort of green down under the ears and his eyes had a funny, scared look. The judge had just told him he'd have to go down into Indiana and stand trial for bumping a guy.

Ten minutes before, Big Bill had been laughing and jibbing with his mouthpiece. Born to laugh, Big Bill was. A great big guy with a red face and a wide, loose mouth that was always laughing or grinning. But he quit laughing when the judge told him the sad news. He sort of jerked himself up straight and gripped the arms of his chair tight with his big hands. I could see the blood leaving his red face and the green creeping in. He was scared stiff, Big Bill was.

I walked over and patted him on the back

"You're lucky and don't know it," I laughed. "You'll save money down in Indiana."

Big Bill looked up at me and tried a sickly grin, but it faded quick and the green under his ears kept spreading. I felt sorry for him and a little disgusted. A guy like Big Bill ain't got no business crying when he loses. Give it, kid, and be ready to take it—that's the Pelican all over. If your wind ain't long, don't try to run. Big Bill made me a little sick.

"Come out of it, hot rock," I snapped. "If you lose, you ain't lost much. But you ain't losing. If you can't outsmart a village keystone you oughta burn. You don't have to be smart, though—you and your fifty grand."

Big Bill sort of sniffled. "Now, you take right here in Chi, I could fix me up a jury that'd vote me damages for croaking that bum. But, them Hoosiers ——" He buried his head in his hands.

"Quit bellyaching and use your brains, sap," I told him. "Ain't you a wise egg? You gonna lay down and holler 'Calf rope' to a gang of yokels? You muscled your way up from a hot dog in the back room of a speak-easy to tenderloins and a silk-and-downy, didn't you? Then use your head to find a way for that fifty grand to muscle you out of this jam."

Big Bill raised his head and looked at me for a long time.

"You ain't never worked the bushes, have you, lad?" he asked.

"No, but ——"

"Then don't!"

"Why?"

And, then, kid, Big Bill told me something I oughta listened to.

"You show me a hick dummy and I'll show you a guy who's got a duty to perform," he said. "And you show me a guy who's got a duty to perform and I'll show you a guy that's bloodthirsty.

"A big-time dick has got a duty too. But his duty is sort of like his soul—he knows it's sticking around

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"I Got a Lot of Stuff I'd Like to Send Over the Fence, But I Don't Know Where to Go"

CURTAIN!

By EDITH FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

IT WAS 7:30, one short and hectic hour before the curtain would rise on the long-heralded, much-publicized Manhattan Revue, and the office of Sam Marks, its producer, was still in a turmoil. At 7:30 the operator was still snapping at callers and the office force waited impatiently for the final word that would send them hurrying home to warmed-over suppers awaiting them in the Bronx. For one long day the greater part of the machinery of Broadway had revolved around the office and its most celebrated and best-loved producer, who, after twenty years of record-breaking dramatic hits, was making an unexpected debut into the musical field.

A steady stream of actors, friends, people who had met him once at a banquet, authors whose plays he had produced, and authors whose plays he had not produced, publicity men, agents, costumers—everybody who could claim a nodding acquaintance—besieging him for tickets. Western Union boys bringing good-luck telegrams. Press agents seeking jobs on the new show. Newspapermen asking for announcements of his forthcoming plans. Chorus girls begging for a chance in case a girl dropped out. Urgent calls from Bobby Jones, the stage director. Urgent calls from Leo DeCosta, the dance director. Urgent calls from the principals who were unable to obtain satisfaction from the hard-boiled Bobby Jones and kept the wires busy unloading their troubles on Marks. Gertrude Moore, the prima donna, in tears because the star dressing room had been assigned to Flonnie Fields, while she was committed to No. 2, four feet farther from the stage. Joe Brooks, the hoke comedian, offended to find his name beneath that of Moore in the electric display. The Kelly sisters hysterical because their hula costumes did not compare with those of their chorus. Cavallo, the premier *danseuse*, furious because her best number had been cut.

Sketches, Sketches, Sketches! Didn't He Have Anything in This Opera But Sketches?

Though Marks was frantic with excitement, he found time for everybody, especially the principals. They must be kept happy until after the opening, at all costs. The carpenter was busy painting the humiliating No. 2 from Moore's door and substituting a red star of the exact proportions as that on No. 1; the three names, Brooks, Moore and Fields, were congested dizzily on the highest line of the electrical display; the wardrobe woman, at overtime pay, was bad-naturedly stitching gold fringe on the wisps of hula costumes; and Bobby Jones and Cavallo were pacified with promises of carte blanche in future productions.

The Kelly Sisters Followed the First Number With a Specialty

And at 7:30 the machinery was slowing down. The principals were snatching moments of much needed rest or nibbling at sandwiches brought in by anxious maids while they submitted to marcels and manicures. The chorus girls were chattering in their dressing rooms. The stage was set for the opening number. A hush hung over the front of the house. And there was nothing Marks could do but wait—wait for that final delirious moment which all these months of preparation had led up to—the moment of the curtain call, when, backstage, temperatures mount and frenzy prevails, when the stage hands break into alternate commanding and cursing, when the hearts of authors, directors and composers stand still, the producer breaks into a cold perspiration and the audience, commanded to silence by the sudden darkness, waits with bland, expectant unknowing faces.

With the curtain only an hour away, the nervousness Marks had evaded by not attending the dress rehearsal took possession of him, and the doubts he had cast aside by his enthusiasm crowded in upon his over-excited brain.

Why had he ever produced a revue? Was it a sucker stunt, after twenty years of dramas, to do something he knew nothing about? And if he had to produce one, why hadn't he stuck to the rules? Why had he allowed Bobby Jones to use so many new tricks, with all these modernistic settings and effects? Wasn't the old regulation stuff, with its artificial flowers and arbors, better, after all? Shouldn't he have insisted on using the usual chorus instead of a selected group of specialty dancers? Should he have taken the Kelly sisters from vaudeville? Would they prove to be big-town material? Should he have given Flonnie and Joe so much rope, allowing them to add comedy of their own, and stunts that might fall flat?

All these were minor worries to the one big doubt Marks kept trying to efface by worrying about the others, and which, as the hour wore on, grew too big to be relegated to his subconscious. Had he taken too big a chance on Boy McGuire? Why had he not called in another composer to work with him, instead of letting him carry the whole show? Wouldn't he have played safer to have engaged Gershwin or Rogers and Hart, and used one or two of the boy's most promising numbers? The way he had fallen for that kid!

They all admitted he was a find, but were they just yessing him? Was his stuff too good, his lyrics too highbrow? Remembering the way Boy McGuire had walked into his office, unknown, discouraged and, as he had confided to Marks himself, unable to get even a look in, and the way he had walked out of it with a contract, advance royalty, and a story on its way to press, suddenly sent cold shivers of panic over Marks.

Remembering how he had allowed the boy's enthusiasm to batter down his hard-earned judgment, winning him over completely to his revolutionary ideas, when his money, his friends' money, their confidence were at stake, took him out of his chair and set him pacing up and down, nervously chewing his cigar. What was he thinking of? To have taken the experience of twenty years and thrown it into the alley by risking everything on a fresh young kid who didn't know the arcs from the foots, the ambers from the blues? Had he gone nuts or something?

His telephone, whose momentary silence had permitted him to indulge in these alarming thoughts, rang again, and he snatched at it eagerly, grateful for the interruption.

"Mr. Marks, it's 7:30 and this board is still busy and the office is full of people. What'll I do?"

"Shut it off and close the office. Tell Morris and Irving to go home. And don't let anybody in here, no matter who they are. Tell 'em I'm gone."

"All right, Mr. Marks, but Boy McGuire just came in. Shall I send him in?"

"No!" He hung up quickly, but as quickly picked up the receiver, saying in a little softer tone, "Tell him I'm busy and can't see anybody." No use to hurt the kid's feelings.

A little guilty silence and the phone again:

"He doesn't want to go away without seeing you."

Each visit from McGuire had meant a point conceded. He probably wanted to put in a new number he had just jotted down. Always rushing in with some new idea!

"Tell him I'll see him at the theater. I'm all tired out now."

The astonished girl turned to McGuire, whose name for months had been an open sesame to that coveted sanctum.

"He can't see you, Mr. McGuire."

The boy said nothing, a startled expression creeping over his face. The girl apologized for Marks.

"It's been a madhouse here today. He's all in, I guess."

This, however, did not satisfy the boy. He showed plainly that he thought something was wrong.

"Gee, I hope I didn't do anything to make him mad." He turned toward the elevator, worried, turning back hesitantly. "Will you tell him I wish him good luck, it being the last day and all?"

"I sure will, Mr. McGuire." She turned to answer Marks' signal, flashing again. "Yes, he said to tell you good luck." A little pause, while she seemed to be waiting for something. "No, he isn't gone. . . . All right, I'll tell him. . . . He said for you to come in, Mr. McGuire."

"Oh!" He was intensely relieved. "Gee, I thought sure I'd ——" The rest was lost as he stood already in Marks' doorway.

Marks was almost obscured by the heavy curtains on the great window before which he stood, looking glumly down on the new theater which had sprung into existence under his very eyes. He did not turn at McGuire's entrance, and the boy stood still, awed by his silence, fearful at having unknowingly made a blunder which had caused it. From their first meeting, beginning in that scared interview and terminating in a miracle that McGuire still could not believe, throughout the numerous conferences involving contracts, auditions, principals, costumes, dances, effects, sketches, actors, authors, sets, chorus girls, and finally through that long, tedious, nerve-racking, discouraging and completely fascinating period of rehearsal, Marks had been assuringly friendly with him, and now on this day of days, with the hour of hours almost at hand, he found himself in a strange and unfriendly presence. He stood for a moment, then turned to tiptoe out. But the voice of Marks, weary and skeptical, stopped him:

"Well, what's on your mind, Boy?" He had started calling him Boy the first day, and within a month all Broadway had adopted it.

But Boy was offended by the question, not observing that the face of Marks had grown suddenly old and tired.

"I only thought I'd stop by and tell you the dress rehearsal went off great," he said reproachfully.

"Bad luck for a dress rehearsal to go good," Marks answered pessimistically. Marks was famous for his superstitions

"Bad luck?" Boy hadn't been in the theater long enough to acquire even the simplest ones.

"Sure. They get proud of themselves and lay down on the performance," Marks explained; "and if the dress rehearsal goes bad, they're all keyed up and watch themselves."

"Well, it didn't go so well," Boy corrected himself, grinning. "I only told you that to make you feel good. The little Kelly sister fell down the patent-leather stairs, and their chorus can't do the steps of the hula in those gold sandals; the big guy that does the straights gummed up all the sketches, and the ballet girls couldn't get out of the trick hat"—he spoke hopefully, while Marks stared at him in fascinated horror.

"Say, get out of here, will you?" Marks interrupted when he had recovered sufficiently from the shock. "What's the matter with you? Do you have to say anything? Don't you know enough to keep your trap shut?"

Boy proved that he did by shutting it now in a hard suspicious line. Marks tried to apologize:

"For cripe's sake, don't you realize I'm all tied up in that thing down there? You come bouncin' in here like a Shubert chorus, telling me the thing's turned turkey on me, whadda you expect? It's hard on a fellow's nerves—opening up a new house and a show at the same time. If it flops it'll give the house a black eye and I'll lose a lot of money."

Boy was contrite now. "Gee, I'm sorry. I shouldn't 'a' said it. But you needn't be worried, Mr. Marks. It's going to be a success. They all say it's sure fire."

"Yeh?" Marks was sepulchrally solemn. "That's what they say now. 'It's in the bag, Sam!' 'A smash hit!' 'Sure fire!'" He held up a warning hand. "Wait till tomorrow! They'll be alibi-ing out of it. I know 'em."

This was strange talk for Marks. Boy did not expect it of him. He had the reputation of being a good sport, of playing fair; in fact, it was said of him that he was the whitest man in the business. He was reputed to have millions. Could a loss mean so much to him? But Marks answered his thoughts before he could answer them himself.

"Listen, Boy," he said solemnly, "I don't want you to think I'm yellin' about the money. I'm not as rich as they make me out to be, but I've got enough to keep me in shoes for awhile. It's not the money. But I feel different about this show. I don't know why, but it's got under my skin. And a guy's got to be pretty good to step in with a musical hit after doing plays for twenty years. I may pull a boner."

"Gee, I can't understand why you feel like that, Mr. Marks. Even if it does flop, it's ——"

"C'mere, kid!" Marks interrupted, pulling him over to the window from which he had daily watched the progress of the theater. They looked down upon it now, with its new lights blinking in and out of a colorful aura around the fortunate names, announcing its arrival to an expectant and unskeptical world.

"See that thing down there?" Marks asked, waiting until Boy was sufficiently awed to continue. "Take a good look at it. Don't look like much, does it? Just a pile of mortar and some bricks with a lotta lights in front and places for people to sit inside, isn't it?" He paused impressively. "There's a lot of people goin' in there tonight to watch what I got to give 'em. Goin' to pay money for it. Big money, too. More money than they pay anybody else. They're goin' to pay it to me because they believe I'll give 'em their money's worth. I been givin' it to 'em for twenty years. Maybe I coulda got more outa the business if I hadn't been so proud of givin' 'em all they paid for. I sent a lot a shows to the storehouse because I wouldn't take a chance on spoilin' my reputation. It's no crime to bring in a bum show. We're all wrong sometimes, and nobody can tell about a show. Sometimes the boys got to bring 'em in when they know they're not right, to try an' make some of their money back. But I've been lucky. No credit to me, special. I had the breaks, that's all. But I'm proud of my reputation for givin' 'em good shows. I'm as proud of it as a man in the shoe business is proud of givin' 'em good shoes. And I don't want to disappoint 'em."

He paused as if to let this sink in, before he turned to Boy to say solemnly:

"And tonight I'm givin' 'em something I don't know a thing about, and I've got cold feet! I've got cold feet!" he repeated almost in a wail. "'S why I'm all shot ——" He held out his hand and Boy saw that it was unsteady.

"Ever since I been in the show business I wanted to do a musical show," Marks went on apologetically, "but I didn't have the nerve. I figured you'd have to know a lot about music and all that, and I don't know one note from another. I know when I like it, that's all. Don't know what's good and what's bad. I don't know much about my own line, either, but I know when it rings true. I only got one rule to go by, and that's it. If the characters talk and act like human bein's, it rings true, and if they don't, it's phony. That's all I got to go by. But it worked for me."

He raised his voice again, arguing against himself bitterly:

"But this opera I'm doin' tonight is different! I got nothing at all to go by! No way to measure what I'm givin' 'em! I like it. I think it's great. We all do. But they're the ones that count and there's no way of tellin' till they tell us. I been carried away by this whole thing. If I'd 'a' stopped to think, maybe I wouldn't 'a' gone in so deep. I knew that. And I wanted to do it. So I said to myself,

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He Started Out, But Stopped to Speak to the Chorus Girls: "You Kids Step on It for Me. An Awful Lot Depends on You"

HARVARD: FAIR AND COOLER

By Kenneth L. Roberts

IT IS within the bounds of possibility that plumbers and undergraduates, under certain conditions, might have much in common. It is also possible that this statement will prove distasteful to the members of the ancient, honorable and highly essential plumbing trade, in which case it must be remembered that it is purely hypothetical.

Plumbers, as a class, have never been particularly introspective. Having chosen to be plumbers, they have gone ahead with their plumbing in a quiet, unostentatious manner, taking things as they came, forgetting an occasional tool, placing the occasional print of a soiled hand on white woodwork, but keeping their minds largely on their jobs and gradually making the world a better and a cleaner place with a minimum of fuss and conversation.

Let us suppose, however, that because of peculiarly high wages in the plumbing trade, or because of shortened working hours that give plumbers more leisure for reading, or because of some other reason, the plumbing trade should suddenly become so attractive to the younger generation as to lead them to rush into plumbing in shoals and schools and droves.

The Harvard Yard, Cambridge, Massachusetts

Let us suppose, as a result of this mass movement, that plumbers should be suddenly brought to the attention of thoughtful persons—editors and educators and authors and statisticians and economists and psychologists and what not—and that an inner will or a sheeplike imitativeness should make it fashionable for them to interpret plumbers to the rest of the world by means of searching articles and probing analyses and comprehensive statistics and arresting pieces of fiction.

Thus, instead of going about their business unnoticed and unbothered, plumbers would find themselves constantly confronted with newspapers and books and magazines that ascribed new and amazing meanings to their every act and movement.

Persons whose position gives an air of authority to their statements would declare, in involved and excessively serious sentences, that the new generation of plumbers was introspective, inhibited, reckless, wild, decadent, immoral, inverted, introverted, dumb, baffled, neurotic, muddled, frivolous, superficial, artificial, precocious, sophisticated, materialistic, hedonistic, and several other things that the plumbers didn't know they were.

The Mind Turns Inward

AT FIRST the plumbers would emit a coarse and contemptuous raspberry at what seemed to them the obvious folly of the statements. "So's your old man!" they would declare with a raucous laugh; and then they would go on about their business, contentedly wiping a joint or wielding a Stillson wrench or crawling under a sink with a gasoline blowtorch or otherwise practicing the tricks of their trade with no thought of the whys or the wherefores of anything.

Eventually, however, the constantly repeated statements of the economists and statisticians and deep thinkers would begin to get under their skins. One of them, crawling under a sink with his gasoline blowtorch to repair a leak, might turn the flame against his leg and severely damage several square inches of overalls, underwear and cuticle, thus leading him to make a few remarks that would cause several blisters to appear on the enameling of the sink. Thereupon, instead of crawling out and pinning his pants together and relighting the torch, he might suddenly begin to ponder on all the recent statements about plumbers that he had read.

Crouched in the semidark beneath the sink, he might begin to wonder about it all: Are the newspapers and books and magazines correct? Is his burned leg merely a burned leg or has it a deeper significance? Has he, in burning his pants and his leg, proved that plumbers are superficial and materialistic? Is his cursing a sign of inhibition and introspection? Has he done right to take up plumbing? Should he work on sinks or should he specialize on bathtubs? Or should he leave plumbing flat on its back and go in for ceramics or tied-and-dyed fabrics? What is life, anyway? What is the future of science?

At this point he might readily burst into tears and stagger dejectedly homeward in a state of complete mental befuddlement, leaving the sink to recover from its leak in any way that it can.

The Door of the New Fogg Museum Through One of the Harvard Yard Gates

Another plumber, arriving on the job to install a new valve in a water tank, might discover that he had left his threader in the shop. Ordinarily this would merely mean that he had left the threader in the shop and must return for it. Unfortunately, he has been reading the opinions of highbrows and statisticians concerning plumbers; and it occurs to him that his forgetfulness may be indicative of something deeply pregnant.

What can it be? Can it be that civilization, represented by himself, is decaying? Should he be psychoanalyzed? Has he a fixation? Is he morbid? Has he an inferiority complex? What's it all about, anyway? Is he seeking escape? What, if any, is his destiny? Is he sufficiently stimulated by his work? Would it not be better if a law should be passed requiring a celebrated scientist or poet to accompany him on all plumbing jobs so that his intellectual life might be broadened? What is work? Is he serving humanity in the best possible capacity? Is he getting the greatest possible amount of good out of life? Why did he start thinking about these things? Why does he do anything? What's the use, and what of it? Who knows, and will he tell?

The Great Mystery

HAVING reached this stage, he tries to remember what started him on this line of so-called thought, but finds that he can't even remember his own name. Thus the day is lost.

I do not say that Harvard undergraduates in particular or university undergraduates in general are affected as were the hypothetical plumbers when they see a vast mass of theory, speculation, misstatements and piffle concerning themselves in the public prints. In fact, the Harvard undergraduates and university undergraduates in general with whom I have come in contact have not, so far as I have been able to see, been so affected. I might even go as far as to say that one of the most prominent mysteries of modern undergraduate life is the failure of undergraduates to be completely and perpetually bedazed, bemuddled and bewildered by the things that are written about them.

The conscientious investigator who plies his trade among undergraduates may find it advisable to read everything obtainable on the subject of undergraduates; but when he has done so he will find his brain about as clear as a bucket of oatmeal porridge. The books and articles and essays and statistics declare that new and dark and terrible forces are in motion throughout the collegiate world; they say clearly that civilization is tottering, that democracy is on its last legs, that vice and immorality are rampant, that religion is definitely out, that morbidity and introspection are destroying normality, that the complexity of modern undergraduate problems is wrecking higher education, that higher education is a failure, that the future of the American home is doomed; and so on, and so forth.

In no time at all the conscientious investigator is miles, so to speak, in the air: Where are the things that the essays and books talk about? Where is the immorality?

Where are the problems? What is all the hullabaloo about? What is the matter with him? Why can't he find these things? Is he becoming introspective? If not, why not? Should he be morbid? What is normality? What is the destiny of mankind? Does he button his vest from top to bottom or from bottom to top, and is it anything to worry about? Does everything have a deep, hidden meaning? Why does one drink coffee for breakfast? What is the meaning of a fondness for onion soup? Has he a little psychosis in his home? Does he believe in fatalism? Why does he sleep on his right side? Is he subnormal if he doesn't have a fixation? What is tottering and where is it tottering to?

It is all very mystifying. It ought to get under a plumber's skin. It ought to get under almost anyone's skin. Yet it doesn't seem to bother the Harvard undergraduates. Why is it? I do not know. Maybe it is because they don't read so much as they think they do. Maybe it is because they are indifferent.

For a Few More Deans

HARVARD UNIVERSITY consists of Harvard College and a number of graduate and professional schools. For the purposes of this investigation, however, the graduate and professional schools do not count because of the large amount of alien or non-Harvard blood that is contained in their veins. Ordinarily I would not attempt to distinguish thus delicately between a student at Harvard College and a student at one of the graduate schools of Harvard University; but it is the opinion of intelligent Harvard College undergraduates with whom I have talked that some sort of blight or curse or toxin is spread among the students of the graduate schools by their contact with graduates of universities other than Harvard, so that the true Harvard bloom is rubbed from them. This may or may not be true; but on the chance that it may be true, this dissertation will be confined to the Simon, as the saying goes, pure, uncontaminated Harvard College undergraduate.

Harvard College is located eight minutes from Boston by subway in the middle of one of the richest historical and antique belts in America. Though it is unsafe to generalize about anything that has to do with universities, one gets the impression, from the instructive signboards attached to the outside of small, soiled-looking frame buildings, that there were more Revolutionary generals living in the immediate vicinity of the Harvard Yard than there are restaurants, tea houses and food shoppes in the same locality today; more, even, than there are Harvard deans.

I do not know that double-decker beds were in use during the Revolution; but I suspect that they were. It is difficult to see how so many generals could have clustered around the Harvard Yard in the old days, unless they were stowed in double-deckers all over the place

This dean business shows how unsafe it is to generalize about college matters. It is fashionable, at any moment, to have plenty of deans at Harvard—possibly because some recent student council wrote a voluminous report recommending the use of lots of deans, and possibly not. Harvard student councils, from time to time, produce frequent reports on sundry important subjects having to do with Harvard College; and from time to time the faculty takes cognizance of a report and follows the suggestions contained therein with an enthusiasm and docility that might arouse suspicion in a less dignified seat of independent thought—a suspicion that a flea, as one might say, had been put in the ear of the student council as to the sort of report to write. Such a state of affairs could not, of course, exist at Harvard.

Scene of the Deaning of Harvard College Deans. University Hall. At Left—Robinson Hall, the Architectural School

At any rate, there are a great many deans. Every class seems to have a dean or two, not to say three; and for all I know, every dormitory and every final club and every subway entrance has a dean as well. If one mingles in certain circles one is fairly safe in saying "How do you do, dean?" to everyone in sight; and one is liable to come away declaring uncompromisingly that Harvard has as many, if not more, deans than it has students.

Such a statement would be as unreasonable—almost as unreasonable, at any rate—as to say that all Harvard students go to Boston to get boiled once a week; or that all Harvard students go to Boston to attend concerts and view museums; or that all Harvard students are snobbish and have Harvard accents.

At the same time there is a fairly good chance that in years to come the phrase "He used to be a Harvard dean" will have somewhat the same significance that the phrases "He was an officer in a Guards regiment" and "He was one of the Czar's chefs" have among Russian refugees, where a count of ex-Guards officers and ex-Czar's chefs, by countries, would look like the tabulation of a Hoover-Smith straw vote. This will be particularly the case when one of the most recent suggestions of a student council is put into effect—the suggestion that Harvard College be split up into a cluster of small colleges or collegettes in the English manner, in order that democracy may be furthered and undergraduates stimulated to speak kindly to more undergraduates than are now numbered among their speaking acquaintances.

An unknown donor has already, in the self-obliterating manner of Mr. George F. Baker, presented the college with the three million dollars necessary to form the first of these collegettes; and when Harvard is divided into Roosevelt College, Harvard, and Kelly College, Harvard, and Santayana College, Harvard, and Morgan College, Harvard, and Merrihew College, Harvard, and so on, it will probably be impossible to turn around within half a mile of Harvard Square without falling over a dean.

It's All So Very Different

THE Harvard Yard is a severe disappointment to persons whose ideas of college life have been gained from novels on modern undergraduates or from the movies. There are no athletic young men dashing around wearing H sweaters; there are no little groups of college pals with their hands on each others' shoulders, singing Fair Harvard or other college glees in front of the ancient brick buildings—some of which were showing the mellowness of age when Revolutionary soldiers used them for barracks; there are no football players in football suits pointing out the interesting features of the dear old college to a bevy of beautiful maidens carrying Harvard—or Princeton—pennants.

I even gather from Harvard undergraduates that if any Harvard man should so far forget himself as to indulge in

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The Widener Memorial Library. In Oval—Standish and Gore Halls, Homes of the Harvard Freshmen, From Across the Charles River

TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

The Buddha Walks—By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"No Desire, Then, Hast Thou, Vinitamati, Thyself to Become Raja—Raja and My Beloved?" Her Voice Was a Magic of Allurement

AN HOUR since, in the rapid glory of the Indian dawn, the Brahman chief priest of the village, performing the immemorial Vedic rites, had hailed Brahma the creator, divinely resplendent through the mists smoking up from the jungle, still only patchily cleared in the immense alluvial plain of the Ganges Valley. Already the piously bead-decked cattle had been loosed from their byres among the dwelling houses, had been driven by darkly nude shrill-voiced children into the communal pasture overlooked by the guard towers on the rectangular stockade then universal around every village in Aryavarta.

Already over the land the water wheels were creaking stridently, and in the half-reaped wheat fields despicably black-hued Dasyus, beyond the pale of Aryan humanity, intermingled with those humble quasi Aryan once-born Sudra cultivators whom also any of the three twice-born *varnas* might freely kill, were diligently at toil. Already, in the squalid awninged bazaars, the Vaisya shopkeepers and higher craftsmen had commenced the various occupations proper to them—the lowest of those twice born. Already the hereditary warriors of the Kshatriya caste loafed arrogantly outside the palisaded citadel of the raja, Kshatriya himself and ruler over this and a number of other villages.

Already the sleek Brahman priests were going from house to house with their begging bowls that might not be ignored, or here and there in shadowed portals—for a consideration that had been fiercely haggled over—were sonorously reciting those magical mantra verses which could compel the gods themselves, knowledge whereof was their sacred and formidable monopoly. Already, under a sun fiercely hot, the five great divisions of mankind—the four *varnas*, or colors, and the despised mass of hybrid castes and aborigines beneath them—had resumed their harshly unequal destinies.

For the miserable vast majority, their one poor hope was that by rigid obedience to the Brahmans they might, in an ascent through thousands of lives, always liable to be set back in the scale by ill-advised niggardliness or a clumsy mistake in ritual, eventually be reborn as Brahmans themselves, next in rank to the gods. In the meantime they could but fatalistically and patiently acquiesce in the oppression decreed for them. Even on that remote day, some two thousand four hundred years ago, the social system of orthodox Hinduism, though not so infinitely complicated as it would hereafter become, was immutably fixed from a past that could not be dated.

The busy throngs of the base born parted deferentially for the lad Vinitamati and his friend Indradatta as, fully accoutered with swords deliciously novel at their belts, circular shields on their left arms, a bow and quiver at their backs, they swaggered down the dusty main street which ran from east to west and in every village was called Rajapatha—the Street of the King. They were Kshatriyas. Even without their weapons, such was indicated to all mankind by the sacred triple thread of hemp, slung transversely from left shoulder to right hip, with which a few days previously the Brahman priest had invested them in the elaborate and extremely expensive second-birth ceremony of attained manhood. They were also intensely happy. Were they not at this very moment commencing together the great adventure of which they had talked a thousand times in the naïvely ardent friendship of adolescence? Were they not at last authentically setting forth, as befitted new-made Kshatriya warriors for whom their own raja could afford neither employment nor subsistence, to win fortune by their swords in the service of some gloriously war-loving prince? It was almost incredible that this moment had indeed arrived. Yet was it an intoxicating reality.

At daybreak, in the temple of mighty Vishnu, specially worshiped by the Kshatriya caste, had been made the blood sacrifices and the offerings and the mantra spells which should secure the favor of the giant-annihilating god on their behalf. Only a few minutes back, their fathers, unskilled in speech, but their bodies eloquent with scars, had accompanied them to the limit of the Kshatriya quarter, had bidden them farewell with a small handful each of square-cut pieces of silver and an injunction never to forget the precepts of a true Kshatriya.

The injunction was unnecessary. They knew those precepts by heart—never to use a dishonorable weapon, such as mischievously barbed arrows or fiery darts; never to slay a noncombatant or an enemy sleeping, grievously wounded or disarmed; never wantonly to break sworn fealty; always to remember that the happiest death for a Kshatriya was to die fighting and sword in hand, never abandoning his prince. The Brahman reciters of the Dhanukveda added also that a Kshatriya's supreme duty was to respect Brahmans, placing the utmost confidence in them and loading them with gifts.

But among themselves, all Kshatriyas mocked at Brahman pretensions with many shrewd and bitter proverbs, resenting still the usurpation of their own primitive primacy that had persisted long after the invading Aryan hordes had streamed through the passes of the north. Not with any Brahman would Vinitamati and Indradatta have exchanged their Kshatriya birthright, poor though were their fathers. Still, indeed, almost white were most members of that chivalrous warrior caste wherefrom alone could be born rajas and mighty maharajas. With the blessing of Vishnu—and aided by the benevolence of Karttikeya, the War God, son of great Shiv the Destroyer—they would become rajas themselves. At least, Vinitamati had no doubt whatever that the bold and handsome Indradatta would triumphantly carve his way to some splendid throne. For himself, though secretly not less ambitious, such an achievement seemed to him too much to hope. Always a little awed by the smilingly effortless superiority of his friend, he presumed not to equality of destiny. Sufficient would it be if he became general over Indradatta's victorious armies, vicariously satisfying his ambition by eagerly dedicating himself to his comrade's surely greater fortunes in that glittering future now open before them.

So, joyously clanking their weapons, they strode for the last time through this insignificant village, whither they would return, if at all, only in a condescending magnificence of wealth and power. For the last time their nostrils were filled with its familiar all-pervading acrid smell of ghee and wood smoke. For the last time they passed down the squalid rutted street, here and there shadowed with dust-whitened palms and pipal trees hung with the fluttering rags of superstitious offering, where scrawny kites disputed offal with mangy dogs rooting among the rubbish heaps, and sacredly immune monkeys chatteringly ate upon the roof tops the fruits they had thieved from the bazaar. Vinitamati tried to imagine the contrasting aspect of the gorgeous cities they would one day surely enter as conquerors. From the window of a mud-built house a girl of the gandharb caste, her arms loaded with bracelets, a

ring through her nostril, called to them invitingly with flattering words. Vinitamati held his head high.

"At this hour tomorrow, O brother," he said, "shall we be far along the road. Vishnu grant that we meet some distressed princess, captive perhaps to Dasyu robbers, to rescue as Kshatriyas should! Haply also might she become enamored of one of us."

Indradatta smiled at him. He also had loftily ignored that seductive voice.

"Rather would I meet Kshatriya foemen worthy of our swords, Vinitamati, and contend with them in challenge of their prowess. Auspicious would then be the beginning of our quest for fame among all warriors, and of a surety some great raja would hear of us and desire our service."

Vinitamati admired this yet more lofty aspiration of his friend; always Indradatta could overtop him.

"May Vishnu grant it!" he answered piously.

They arrived at the broad central intersection with the other main street, which ran north and south. Midway in the crossroads was the great bodhi council tree whereunder wandering students publicly disputed fine-spun theology with the local Brahmans and for years an ash-smeared gaunt ascetic had sat with an arm held upright until it had withered, indubitably acquiring a magical virtue which would give him power even over gods. Had not the gods themselves extorted immortality from the Supreme Being by just such austerities? As they approached the tree they saw that a crowd was assembled about it in a hubbub of excited voices.

Youthfully curious, they pushed through the throng to see what was amiss. It was but another of the wanderers—those familiar itinerant philosophers who, after penances and solitary self-communings in wild places, preached the strange truths revealed to them to audiences normally tolerant of all kinds of fantastic doctrines. But this stranger had evidently said something unusually provocative.

A furiously angry Brahman was even then denouncing him, calling upon the crowd to drive him forth with blows. The preacher—he was of full middle age, clad in a garment of patched-together yellow rags, with no caste mark on the brow of his benignly prepossessing countenance—ignored that anger. He spoke again in a sonorously ringing voice that was curiously authoritative, curiously attractive.

"Listen not to the Brahman, O ye of every caste!" he said. "Not is it as the Brahmans teach, that for them alone is the way of escape from the suffering of existence through endless lives. For ye, O Dasyus, for ye, O Sudras, for ye, O Vaisyas, for ye, O Kshatriyas, the way is open! There are no castes for those who have set foot upon the path."

"A blasphemer!" shrieked the Brahman. "An accursed blasphemer! Drive him forth, lest the gods be angry with ye all!"

The crowd swirled, asking eager bewildered questions of one another. Formidable, as all men knew, were the Brahmans, intermediaries between men and the uncertain gods. Haply the Brahman spoke truth and the gods would avenge upon them who listened the blasphemies of this stranger! What manner of man was this who said that there were no castes—when all men knew that they had been decreed by the gods themselves, to be escaped from only by a succession of meritorious lives? Verily would it perhaps be better to silence him, driving him forth with blows and stones, lest calamity befall!

Through the clamor the preacher's voice continued, calmly powerful:

"Listen, O all ye in bondage to the illusion of suffering, to the illusion that there are castes, to the illusion that there are gods! Listen to the Dharma—the Way! For ye I turn the Wheel of the Law!"

"Listen not!" The Brahman foamed at the mouth in his fury. "Accursed is he who takes not up a stick or stone to this blasphemer of the gods! Away with him! Away with him!"

The crowd surged restlessly. Immense was the authority of any Brahman, even of this mere household priest, who was notoriously an evil liver and extortionate in the remuneration he demanded for his mantras. Accustomed though they were to the half-crazed wandering ascetics who had convinced themselves of a new way of escape from the misery of eternally renewed lives, this stranger went indeed a little too far. It was manifestly provocative of divine vengeance to deny the existence of the gods. Foolish assuredly were they to permit that he should perhaps draw wrath upon their village, blasting the crops and drying up the vitally essential milk of the sacred cows. While some cried anxiously to him to be silent, others were already stooping to pick up stones and sticks.

"Away with him! Away with him!" shrieked his denunciator. "Slay the impious wretch who denies the gods! I, a Brahman, bid ye slay him!"

The man in the patchwork robe of yellow rags imperturbably faced that menacing tumult vociferous around him.

"O ye who with passion and with fear bind yourselves even now more firmly to the Wheel of Things, heed not

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"Once Again for Thee I Turn the Wheel of the Law. Step Down From Thy Elephant and the Illusion of Thy Glory"

BEFORE I WAKE

By Margaretta Tuttle

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

THESE men she was going to meet, with their restless eyes and their masked faces, all bore the mark of the thing they would have denied had you put it to them—the mark of indirectness. They did not go directly after anything. They circled round it and then they pounced.

"Hawks," said Guarda, and covered a tiny scar with a softly waved fold of hair.

It had been kept a profound secret, that scar; the best-kept secret of her life, with its paid publicity and its photographed moments of leisure. Not even Schelling knew she had spent that month's vacation he had so reluctantly given her, in a Chicago hospital with bandages about her face. He only knew, when she came back, that she looked rested. Better than she had looked for a long time, he had said guardedly. Schelling had no enthusiasms; they were too expensive. He might have to raise a salary if he gave praise. He never said, "Good work!" He said, "The picture cost a lot." He circled. Only one thing made him direct; the balance sheet

The balance sheet had talked pretty well for her until this past year of economy when they had given her such poor pictures nobody could do anything with them. More circles. Production turned over to Schelling, who kept his eye on the costs and not on the pictures. A picture that made less than the one before it; and instead of more money and more care on the next picture, so that it would make more, Schelling spent less money and less care on it. And before you knew it you were on the down grade. And all the while one good picture would set you climbing again.

She slipped into her white cloth gown and drew her white fox about her face. They could say what they liked about the time she had been in pictures, but she could still wear white and the line of her chin was young and firm, and that Chicago man could keep it so. And she photographed like a girl of twenty with just a little care and a little luck in a director.

She sighed. In the old days of a hundred a week she had thought if she ever reached the charmed thousand-a-week group life would be complete. The whole world felt the same way; and the little charmed group held its peace about a thing Guarda had been learning all year—that when you are paid a thousand a week for what you give, those who pay it must assure themselves of two things: That it is the very best you can give, and that it is better than anybody else can give at that price. It is the pound of flesh nearest the heart that they buy, who can pay so high a price. And they stop buying if they can get more for the money elsewhere.

Guarda put the slightest upward curve to the red line of her lips. "Nobody ever talks," she mused, "of the hard luck of being high-priced."

She had been high-priced for three years, and her contract was this day to be renewed. The publicity department would photograph her signing the contract, with Schelling showing his whole face in behalf of his own publicity, instead of looking at her in profile, as he would if there were no cameras working. But then Schelling's nose wasn't so good. And after it was over and Schelling had carefully explained why they could not give her more money, they would go to luncheon at the Ambassador; and the reporters would notice that she did her own selling, using no agent; and that she read her own contract, needing no lawyer.

She Had Not Had Much Love for All That She Enacted It So Passionately

She knew why she used no lawyer. She needed that contract as she needed food and drink. She hadn't saved anything in these three years of plenty. There had been so many lean years to make up for. Whatever kind of contract they made with her it was all right with her, if it was high priced.

She parked her car in its special place, with the special smile for the gateman because he had prophesied, when she first came to the studio, that they would star her within the year. She stepped lightly on her extravagant high heels down the flagged walk to the side door and into the narrow marble corridor that led to Schelling's office. The corridor repeated the click of her heels like little steel hammers. There were no open doors sending light on the corridor this morning, and the gloom struck at her worryingly; such creatures of superstition they became where so much was luck.

"Miss Daran!" Across his desk Schelling's secretary gave her a smile as polished as the mahogany under his hands. He did not rise, because the telephone buzzed and he spoke into it. "Mr. Schelling is not in his office just now. No, I can't say just when he will be in. No, he is in the projection room. Can you leave the message with me? Very well, I will give you a ring when he comes in."

He hung up and smiled at the wall behind the figure in white. "Do you mind waiting, Miss Daran? Mr. Schelling is in conference."

"My appointment is for eleven, and it is five minutes after."

"It won't be long now. Mr. Swain has been in there quite a while; he must be nearly through."

Swain was the company lawyer. The company would have its lawyer, whether she had one or not, and Swain would see that the company had the loopholes. He was a shrewd creature, but she liked him, for he kept his shrewdness so well hidden under his bright blue eyes and his faint brogue that he discarded in all moments of emergency. If it was only Swain in the other office with Schelling there was no reason for keeping her waiting. She said so.

But the man at the desk had returned to the letters he was signing with Schelling's name and he merely shook his head as he sealed a long envelope. Guarda examined him. She had not been kept waiting often, and never without some attempt to placate her.

"It's hot in here," she complained.

"You're just in a hurry." He returned to his letters to the distributors, his glasses screening his guarded look at her.

Guarda rose and moved toward the inner door, and he hurriedly rose with her.

"There comes Mr. Swain, now," he said, as the mahogany door swung open at the top of its two steps that led down to Schelling's office.

But it was not Swain who came out. It was a gaunt-faced man, lean and brilliant eyed. He was frowning and absorbed, folding a document into his coat pocket; and he stopped as if he did not see what was in his way as Guarda backed away from the opening door.

At her motion of withdrawal he brought himself from whatever was absorbing him to a sharply imposed attention to the face before him. Tinted lips and darkened eyes appeared to confuse him an instant, and then as if he had some unplaced recollection of them, his moment's confusion was followed by a bow of apology.

"Miss Guarda Daran, Mr. Lenine," murmured the secretary.

The diminishing puzzlement in the lean face said plainly: "Oh, yes, I have seen your pictured face, and you look a little like it." But the apologetic bow took no advantage of the casual presentation, and when he had gone Guarda said softly, "Who is he?"

"The new sound expert. They are just signing him up. He turns sound into light, and back again into sound."

"No wonder it cracks all to pieces. Why turn it into light if it has to be turned back into sound? They're the bunk—sound pictures. Anybody who puts more noise into pictures ought to be killed for it. We got enough sound."

The buzzer on the desk made a grating noise. "One welcome sound," said the secretary; but he spoke curtly, and she wondered if secretaries were really interested in these men they guarded so carefully. She didn't know much about this sound stuff, but neither did the opener of Schelling's door. And nobody really wanted sound pictures, save perhaps the head gamblers of this industry that had to keep furnishing something new to a public they had trained to ask for more. If they would get good stories, it was Guarda's opinion they would do better than just thrusting talk into the same old poor ones.

And if men like Soames would quit making twenty reels to get six they wouldn't have to economize on poor stories and actors' salaries. She would have had twice her success these past years if they had paid for a genius of an author instead of leaving a rotten poor script to directors like Soames to change overnight and trust to the cutter when they were finished. Jerky, haggled stuff; like her face after the first week of her vacation. She had made up in that sleepless week for months of early-to-bed denial, and one day she saw her face sagging. If it hadn't been for that Chicago surgeon. . . . She shivered. Why on earth must she think of this as she went forward across Schelling's room to sign a contract? Schelling's eyes were as hawklike as his pounce. He didn't have to be up against anxiety to recognize it, and he was watching her curiously.

She turned with relief to Swain's gay Irish face, as he took his hat from Schelling's well-cleared desk and bowed himself out.

His bow was not so good as the lean man's in the other room had been, but then he cut it in two with his nod at Schelling. The door closed.

"Will you sit down, Guarda?" said Schelling. "You're looking pretty neat this morning."

She had known Schelling ever since he had been brought from New York to keep down the costs and she had never known him to come this near to a compliment.

"This," she said, "is Adrian's best. He certainly wouldn't care about hearing it called neat."

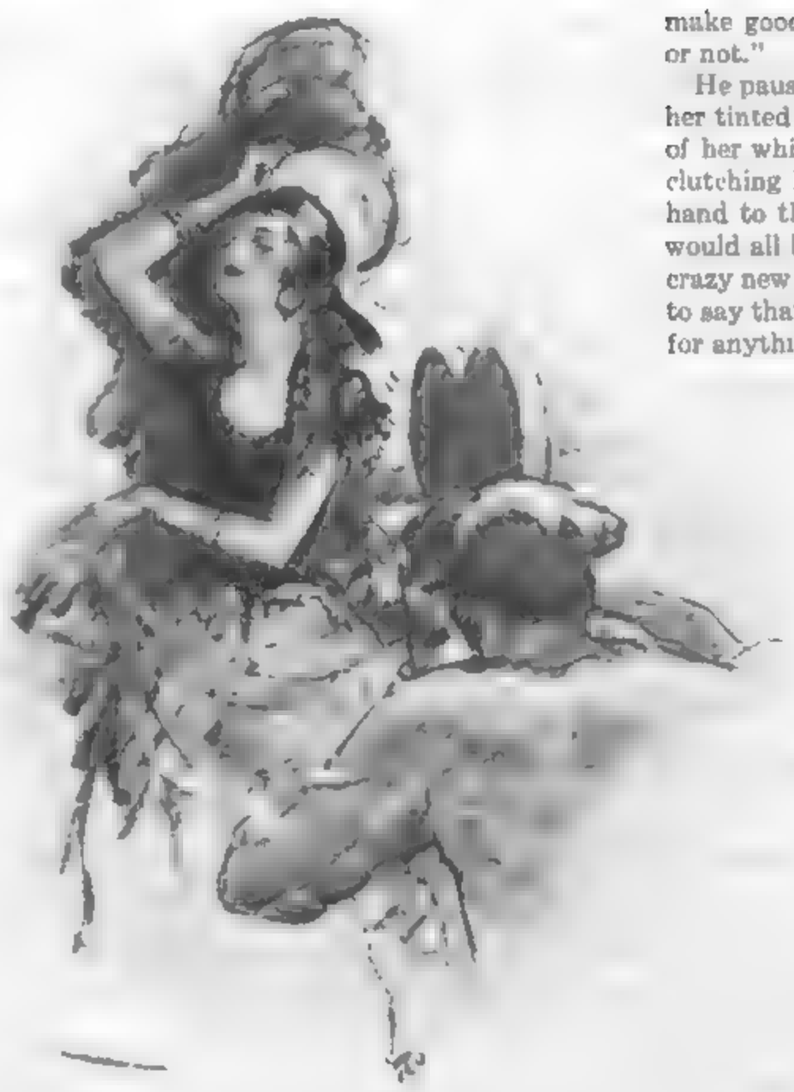
He did not take this up. He looked down at the papers on his desk and was silent. There was evidently to be no luncheon, and there was no sign of the usual publicity photographs of a littered desk and herself, pen in hand. But why should there be? This was not a new contract with a young thing snatched from some other company's chance success. She was a seasoned campaigner whose money value had been proved, and the signing of a contract with her was all in the day's work. Schelling was speaking:

"Guarda, you have doubtless heard that we're going in for the sound pictures, good and hard."

She frowned. There was a note of explanation in his voice that she had never heard there; it was awkward, like his compliment of her clothes.

"Are you sold on that bunk, Schelly? You know it's not going to last."

He made marks on a pad with his pencil. "It'll last long enough to ruin us if all the other fellows get in ahead of us. We've promised our exhibitors, and it's up to us to make good, whether we're sold on it or not."



She Photographed Like a Girl of Twenty With Just a Little Care and a Little Luck in a Director

He paused, and she looked down at her tinted fingers on the background of her white cloth skirt. They were clutching her skirt and she lifted her hand to the arm of her chair. They would all be dragged into it yet—this crazy new stunt. It wouldn't even do to say that pictures were never made for anything but written speech; you would be called an old-timer—that fatal thing when you had been in pictures for years. And then after they had all worked and worried themselves silly, mouthing words that held up the action, with the camera shooting away on nothing, the public would turn it down. It had taken her years to learn the technic of the silent drama. She had it at her finger tips—tempo, high light, shadow, suave slow movement—and now, when she was no longer young, she must learn something that had no technic; that nobody knew what to do with, now that they had it.

"Oh, why can't they keep to the radio?" she complained.

"That's one of our troubles. They are keeping to it—hundreds of 'em who used to come out to the pictures, rain or shine. Now if it's too cold or too hot, they tune in on the radio. We have to keep up with it—get ahead of it if we can."

She made a smooth little gesture. "Oh, well, you'll do it. You always have."

His hawk's eyes pounced on her. "The new sound pictures need stage-trained actors."

In the silence that followed Guarda shivered. So that was why there was to be no luncheon; why she had been kept waiting; why Swain had left her alone with Schelling instead of staying to see the contract through. The new contract included sound stuff, and all sound stuff was doubtful. There would be tests and

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A Woman Was Huddled Against the Other Side of the Rock—a Beautiful Woman, Shaken With Sobs

RUNNING PAST THE SIGNAL

By Edwin Lefèvre

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

IT WAS curious to hear bankers who had no entangling alliances with Wall Street, express astonishment over the way the public was buying stocks in 1928 "without the slightest regard for prices." They meant, of course, values; perhaps ascertainable values. That is always the complaint of the conservative, of the man who insists upon being paid for being wise, and resents the dividends that ignorance sometimes draws. As a matter of fact, in no bull market do speculators study values. Why should they? They do not base their purchases on earnings but on one hope. They see before them only what they wish to see. Fully 90 per cent of the record-breaking transactions on the New York Stock Exchange during the big days of 1928 consisted of blind buying. Of the remaining 10 per cent probably more than one-half were the sure-thing bets of wise men -alias market leaders.

Making the Public Bond Conscious

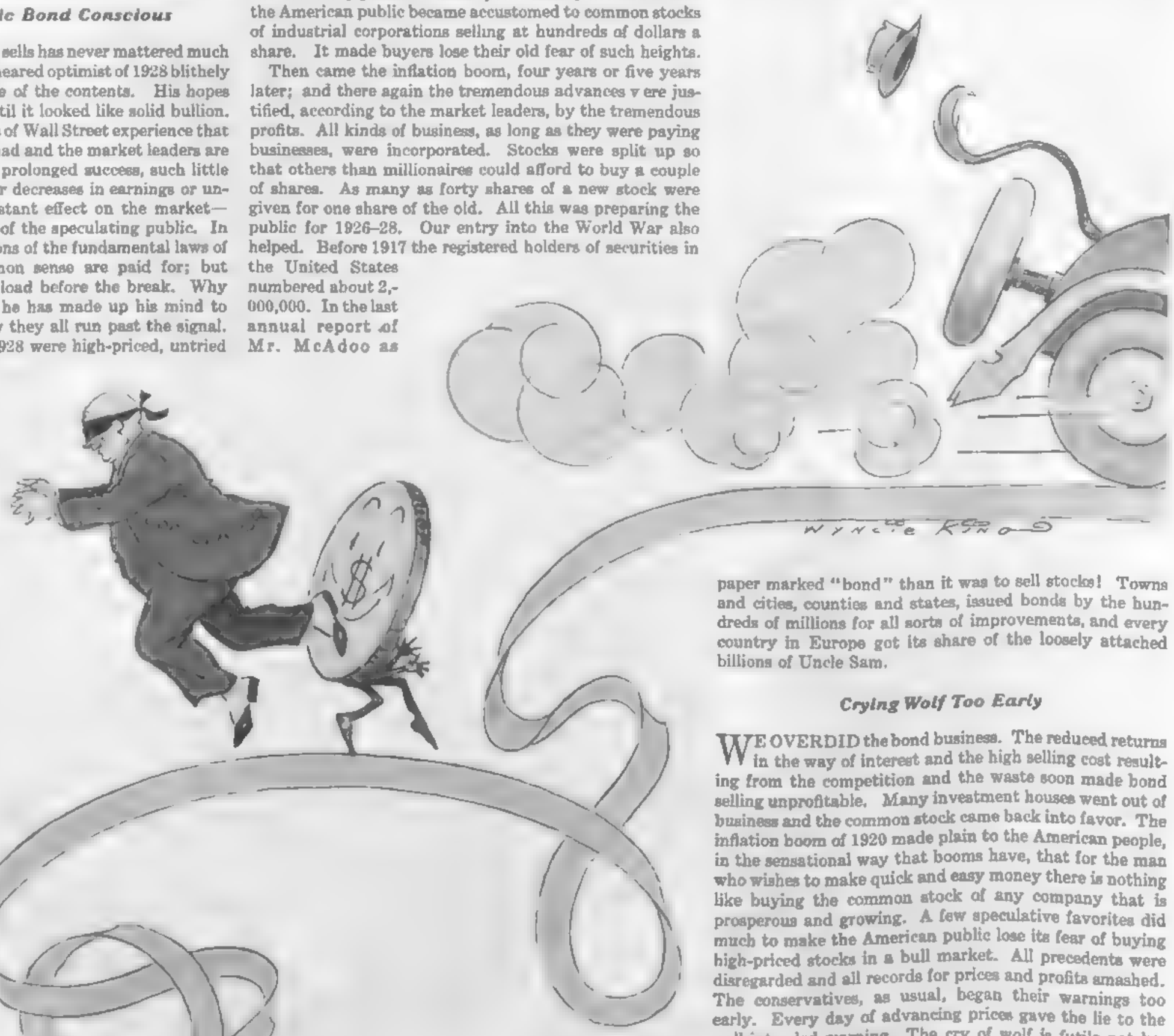
THE price at which a stock sells has never mattered much in bull markets. The unsheared optimist of 1928 blithely bought packages irrespective of the contents. His hopes made the wrapper glitter until it looked like solid bullion. It is one of the commonplaces of Wall Street experience that when the public goes stock mad and the market leaders are filled with the arrogance of prolonged success, such little things as high money rates or decreases in earnings or unraised dividends have no instant effect on the market—that is, on the state of mind of the speculating public. In the end, of course, all violations of the fundamental laws of economic or financial common sense are paid for; but every bull thinks he will unload before the break. Why shouldn't he think so, when he has made up his mind to escape in time? That is why they all run past the signal.

The trading favorites in 1928 were high-priced, untried and unseasoned stocks that made one wonder whether the public did not think that the higher the price the better the stock. In the old days, before the Great War, careful investors were most partial to bonds and mortgages. The fact that the big money in the United States had always been made in the common stocks of pioneer companies had no effect on investors who continued to demand mature growth and a long and profitable business record. Before the McKinley boom, railroad securities stood the highest. They had paid for years. They would always pay. The end of the Free Silver panic in 1896 ushered in an era of industrial development. Scores of small plants were consolidated into huge aggregations. By introducing economies, doing business more efficiently, eliminating waste and senseless competition, many of the stocks which in 1901 represented water became assured dividend payers within a decade. The public never quite forgot that United States Steel common sold in 1904 at less than nine dollars a share.

The popularity of stocks grew. The war-brides boom that began in 1915 helped. Companies which supplied the Allies with munitions of war or armament made such huge profits that stocks which had moved sluggishly at around thirty dollars a share in 1914 were in demand at $600, like Bethlehem Steel. The extraordinary earnings justified extraordinary prices. But the point to keep in mind is that the American public became accustomed to common stocks of industrial corporations selling at hundreds of dollars a share. It made buyers lose their old fear of such heights.

Then came the inflation boom, four years or five years later; and there again the tremendous advances were justified, according to the market leaders, by the tremendous profits. All kinds of business, as long as they were paying businesses, were incorporated. Stocks were split up so that others than millionaires could afford to buy a couple of shares. As many as forty shares of a new stock were given for one share of the old. All this was preparing the public for 1926–28. Our entry into the World War also helped. Before 1917 the registered holders of securities in the United States numbered about 2,000,000. In the last annual report of Mr. McAdoo as Secretary of the Treasury, he informed his countrymen that there were more than 22,000,000 holders of Liberty bonds. The Government's campaign to sell these bonds did more than mobilize patriotic dollars. It taught the American people what a bond was. The thousands of government speakers did more in a few months than Wall Street had been able to do in many years. Timid souls in villages and in remote places who up to that time had considered the savings bank or the old stocking under the mattress as the only safe place to keep money in, learned that bonds paid better and were mouse-proof. The word "bond" in 1917 and 1918, became a synonym for safety in investments. What the four-minute men told them about Liberty bonds, millions of listeners applied to all bonds.

The time and conditions were ripe for the deluge of bonds that began not long after the Armistice. Europe was desperately in need of funds and we had more idle money than was good for us. They needed investors as badly as we needed investments. There was such a big spread between the wholesale and retail prices that everybody went into the bond-selling business. Ten investment houses now made money where one had starved before. Stock firms were compelled to develop bond departments in order to keep out of the poorhouse. And nearly every boy that was graduated from college between 1919 and 1923 became a bond salesman. They swarmed all over the country, talking bonds and selling them to individuals and institutions; all kinds of bonds—foreign, domestic, railroad, industrial and municipal. Public-utilities companies grew huge overnight by absorbing lesser companies through the purchase of their stocks, for which the holding company would issue bonds. It was so much easier to sell a piece of paper marked "bond" than it was to sell stocks! Towns and cities, counties and states, issued bonds by the hundreds of millions for all sorts of improvements, and every country in Europe got its share of the loosely attached billions of Uncle Sam.



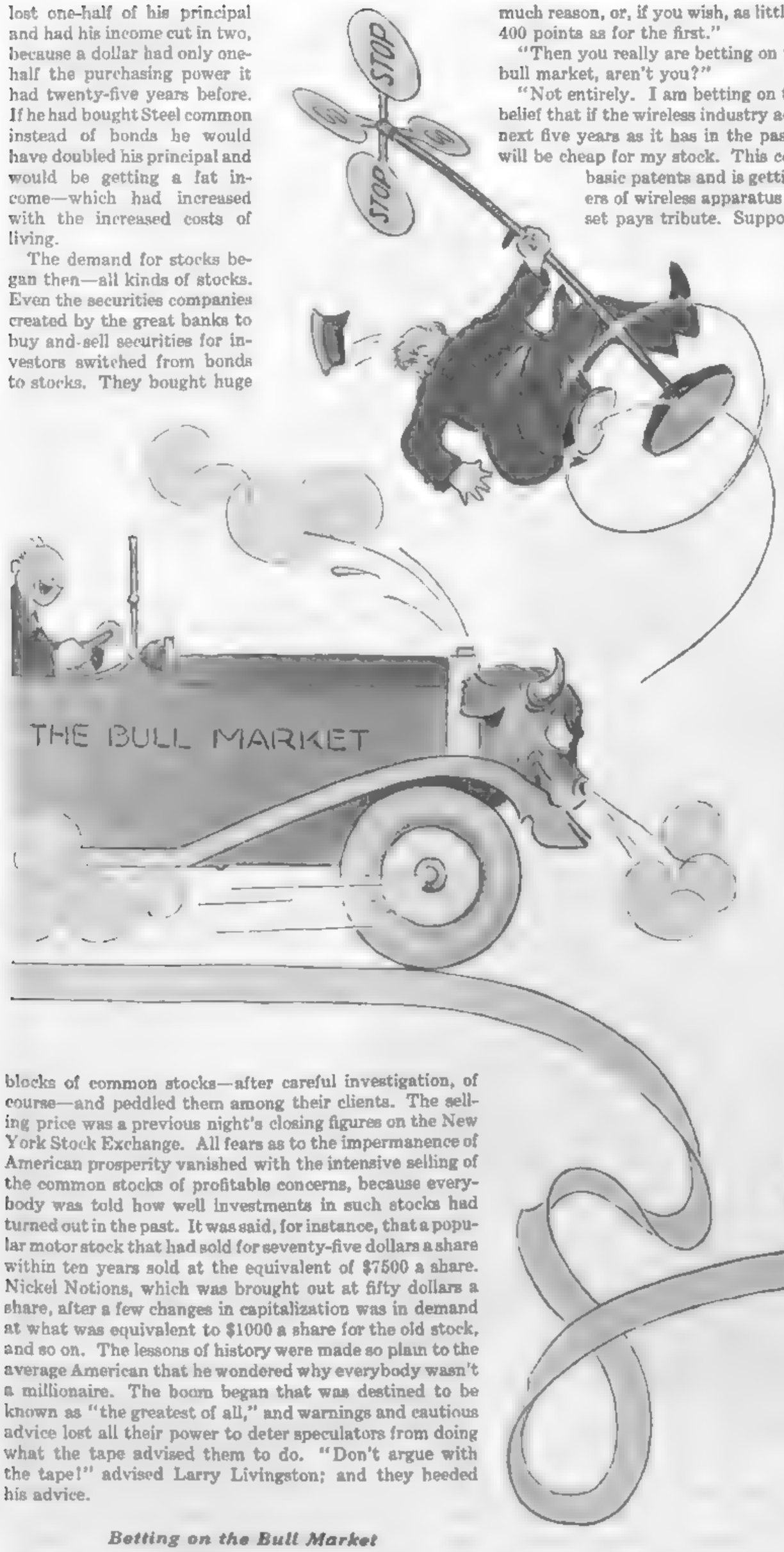
Crying Wolf Too Early

WE OVERDID the bond business. The reduced returns in the way of interest and the high selling cost resulting from the competition and the waste soon made bond selling unprofitable. Many investment houses went out of business and the common stock came back into favor. The inflation boom of 1920 made plain to the American people, in the sensational way that booms have, that for the man who wishes to make quick and easy money there is nothing like buying the common stock of any company that is prosperous and growing. A few speculative favorites did much to make the American public lose its fear of buying high-priced stocks in a bull market. All precedents were disregarded and all records for prices and profits smashed. The conservatives, as usual, began their warnings too early. Every day of advancing prices gave the lie to the well-intended warning. The cry of wolf is futile not because there is no wolf but because it is usually started too early.

After the deflation there were quiet times in the market and our basic industries prospered beyond belief. Never had such earnings blessed the corporations whose shares had been popular trading favorites. Again it was the common stocks that benefited the most. A company might quadruple its net earnings and yet the bondholder would merely get his little old 5 per cent and the preferred holders would continue to receive the same 7 per cent per annum of always, whereas the holder of the common stock would get all the company had in the way of undistributed profits. The man who in 1901 owned a first-class bond that paid him fifty dollars per $1000 received in 1925 the same fifty dollars per $1000; but since fifty dollars would not buy more than one-half in 1925 of what it did in 1901, the conservative bondholder discovered that he had as good as

lost one-half of his principal and had his income cut in two, because a dollar had only one-half the purchasing power it had twenty-five years before. If he had bought Steel common instead of bonds he would have doubled his principal and would be getting a fat income—which had increased with the increased costs of living.

The demand for stocks began then—all kinds of stocks. Even the securities companies created by the great banks to buy and sell securities for investors switched from bonds to stocks. They bought huge blocks of common stocks—after careful investigation, of course—and peddled them among their clients. The selling price was a previous night's closing figures on the New York Stock Exchange. All fears as to the impermanence of American prosperity vanished with the intensive selling of the common stocks of profitable concerns, because everybody was told how well investments in such stocks had turned out in the past. It was said, for instance, that a popular motor stock that had sold for seventy-five dollars a share within ten years sold at the equivalent of $7500 a share. Nickel Notions, which was brought out at fifty dollars a share, after a few changes in capitalization was in demand at what was equivalent to $1000 a share for the old stock, and so on. The lessons of history were made so plain to the average American that he wondered why everybody wasn't a millionaire. The boom began that was destined to be known as "the greatest of all," and warnings and cautious advice lost all their power to deter speculators from doing what the tape advised them to do. "Don't argue with the tape!" advised Larry Livingston; and they heeded his advice.



Betting on the Bull Market

THIS is old stuff. Conditions under which men live and work may change, but men do not. I met an acquaintance in one of the offices that I visited. Without overmuch urging he confessed to me that he had a profit of close to $200,000 in Western Wireless. He also informed me that he had taken a profit of $80,000 in the same stock earlier in the move, because he was advised to do so by a dastardly conservative. He bought back his Wireless about seventy points higher than the price at which he sold out his first line

"What are you waiting for?" I asked him.

"For $1000 a share," he answered.

"It isn't likely to go that high on this move," I permitted myself to say.

"Why isn't it? There is no more reason for its not going from $450 to $1000 than there was six months ago for its going from eighty dollars a share to $450. There is just as much reason, or, if you wish, as little reason for the second 400 points as for the first."

"Then you really are betting on the continuation of the bull market, aren't you?"

"Not entirely. I am betting on the justification for my belief that if the wireless industry advances as much in the next five years as it has in the past five, $10,000 a share will be cheap for my stock. This company controls many basic patents and is getting royalties from makers of wireless apparatus the world over. Every set pays tribute. Supposing the company gets hold of a few more patents—for instance, of one that will do away with static troubles. What will that make this stock worth?"

"But the earnings ——" I began.

"I am not thinking of what the company is earning, but of what it will earn," he told me.

"But $200,000 profit is not to be sneezed at."

He laughed. "Oh, I will be out at the right time," he said. "I may decide to slide out around 700."

Exactly two days later I saw him. He had the look of the Wall Street loser, so I did not open hostilities.

He volunteered "I think we have seen the worst of it." He meant the slump. He looked at me inquiringly. I said nothing. "Don't you?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I don't."

"Would you sell out now if you were in my place?"

"How much of a loss have you?" I asked him. The stock had gone down about sixty points.

"I still have a profit," he said.

"Thinking as I do, that the market is going lower, I'd take what profit remained. I'd get out."

I saw him the next day. The stock was down nearly 150 points from top.

"Did you get out?" I asked him.

"Yes," he answered. I should have known from his voice what he had done. Instead of which, I told him, thinking to cheer him: "Well, you saved some money."

He hesitated a moment and then confessed, "I gave them the order to sell this morning. I lost only my paper profit." Presently he added: "And some of the old profit. Do you think I ought to sell it short?"

"You are true to type. I don't like to tell you what that type is, but if I were you I'd never trade again." A few days later he glared at me. His stock had recovered some of the loss. He blamed me for the loss of the $200,000 he had spurned. It was a typical case.

Nothing can furnish stronger proof of how profitable the stock brokers' business has become than the rise in the price of memberships in the various exchanges of the United States and the announcement that exchanges and boards of trade that never before dealt in stocks are going to do so in the future. There is too much money in buying and selling stocks on commission for any intelligent body of Americans to ignore that fact.

A Very Profitable Investment

THERE are hundreds of members of the New York Stock Exchange who are never seen on the floor. Out-of-town houses, for instance, must have a membership to trade on the Exchange, but they do the actual buying and selling through floor brokers—fellow members who charge a small commission because their own member does not live or work in New York. Also, there are the room traders, who work for themselves and do not execute orders for other brokers. In short, on the New York Stock Exchange there are actually engaged in buying and selling stocks for the general public less than 500 brokers—that is, less than one-half of the 1100 members. If you will spend thirty seconds in the wire room of any active commission house—say, one with half a dozen out-of-town branches—you will marvel much less at the enormous amount of business that is pouring in than that any firm could possibly handle the orders that are received by that one firm during a bull market.

The improvement in methods of communication the world over has been such that orders to buy and sell stocks on the New York Stock Exchange now come from everywhere. No wonder that a seat on that Exchange, which, in August, 1921, sold for $80,000, in December, 1928, brought $595,000. Comparing 1921 with 1928, you will find that a membership on the New York Curb worth $5000 in August, 1921, sold at $75,000 late in 1928. Chicago Stock Exchange memberships rose from $5000 to $75,000, and Chicago Board of Trade from a low of $5500 to a high of $43,000. New York Cotton Exchange memberships went from $20,000 to $45,000, and New York Sugar Exchange from $5450 to $21,250. Seats on the Philadelphia Bourse, which a few years ago fetched as low as fifty-three dollars at an auction sale, have gone up to $1000. San Francisco Stock Exchange seats are selling at around $60,000, and memberships in Canadian exchanges show like advances.

A few months ago a Philadelphia firm decided, in the interest of economy, to utilize their New York Stock Exchange membership. They did the

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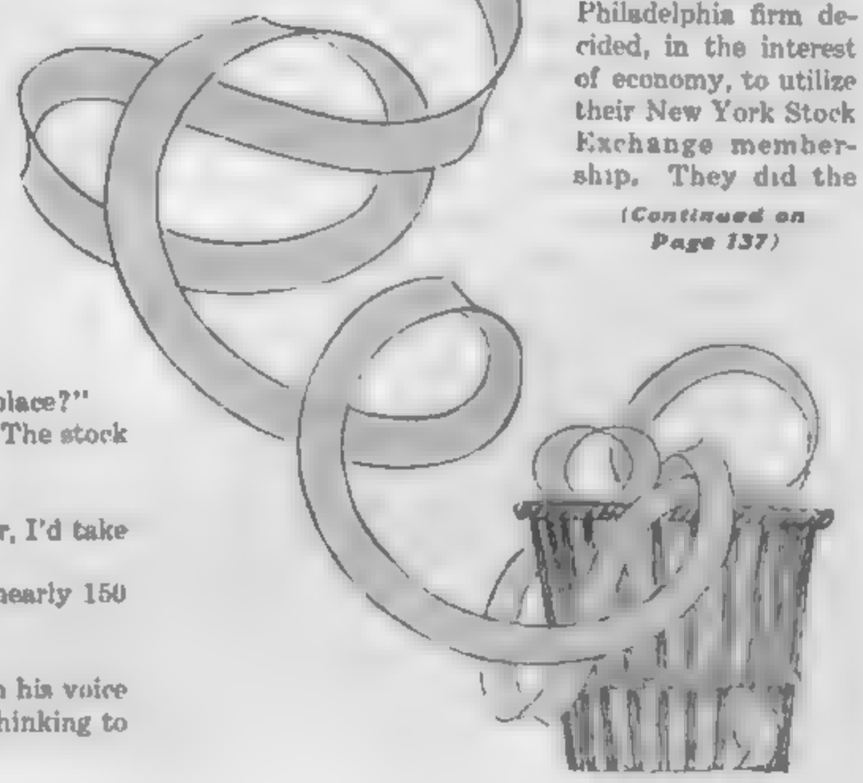
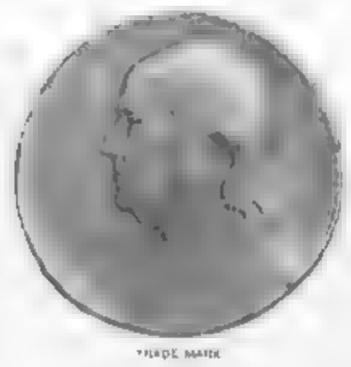


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 9, 1929

Air-Minded

THE unique exploit of the Army's endurance-flight plane Question Mark in remaining aloft more than one hundred and fifty hours not only afforded engineering knowledge of the highest value but brought a new thrill of confidence in the near-by possibilities of aviation.

Almost overnight we have become an air-minded nation. We have been making aviation history so much faster than we can assimilate it that we scarcely realize the speed of our advance in that field. Some recent figures give a striking snapshot of the present status of the industry. Authorizations have been granted to 5200 pilots and we have some 10,000 student pilots in training. Our 1600 airports furnished facilities for the 5700 planes in commission. At the turn of the year we were flying 45,000 miles a day, and we were carrying passengers at the rate of 35,000 a year over fixed routes and on regular schedules. Every month witnessed new expansions. New stretches of improved airway, new routes for mail and passenger traffic and new airports have been announced with bewildering frequency.

Though 1928 was a banner year for aviation, there is every prospect that it will be thrown into the shade by the current twelvemonth. So ambitious are the immediate plans of air-transportation leaders that the Secretary of Commerce feels warranted in declaring that the progress of the industry during the present year will be in advance of that during the twenty-five-year period since the first successful airplane flight was made.

We can scarcely overestimate the sum total of the varied effects of the activities of this infant industry. Speeding up the transport of mail and passengers brings our Eastern and Western coasts nearer together and shortens the distance to Europe and South America. New knowledge of aeronautics is daily making us feel more at home in the new medium of travel. The insistent demand for better and better motors, more powerful, dependable, and of greater endurance, is quickening our engineering sense and forcing us to create a supply to meet that demand. Many of the improvements thus brought into existence are adapted to uses other than those of aeronautics.

The effects of our progress in applied science roll up like a snowball. From steam we went into electricity; and our electrical age, which has not yet reached its zenith, made possible our age of motor cars. The experience of the two combined, with the support of the tributary sciences, will sweep us on toward the fuller conquest of the air. As we become habituated to our new medium of travel, more and more attention will be directed toward making it safe and certain. All things considered, the hazards of the air are not great even now; but they must be substantially scaled down before air transport will come into its own and command universal confidence. Speed we have already. Safety, certainty and economy are on the way.

The Guileless Questionnaire

WE DO not know who invented the questionnaire. But, anyway, he was a great man. For he gave something new to the world, and anyone who does that must be ranked high. He discovered how to get exact, utterly impregnable information on any subject, and having that information exactly and precisely what one wanted it to be.

Today we can see about us everywhere the results of his golden discovery in full flower. It is a poor morning's mail that does not bring a set of questions to answer on something or other that the universe is sitting up to know about. In the breakfast newspaper we can learn the important facts that previous questionnaires have brought out.

For instance, we can learn that the Institute for Reasonable Temperance has sent out a questionnaire to clergymen and discovered that ninety-two per cent of them favor liquor sales under proper regulation, while the Total Abstinence Society publishes the results of an inquiry which shows that ninety-three per cent of the clergy favor total abstinence and the absolute prohibition of the sale of any alcoholic beverage. It would appear that exactly the same list of clergymen had been canvassed by each society and, through questions, their fullest and frankest opinions had been drawn out. A peace society announces by its secretary that the tabulation of a searching questionnaire sent to 123,000 mothers discloses that ninety-seven per cent of them do not want a larger navy and that probably the other three per cent would also be in the negative were their replies intelligible. Rather than have the results open to doubt, the secretary has counted the obscure answers as in the affirmative. But the queries of a defense association bring out utterly different totals; they find that, although the mothers of the land are against war, they are for an adequate defense which includes a big navy. Questionnaire addicts dig up all sorts of interesting facts about business; some find that business men are unitedly opposed to chain stores, while others find that business men are wholly for them. In a lighter mood, the announcement will be made of the positive preference of employers for brunet as opposed to blond stenographers. The royal road to knowledge is now by way of the questionnaire. And surely it is the logical way. For if you want to know something, why not ask? That no one may give a hang about knowing the truth on the subject does not matter to the addict. Neither does it matter that if business concerns must answer all the questions put to them, it may cost them collectively a great deal of valuable time. That only increases the import of the research.

And neither does it matter that it is in the drawing of the questions that the answers may be found. In fact, that is the great merit of this form of amassing knowledge. One does not have to take any chances. One may ask: "Do you favor the Jones Bill as amended to afford, relief along sound economic lines?" Then an overwhelming majority of the answers will be "Yes." But change the question to: "Are you opposed to the Jones Bill as a raid on the public treasury?" The answers will also be "Yes."

But that, again, is the merit of the questionnaire. It is so utterly guileless.

The Boy Scouts' Birthday

FROM the eighth to the fourteenth of this month—February—the Boy Scouts of America are celebrating their nineteenth birthday. The growth and success of the Boy Scout movement have been extraordinary and its activities have encircled the globe. There are Scouts everywhere. One of them has been crisscrossing Antarctic wastes with Commander Byrd; and we are told that Point Barrow, somewhere near the top of the world, boasts an up-and-coming troop composed of Eskimo lads. Much of the country between is peppered with local organizations.

No one who studies the structure, polity and operation of the Boy Scouts can fail to be impressed by the soundness of its foundation and the extraordinary wisdom and vision which have made it the power for good that it has unquestionably become. As an agency for furnishing wholesome and manly recreation for growing boys and for teaching them the fundamentals of honor and loyalty, good citizenship and good sportsmanship, it is almost without a rival.

To retired business men and to others with a fair amount of leisure, local Scout organizations offer an attractive field for public service and the refreshing benefits of contact with lively and ambitious youth. Those who have gone into the work seriously and have helped organize or manage local troops say that the boys do more for them than they do for the boys. Any program or undertaking which the Scouts initiate is more than likely to deserve the heartiest support of their entire community.

The White House as a News Center

AS THE fourth of March approaches, speculation runs riot as to just what sort of President Mr. Hoover will be. The millions who voted for him, and many who did not, look forward with confidence to a sound, wise and beneficent administration. His entire public record leads us to anticipate just such an unfolding of his future career.

If we are not mistaken, the President-elect's good-will journey up and down Latin America affords a rather definite clew to what we may expect of him when he is in the White House. Few have questioned the wisdom of this swing around our own hemisphere. Most have applauded it. Once the idea had been conceived and developed, it was the obvious thing to do; but most of the courses we refer to as obvious were not so until someone had the wit to perceive them and point them out to us.

Mr. Hoover's broad experience and world-wide contacts have endowed him, there is reason to believe, with this invaluable faculty for inventing wise and helpful activities and policies. If they prove effective their simplicity should not be charged against them. Mere common sense, consistently applied, is a jewel without price. The border line between it and sheer genius is scarcely to be discerned.

The White House, in recent years, has been the world's greatest news center. Everything that occurs in the Executive Mansion is of importance because of the world-wide interest with which it will be received. The President of the United States has more opportunities of doing and saying the right and acceptable and generally applauded thing, or the wrong and inept and trouble-making thing, than any other man on earth.

Our Presidents have varied enormously in the quality of their lesser sayings and doings. Some have kept out of trouble by keeping their mouths shut. Others have displayed a rare nose for news and have made more of it before breakfast than others have made in a month. Sometimes the news they have made has been stimulating or reassuring; sometimes it has sent cold chills up the backs of the key men of American business and industry. Sometimes it has simply rocked the boat without doing anybody any good.

Mr. Hoover, we believe, will maintain the prestige of the White House as a prime news center. His outgivings may not bring quite so much delight to headline writers and readers as the utterances of some of his predecessors have afforded, but we predict that they will contain kick enough to keep them sweet. Unless we are very much mistaken, he will hatch new ideas with sufficient frequency to keep the country talking about them most of the time. They are not likely to be ideas that will rock the boat, but constructive plans and proposals so indisputably well founded and thought out that they will be of real assistance to us in making the most of our national possibilities. White House news of this sort cannot be too abundant.

A VISITOR ON BUSINESS

By Remsen Crawford

WITH 500,000 foreigners formally admitted to the United States in 1927, though the quota law limits immigration to 164,000 annually, the most indifferent man in America might be impelled to inquire "How come?" With some 60,000 Mexicans lawfully admitted and many thousands of others known to have been smuggled over the Rio Grande, the most unconcerned citizen—if such there be—might be stirred to ask if that is what was meant for "restricted immigration." With 65,000 European "visitors" let in and a ruling by an American Federal court that an alien coming for a job is not an immigrant but a "visitor," as long as he offers a guaranty that he intends going back, it was natural for the American Federation of Labor to pass some resolutions about calling a halt upon this visitorial invasion. And with one country in Europe already asking why it may not solve its unemployment problems by sending over "visitors" to work in Uncle Sam's country, there can be little wonder that Secretary of Labor James J. Davis has called upon Congress to tighten up this country's laws immediately, lest there be a lamentable breakdown in immigration control.

The court decision which the Secretary of Labor holds up before a short-lived Congress as a thing so serious that it has already caused a grave situation and will, if left to stand, vitiate this Government's carefully laid plans to regulate immigration to suit its needs, came from the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the second circuit, which covers in its jurisdiction the New York State border line along the Canadian boundary. Two aliens, neither of them born in Canada, but both subjects of Great Britain, had made a test case of their rights to cross the Canadian border into the United States, intending to return to Canada. One of them was coming to a job he already had in this country; the other, a woman, had crossed the border to look for work in the United States.

Good Work Undermined

IN VIEW of their intention of returning to Canada at night and working in the United States in the daytime, neither of them had complied with a new rule of the American immigration service, called General Order 86, which requires payment of the eight-dollar immigrant head tax and possession of a permit card to pass and repass the boundary line. This rule, Secretary Davis says, became necessary when so many aliens from Europe became attracted by the amazing growth of American industries in border cities like Detroit and Buffalo, and came to Canada as a means of evading the American immigrant-quota laws. No restrictions had in past years been placed upon native Canadians, but so many Europeans were using Canada as a lodging place to gain employment in factories and shops just over the boundary in the United States that the enforcement of our immigrant quotas, directed always against Europeans and not against Canadians, who are, as yet, exempt from those quotas, became well-nigh impossible.

The United States District Court at Buffalo, where the action was first brought, held in favor of the United States Government—that the two aliens, one of them born in Italy and the other in Scotland, though both were British subjects, did not enjoy the exemptions this country grants to Canadians. But on appeal to the circuit court of appeals the district court was reversed. Federal Judge Manton, rendering the decision, held that any British subject may cross the Canadian boundary on business under the terms of the Jay Treaty of 1794. That might mean that British subjects born in Africa, the West Indies, or anywhere might disregard this country's plan of regulating its immigration—a right which all countries had hitherto acknowledged regardless of ancient treaties. And the court of appeals did not stop there. Judge Manton questioned the Government's definition of the word "immigrant" in the quota law, and held that, as long as an alien gives bond or otherwise guarantees that he intends to leave the country, he has a perfect right to be admitted, if otherwise eligible, even though his purpose in coming here is to secure a job. Such a person is called a "visitor for business" by the court, and under this classification, by the terms of the Johnson Bill, or present quota law, would be free from the numerical limitation.

In the opinion of Secretary Davis, Congress never intended any such broad definition of the word "business." He assumes that Congress meant only to exempt from the quotas merchants, inventors, scientists, traders and persons on business which had originated in their home countries. He does not think Congress ever meant to let down the bars for common laborers or artisans looking for American jobs with the fat pay envelopes. So the results of the court decision, though it began at the Canadian boundary over a purely local matter of disputation, have gone much farther afield than our neighborly cousins in Canada, and threaten to bring disaster to our entire system of restricting immigration, particularly with respect to the industrial aspects of immigration. To clarify its definition of "visitors" with more precision is the hairsplitting task Congress is called upon to perform.

Mr. Davis, the Secretary of Labor, points out the necessity for immediate action in the matter. The Government, he says, will appeal the ruling to the United States Supreme Court, but the latter cannot take up the case until after February 18, 1929; and even if it should overrule the circuit court of appeals and sustain the immigration service, the decision cannot be expected until after the adjournment of the present short session of Congress, next March third.

Hon. Albert Johnson, Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, Showing an Immigrant Boy the Statue of Liberty

Congress' Problem

MEANWHILE so-called visitors are being admitted under bonds, pending final outcome in the courts or action by Congress. This practice has long been engaged in at Ellis Island to guarantee the departure of such aliens or defray the cost of their deportation, if necessary. There is more than $600,000 now held on deposit by the treasurer on Ellis Island alone, conditional upon the departure of many aliens who have been admitted temporarily. Great sums of money are likewise being held by the American Commissioners of Immigration at Montreal, at Buffalo, at Detroit and other points along the Canadian and Mexican borders. This incurs the necessity of maintaining large clerical forces, besides vitiating the purpose of the country's policy of restricting immigration to the needs of the nation.

What will Congress do? Will it be necessary for the lawmakers to abrogate outright the ancient Jay Treaty in order to spare this country an industrial invasion under the shield of "visitors for business"? At the time this article is written no definite plan has been worked out by either the Senate Committee on Immigration or the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. The writer has asked Chairman Albert Johnson, of the House committee, who is himself the author of the Johnson Bill, or present quota law, to give some outline of the prospects now in sight. Mr. Johnson's statement as authorized for publication follows:

> The House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization is wrestling with the problem of visitors for business or pleasure and may undertake, after conferences with solicitors of the State and Labor Departments, to amend the 1924 Act by undertaking to define "business." It will be quite a task. If this is done, it will also be desirable to define the word "merchant," making sure that the application is of an international nature.
>
> Another plan might be to require those aliens concerning whom the Labor Department might have doubt as to their arrival for business to be in possession of at least $100. A plan along the lines of the last named would reach most of the job hunters and would not be in the way of those coming properly under the treaties for business of a nature which the makers of all the treaties had in mind.

Chairman Johnson probably had reference to the fact that most countries have found it necessary to make

(Continued on Page 97)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Listen, Maggie—Last Year I Gave Yer a Comic and Yer Never Spoke to Me Since. Does This Square It?"

"You Know, Whenever I See a Woman Like That, I Just Thank the Lord That I'm Slender!"

Success

"WHO bites off more than he can chew,"
The Cynic says, "will rue it."
"But do not let that hamper you,
For here's the way to do it:
Just bite off more than you can chew
And force yourself to chew it!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

Discussing Wrecks

"HELLO, Bill; how is the old bus running?"

"Aw, it's a wreck, Jim. Guess I'll have to junk her. How is yours thumping along?"

"Like all the rest of the wrecks, Bill."

"Say, Jim, mine ain't nothin' but a wreck, but it still has a little life yet."

"Yeh? Say, do you know that wreck of mine is using less gas all the time. It's a fact."

"Izzat so? Did I tell you that I climbed Corkscrew Mountain in second last Thursday? All the new models were in low. That wreck of mine will sure pull."

"Say, Bill, I did that very thing last week; only I was in high."

"Well, my valves needed grindin' or I would have went up in high myself."

"Did I tell you about passing that new model Chieftain on Gibson Road? He was sure standing on it, but I made him eat dust." (Continued on Page 119)

Modern Perils: "Who Left That Refrigerator Door Open?"

"Mollycoddle, Eh? Wait 'Til I Get Through Playing This Game With the Kids and I'll Show You Who's the Mollycoddle!"

Gone is all the drudgery of making vegetable soup at home!

My manners are perfect
I greet with a smile
It's Campbell's inside me
That gives me such style!

HERE is the way millions of women today "make" their vegetable soup: they add an equal quantity of water to Campbell's Vegetable Soup, bring to a boil and allow to simmer a few minutes.

* * *

And that's all! No trouble marketing for all the different vegetables. No tedious work in the kitchen preparing and cooking them.

The best of it is that they enjoy, in Campbell's, just the delicious, hearty kind of vegetable soup they prefer, but which they would so seldom have the time to make. Real quality with a real saving in effort and expense!

* * *

Fifteen of the finest vegetables grown are blended, in Campbell's Vegetable Soup, with invigorating broth, strength-giving cereals, fresh herbs and skillful seasoning. How often could you make such an elaborate vegetable soup?

Just think how very useful Campbell's Vegetable Soup is! Being so substantial, it's often exactly what you want and need as your luncheon or supper—already cooked—on the table in next to no time! For dinner, it supplies so much real nourishment that it reduces the amount of other food to be served.

* * *

For the school children's luncheon, could anything be more wholesome and beneficial than Campbell's Vegetable Soup? How they love it! Here they get the healthful invigoration of hot soup with an abundance of the valuable mineral salts so necessary for the growing body.

* * *

And don't forget that this is just the kind of satisfying soup your husband likes most. Especially when he comes home tired and hungry, for then nothing is more welcome than a plateful of hot, hearty soup.

Your favorite soups, of course, are Campbell's Vegetable and Campbell's Tomato. But you'll find it delightful to vary your menus with selections from the 19 other Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

BUBBLES

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

XIX

DEAD. Up the street, in defiance of the hour, defiant of local prejudice as well, someone had turned on the household radio. Thus, while she stood gaping at him, through the still spring night there came to her ears the tin-pan cacophony of dance music. Raw, barbaric, offensive, it blared on interminably.

There ain't no maybe in my baby's eyes. . . .

It was at exactly eight when McCord had shot himself. As he spoke, Veith suffered himself to grin, the grin dry. "Just as the butler announced dinner, you know."

Brief, terse, the picture was complete. The butler, dinner—"Madam is served." Then, a dulled crash—the revolver shot—afterward, another crash as McCord's big frame hit the floor. It was thus he'd killed himself.

A gasp came audibly from the white-faced girl. "You saw him? He did it before you?"

Veith shook his head. She again gasped. It was horrible.

"Not—not before Rita?"

"No."

She was conscious of a momentary relief. McCord, theatric always, was the sort to have added one more horror like that.

"He was alone then?" she faltered.

Veith nodded. Yes, McCord had been alone. There was a significance, too, in the way Veith put it that indicated that McCord for a long time had been like that—alone. "Poor devil!"

Addie again drew in her breath, the sound of it prolonged. "Why, I had luncheon with him today! It seems only a while ago." All at once she put a closed hand to her mouth. Abruptly, a catch in her breath, she turned away. "Poor—poor Jim!"

Veith spoke after a moment. "Don't cry, Addie." She didn't after a time, and during the interval Veith spoke no more. Silent, he watched her, his air curious. He never before had seen her show emotion.

"Why did he do it?" she asked brokenly.

"Why?"

They still were standing. From the house up the way the radio still sluiced its blatant, hurried discordance into the pale night; and leaning against a pillar of the porch, Veith hitched one shoulder in a shrug, his eyes wandering overhead to the stars gleaming through the tracery of the street elms. Why? Why not? The bubble had burst—that was why. What else was left for McCord when he was ruined?

"Ruined?"

"Oh, yes."

"Everything gone?"

"Most of it."

It was incredible. After all that staged ostentation of McCord's recent living, it seemed unbelievable.

"You mean nothing's left?"

Little. Little but bills, it appeared—bills and mortgages, I O U's.

"And Rita? Rita?"

Stunned by it all, she breathed the question. She hardly was prepared, though, for the reply.

"Rita!" said Veith. The name, sharp, brutally blunt, came from him explosively. It was as if, too, in its heat it had touched off some trigger of venomous resentment pent up within him. Unfair, perhaps, but not the less vindictive. "You should have been there! I was; I heard what went on tonight; it was the last thing before the poor beggar killed himself. She could have saved him, maybe. She didn't, though; and while I was with them I heard him beg and plead! And what do you think she did? She laughed! It was for that money she had that he begged—you know, what she'd made." He shot a glance at Addie as he said it. "The money made the same way you made yours."

"You Seem Very Sure," She Returned, and Veith Nodded Slowly

"Mine?" Addie didn't understand.

"Yours."

Veith laughed mirthlessly. "She's been bucking the market too—another one!" This "one," as he said it, was short, sharp. You could call it brutal. It seemed now, however, that Veith was in no mood to quibble. "Yes, and she's been lucky, too—or what they call it. At any rate, in the last few weeks she'd managed to rake up sixteen thousand dollars—another hatful—and this was what did McCord the last straw. If he had that money—that is, if she'd given it to him—there'd be a chance, he thought. He might pick up and go on, pay his bills—a part of them, anyway—so that they might live along till he got on his feet again. And Rita laughed! What, hand it over to him when he was broke? Well, after that McCord went upstairs and shot himself!"

That, in short, was the story. Brief, bluntly told, it was the curtain to the tragic comedy. True, there were other details. For example, among them were such happenings as took place after the crack of the revolver shot brought its resounding climax. One was Rita babbling and incoherent on the stairs. Another was the swift rush of servants from below. Eavesdropping and already set by the ears by the scene in the living room, they came running; and with them crowding in at the bedroom door, Veith had turned over the huge form, sprawled face downward on the rug. It was to no purpose, though. Once McCord's face twitched, and while outside the woman on the stairs went on screaming, McCord's eyes fluttered. But that was all. Afterward the police came; then, a longer wait ensuing, the coroner arrived. Meanwhile, Veith had not again seen Rita, who was shut in her room.

His voice went on. It now was under control; but, though in the recital he had spared the girl to whom he talked the grimmer, more sordid details of the happening, it still was horrible enough.

"Mind you," said Veith, "I don't blame her for her refusal. It was her money; she had made it—got it, that is. What hits me was her taunts; she could have spared him those; her scorn when she learned he'd gone broke. Of course," interpolated Veith, "he wouldn't have gone broke had he listened to me. Long ago I begged him to let go and to get out; though that's not it. It's not that she egged him on, either; nagging him till he was wild. He wanted money himself; was mad for it as much as she—sudden money. He was out, besides, just as much as she was, for all the brag and the show that money like that puts on—though what of that! It was her taunting him that was the final touch. He'd failed. He wasn't a success—that's why she laughed at him. There are a lot of women like that, I suppose." He shrugged again as he said it. "The trouble," said Veith, "was that McCord wasn't big enough for the job. He couldn't run his wife. He let his wife run him."

"What?"

She had been half in a daze, her mind awhirl. Out of the picture he'd drawn, though, his voice curt and deliberate as he lined out each detail, she had caught abruptly his final comment. She started as she heard it. A man not strong enough to run his wife? A man whose wife ran him—what? That, indeed, was what had been said; and there flashed into her mind a swift, responsive conclusion, a woman's answer to it. That was, of course, what men feared. It was why, too, when they married, a lot of them took the sort of women they married—limp, featureless women; women without will or backbone; women who married eagerly, grateful to be given clothes, food, a home. Narrow-eyed, she gazed at Veith.

"So that was it, was it?"

Veith made a light gesture with his hands. "You knew McCord."

It was not McCord, however, that she had in mind. She still was peering at him fixedly.

"Is that your view too?" she inquired.

"Why?"

For an instant she didn't answer. In that instant a weird inclination to laugh possessed Addie. Hysterics, maybe. A hint, perhaps, of nerves. Overwrought, however, as she may have been, she still caught the raw humor of the moment. Rigged out, at any rate, in her best bib and tucker—in short, done up to make herself alluring—the joke was on her. It was, at all events, if the fancied allurement evoked only what she saw was coming.

"You think, then, that if Jim McCord had run his wife, not let Rita run him, this wouldn't have happened?"

"Naturally."

"You think wives should be—run?"

"Why not?"

More than ever, she could have laughed. "Really?"

(Continued on Page 30)

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Fruits, Vegetables, Canned Meats, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

Partial List of Fruits

Sliced Pineapple Crushed Pineapple
Peaches Pears Apricots Royal Anne Cherries
Maraschino Cherries Fruits for Salad Plums Apples
Apple Butter Berries Jellies Jams Prunes

A dessert for any occasion: A bowl of glowing peach halves, in their own rich juice. Libby's Peaches from California's sunny orchard lands. Ripened to golden perfection on the trees, they are packed at the orchard's edge, with all their fragrance and flavor sealed in. Keep Libby's Peaches always on hand for delicious desserts and salads. They will help you score a real success when unexpected guests drop in. A convenient way to buy Libby's Peaches now is three cans at a time

L I B B Y M c N E I L L & L I B B Y ~ C H I C A G O

(Continued from Page 28)

When Veith replied, a dim air of perplexity was in his voice. Either it was her veiled mockery—that or the twist their talk had taken—that puzzled him; and when he spoke, it was bluntly, his words brusque as well as inquiring.

"Yes; but what's this got to do with it? I didn't come here to talk of that," said Veith.

"No?" Addie Jessup made a little movement of her shoulders. "Then why did you come?"

Veith, without preface or hesitation, hit straight at it: "About that money you have. You'd better make sure of it while you can. You may lose it if you don't."

That was it. It was, she thought, too ridiculous; and now, her jangled nerves upset, she did laugh. Not that laugh was any relief, though. What he had said was merely a repetition of what had been said that afternoon. . . . And she had dolled herself up for this! What a joke!

So she was going to lose what she'd made, was she? "You seem very sure," she returned, and Veith nodded slowly.

With the same deliberation he spoke, "Not only sure certain. McCord did, don't forget."

"You think I am like McCord?"

"Yes, I do."

For an instant the flat directness of it was disconcerting. She was set back for an instant. Then, incensed, anger armored her anew. What business was it of his? What business was it of any man? "Perhaps you think I'm like Rita, too?" she retorted.

For a moment Veith didn't reply.

Had she but known it, he, too, inwardly was stirred to resentment. In brief, he was aware well enough what tonight's doings might entail. Innocent as he was, more than likely some loose-mouthed moralist would be quick to tax him with McCord's death. McCord ruined, Veith, as well as the business Veith represented, would be charged with ruining McCord. As if, too, he hadn't done his best to save the man! As if, besides, had McCord been wise enough, he might not have profited by what Veith and Veith's business had legitimately to offer. But no! All the McCords were alike. All were identical in that! Sudden riches, money overnight, was what all of them were after; and when, as if by chance, some stroke of luck, a shot at one of the Street's wild cats-and-dogs landed a bundle of it in their laps—what then? Never satisfied, their cry was for more—more easy money. This girl, too, was like the rest!

"Don't You Dare to Speak to Me!" She Said

True, she had thrilled him once. Once, in her naïve gayety and girlishness, she had so intoxicated him that he had been caught off his guard. Was she, though, either so naïve or girlish? A girl out to pick up money like that was neither—though never mind. Fifty thousand was what she was out to get. All right; let her get it then! Let her get it if she could! Thin-skinned, perhaps—too thin-skinned, maybe, for the job he was in—he'd determined at first that he shouldn't be taxed with this too—that is, the loss of what she'd put up—but now his mind had changed. Let her lose; it might be a good thing for her if she did; and fed up with it all, incensed and resentful at all the dabblers that wouldn't be saved even when you tried to save them, he had made an abrupt preparatory movement to go, when he halted. Addie Jessup was speaking.

Her voice was a drawl: "You haven't answered my question, Mr. Veith."

"Haven't I?"

"Perhaps you think I'm like Rita too."

Disillusioned, careless now, Veith let slip the first reply that came to him: "Well, she wanted it, didn't she? Didn't she want it too?"

"Wanted what, please?"

"Money," he returned; and there was a pause.

A pause, a swift, sudden tautening of the atmosphere, apparent even on the darkened porch. Inside the house a slow footfall sounded as of someone uneasily plodding about; down the street the radio gave a final squawk as it was shut off for the night; then somewhere a clock struck eleven. To all this, though, Veith gave no heed, unmindful even of the hour. He must, it's true, get back to that grim house that waited—McCord's—he still had things to do there, but they could wait. Determined to make this girl see things as they were, at this point, though, Veith made a slip.

"Yes, don't forget," he said, "you wanted it enough to take that check from McCord."

She had too! There was no getting away from that. The slip that Veith made there, however, was that he hadn't all the facts. Thus, had he wished, by the brutality, to help this girl to whom he was talking, he could have done nothing better calculated to defeat him.

"You dare!"

Ablaze with anger, she ripped out at him. Her wrath searing, she flung at him the truth about that check and what the check betokened. A trick, a rotten game! Bewildered, when he had learned the hand Brent had had in it, Veith stood and took it. There was a moment, though, when he could have laughed. Brent? Well, that was enlightening!

This much was certain: Whatever the ethics of it, it was clear the fancied village dolt, the imagined clown, was no simpleton. As was evident, it took wits to think up a thing like that. As also was evident, come hell or high water, Brent meant to get the girl he loved. Veith, as a matter of fact, could have blushed for the moment at his own part in the affair. What an ass he'd been! What a clown he'd made of himself, all for a passing fancy—strong as the fancy may have been—to play the light rôle of a Lothario, a Don Juan! To be frank, he wondered that he hadn't had his head punched. And that Brent could have done it heartily, he had no doubt. Meanwhile, on the darkened porch the storm of words went on:

"Yes, that's what you think—the worst! You think as all the others like you think. Men! As if the money was anything. As if, like that woman, I was out to get it for the same reason she was out to get it—to doll myself up, to make a show! Well, I'll tell you now why I want it!" said Addie Jessup. (Continued on Page 68

"It Was for That Money She Had That He Begged—You Know, What She'd Made"

"who's who" in lubrication

Quality

Proof of the supremacy of Gargoyle Mobiloil rests not upon the endorsement of some one or a mere dozen of famous people. The list of famous Mobiloil users is a veritable "Who's Who" in automotive circles.

With these famous users you have this in common: You want fullest power, greatest dependability and lowest operating cost per mile. Here are four typical experiences with Mobiloil.

Gerry Bouwer—

who drove a Chrysler stock sedan from the bottom to the top of Africa, on to London and then back to Cape Town, South Africa:

"When utter exhaustion made it impossible for me to pay attention to my Chrysler even to the point of draining the crankcase regularly, I knew I was still working on a margin of safety. During 9 months and over 26,000 miles, it never made a single involuntary stop nor has a single engine part been replaced. Every piston stroke and explosion depended upon Mobiloil. Results were perfect."

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh—

"In my flight from New York to Paris my engine was lubricated with Gargoyle Mobiloil and I am happy to say that it gave me every satisfaction. My engine functioned perfectly."

Cannon Ball Baker—

who drove a Franklin Airman sedan from Los Angeles to New York and back, cutting 10 hours, 30 minutes from the previous stock car record for that trip:

". . . Car gave wonderful performance and much credit for the run is due wonderful service given by Mobiloil. I congratulate you on your real lubricant."

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when he won the Dole flight from San Francisco to Hawaii:

"Used your Gargoyle Mobiloil on flight to Hawaii. Every satisfaction. Engine functioned perfectly."

In each of these grueling tests the regular stock grades of Mobiloil were used—the same Mobiloil that you can buy anywhere for *your* car. You are always sure with

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If your heart is set on having a colorful kitchen~

GREEN holds sway in many kitchens today! And in step with the times as always, Congoleum designers have created the lovely new "PALMETTO" design—Rug 604 shown at the right. Here is a rug with an air of sparkling cleanliness sure to delight the modern housewife's heart.

A COMPLETE new kitchen with all the up-to-date equipment shown here would, of course, be lovely. But if your budget won't permit it, don't be discouraged—you needn't give up the enjoyment of having your "workshop" gay with happy color.

For with the vogue of color have come easy and inexpensive ways to bring its magic into your home. Quick-drying paints you can apply yourself . . . inexpensive, bright-hued curtains . . . and then to complete the whole scheme a cheery labor-saving Congoleum Rug. It's truly amazing what a delightful effect even such a few changes as these can make.

"PALMETTO" for the gay green kitchen now so much in vogue

And throughout the house, whatever the room, whatever the color scheme, you will find in Congoleum Rugs a wide variety of appropriate patterns.

But it's not alone the charm of their lovely coloring that makes Congoleum Rugs so popular with the modern housewife. Just as important are their work-saving, time-saving and money-saving virtues.

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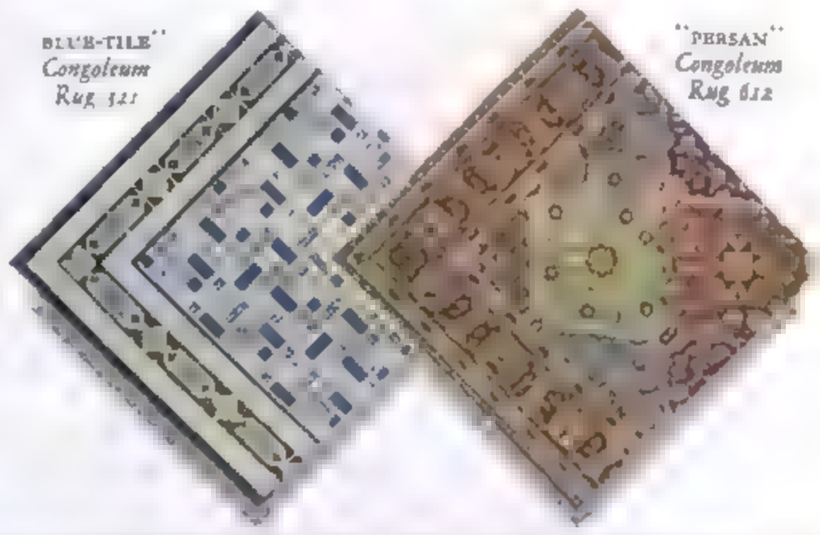

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A BANK ROLL FOR BELMONT

By William Slavens McNutt

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD VINCENT CULTER

"Toot! Toot!" Smiling Jimmie Jeered. "He Can Get Left Wrong End to at the Post an' Run Over That Bunch"

BLUE skies," Smiling Jimmie McCann sang blithely, as he leaned above the washbowl, scrubbing behind his ears, "smiling at me. Nothing but blue skies do I see."

"You got some eyesight!" the Whining Kid said sourly.

"What's bitin' you, boy?" Smiling Jimmie asked brightly, massaging the back of his neck with a towel.

"You can ask!" said the Whining Kid. "We ain't win a bet in two days."

"Oh," said Smiling Jimmie, shucking on a shirt, "that!"

"That!" said the Whining Kid emphatically. "Should I worry about somethin' else when I got that to think about?"

Smiling Jimmie chose a tie.

"I never see frettin' change a dime into a dollar yet," he said.

"No?" said the Whining Kid. "I never see a silly grin on some mug's map change a kick in the pants into a pat on the forehead neither! Listen. Will you tell me somethin'?"

"Anything you want to know Kid," Smiling Jimmie promised. "I won't guarantee to make you understand, but I'll tell you. What special cavity in your dumb little dome do you want filled?"

"You an' your words!" the Whining Kid sneered. "If you'd lay off readin' all them books you waste your time on an' stick to readin' the form sheets, you'd talk a lot plainer an' pick more winners! What's the sense o' you pretendin' you're happy when you ain't?"

"I am," Smiling Jimmie insisted.

"You can't be!" the Whining Kid argued irritably. "It ain't natural. We come here to Saratoga with a nice little bank roll between us, an' look at us now! Pretty near the end o' the meet, an' what've we got? Answer me that—what've we got?"

"Health," said Smiling Jimmie—"health an' opportunity, Kid. Don't forget that last item—opportunity! The horses are runnin'; the boys on the lawn are payin' off on winners; our bank roll's bobbed off pretty short, but we still got the makin's of a bet or two that might make a big difference in our lives, an' if all signs fail an' the big wind blows—what the hell! This here now broad land of ours is runnin' over with chumps. The suckers are ripe. The limbs on the sap trees are crackin' under the weight of fresh green fruit, an' every city an' town is just bulgin' with boobs beggin' for a ride to race-track riches. If we can't beat the books with our own dough, we'll get us an ape an' show him how to do it with his. What are you kickin' about, Kid?"

"You!" said the Whining Kid angrily. "You an' your everlastin' smilin' an' singin' an' whistlin' around when things are breakin' bad. You put all that on, an' you know it!"

"You're a hump-shouldered liar!" said Smiling Jimmie pleasantly. "If I felt like cryin' I'd bawl with you, tear for tear, an' lay you two to one that I could weep a prewar imperial quart while you're fillin' a bootlegger's 1928 idea of a scant fifth! I don't moan because I don't feel like it. What I'm gettin' at is this: I whistle an' sing because I do feel like it. Tuck that under your scalp an' remember it."

"You mean to tell me you don't get sore inside when you get a long run o' rough luck?"

"I never get sore," Smiling Jimmie declared emphatically, "good luck or bad, lean or fat, up or down, in or out, rain or shine. It's all a laugh to me, fella. Why not? Long ago an' far away I found out I was never goin' to amount to nothin', 'cause I'm too lazy to work for a lot o' things that might not be worth my time when I got 'em. I know I ain't goin' any place, so it don't bother me if I don't get there. I'm too easy-goin' to lay up anything an' too bright to starve because I don't. My food sets well on the old tumtum, my liquor doesn't even leave a headache behind, an' I like my racket. Figure me a fit o' the blues out o' that combination!"

"Do you know," said the Whining Kid in a challenging voice, "that we only got around a hundred an' ten fish between us?"

"Check!" said Smiling Jimmie. "What would we do if we had a hundred an' ten thousan'?"

"Huh?" said the Whining Kid.

"Don't huh me," said Smiling Jimmie. "You heard what I said."

"What do you mean—what would we do if we had a hundred an' ten thousan'?" the Whining Kid stalled.

"It ain't a riddle," said Smiling Jimmie. "It's a question. What would we do?"

"Now?" the Whining Kid asked.

"Now," said Smiling Jimmie—"today—from right this minute on until time for good little boys to be in bed. What would we do?"

"I don't know," the Whining Kid said doubtfully, suspicious of a trap.

"We'd go downtown," Smiling Jimmie enlightened him—"stall around with the mob for a while looking for bum tips. Then we'd go out to the track, look 'em over out in the paddock an' try to kid ourselves we could tell somethin' by what they look like. Then we'd go make ourselves a little bet. We'd win or we'd lose. After the last race we'd come back downtown, pack in a feed, stall around with the mob again for a while an' go to bed. Am I right?"

"I guess so," the Whining Kid agreed reluctantly.

"Don't be a bridge jumper all your life!" said Smiling Jimmie. "You don't have to guess—you know. That's what we'd do if we had a hundred an' ten thousan' dollars. We got only a hundred an' ten. So what are we goin' to do?"

The Whining Kid shook his head, refusing to commit himself.

"Same thing exactly," said Smiling Jimmie. "Downtown, out to the track, win or lose, back downtown, feed an' swap lies, home to bed. Same motions. Nothin' different but the size o' the bets. What are you kickin' about?"

"Oh, yeh," said the Whining Kid. "But if we had a hundred an' ten grand we wouldn't have to worry."

"There's no law," Smiling Jimmie declared. "You don't have to worry if you don't want to. If you're built to fret, the little matter of a hundred an' ten grand wouldn't stop you doin' it. You'd just have more to worry about—that's all. . . . Come on, let's go."

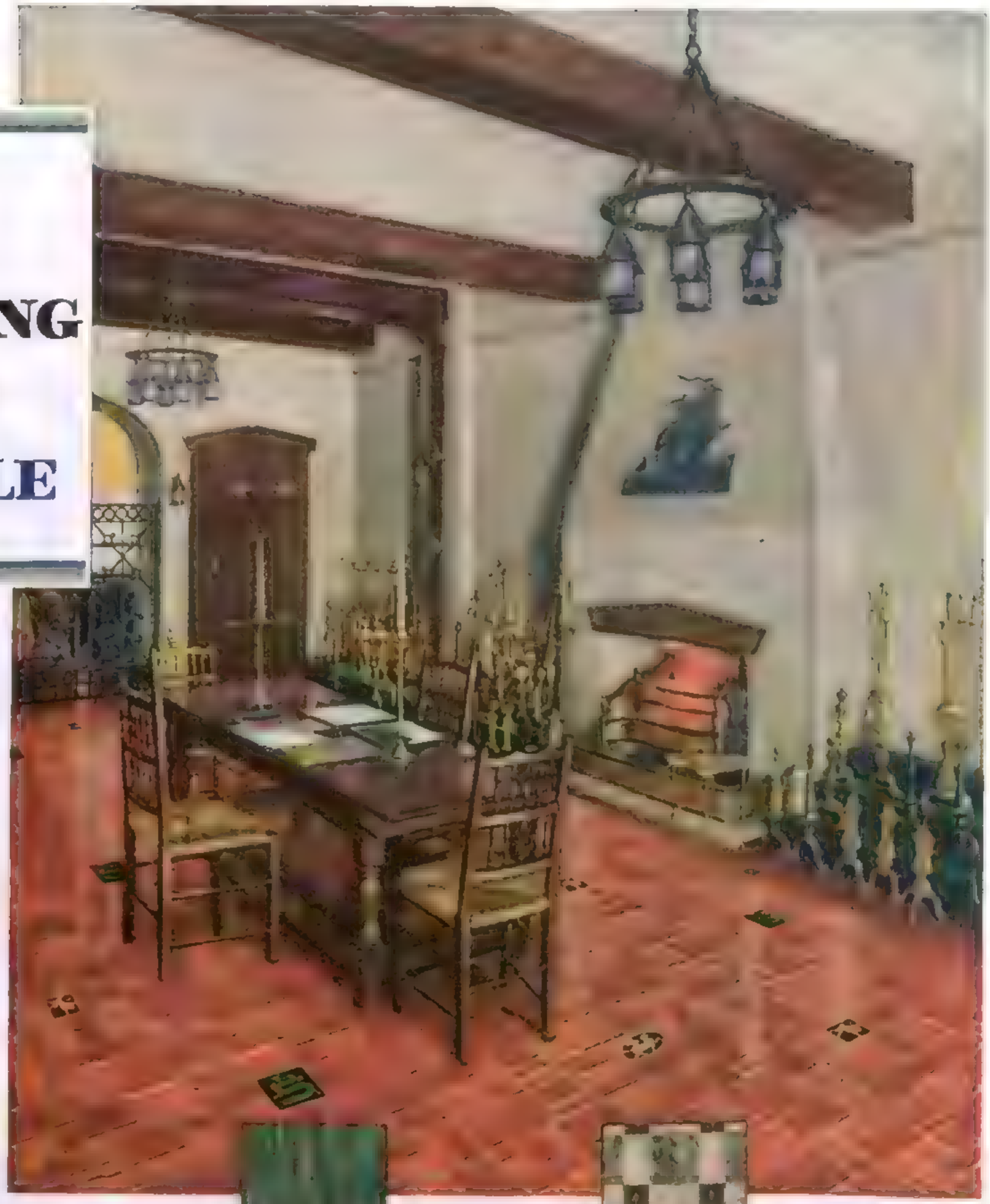
Saratoga. During the season. One o'clock in the afternoon. Sunlight. A wide straight street filled with slow-moving automobiles and horse-drawn carriages. The tallest, most graceful elms on the North American Continent. Enormous hotels that were works of wonder when Henry Ford was a farmer. Hotels with wooden porch pillars taller than a schooner's masts. Hotels built barrack-wise around inner court gardens. Hotels with wide verandas on court and street, verandas murmurous with the rhythmic creak of old-fashioned rocking-chairs.

Throngs on the verandas and sidewalks. Everyone on a vacation. No one in a hurry. Men and women born to a space in the Social Register, jostling men and women born to mention on police blotters. Knickerbocker nabobs and Sing Sing graduates. Polo players and sneak thieves. University professors and Tammany politicians. Drug peddlers and clergymen. Owners and trainers. Jockeys and swipes. Hustlers and horse players. Bookmakers and suckers. Sharpshooters and bridge jumpers. Rich and poor. Old and young. Sportsmen and sports. Honest and otherwise. All mixed together in a temporary sizzling social hash on sidewalk and veranda. Saratoga during the season—Saratoga when the horses are running in the afternoon, the auction paddock does business in the evening and the roulette wheels spin up the dawn.

Smiling Jimmie and the Whining Kid did their turn with the mob on the sidewalk and veranda, studied a racing

(Continued on Page 35)

LET *the* SETTING HELP THE SALE



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(Continued from Page 33)

form, compared notes and agreed that Cut Scotch in the third race was the best bet of the day. At Saratoga, the horses are saddled in the open under the trees on the greensward behind the clubhouse. Before the race the two boys watched Cut Scotch being walked around by a swipe and assured each other that he looked fit for the race of his life. They hustled back to the lawn then and found a book quoting eight, two and even against the one-two-three chances of their choice.

"What do you think?" Smiling Jimmie asked. "Pin the piece on his nose, spread the works three ways or split it straight an' show?"

"Nose an' tail," the Whining Kid suggested. "But listen. Why lay it all down? Why not ten an' ten or twenty an' twenty an' keep somethin' to shoot with in case we miss?"

"Aw, let's dive off!" Smiling Jimmie said impatiently. "I'm sick o' sittin' on the dock wigglin' my toes in the water."

"All right," the Whining Kid agreed reluctantly. "Bet any part of it your own way, but if anything happens, don't say I didn't warn you."

"Aw, you're just a traffic light that never turns green!" Smiling Jimmie jeered. "I'm goin' to stick a C right on his nose."

"If he misses, we'll have nothin' left but an appetite," the Whining Kid wailed.

"If he hits, we'll have the start on a bank roll for Belmont," Smiling Jimmie countered. "That's what we need—somethin' to work with when we move to New York. Here we go, Kid—the works on the nose."

The race was a six-furlong claiming event for three-year-olds and up. Twelve horses followed the parade leader to the post. Cut Scotch looked much the best of the lot and there was a strong last-minute play on him that forced his odds from eight to one down to nine to two. Smiling Jimmie and the Whining Kid, standing on the rail, watched him critically as he pranced by, sidling, jig-stepping and tossing his head.

"Full o' run," Smiling Jimmie gave his opinion.

"Save some o' that pep for the race it'd be all right with me," the Whining Kid said nervously.

"Just a beam o' sunshine, ain't you?" Smiling Jimmie jeered. "Does it hurt you to hope for the best?"

"No," said the Whining Kid. "It don't hurt me an' it don't do me no good neither. I never see hope boot one in on top yet."

"This one's in," Smiling Jimmie insisted. "He could stop to graze in the back stretch an' still catch that bunch o' dogs in time to win off by himself goin' away."

Half Pint Monahan, trainer and ex-jockey, squirmed through the crowd and hooked his elbows on the rail alongside Smiling Jimmie.

"What'd you go to?" he asked.

"Cut Scotch," said Smiling Jimmie. "What's goin' to beat him?"

"Nothin'—I hope," Monahan said. "I got a piece of him. Only trouble with him he's a bad post actor an' he won't break out o' hand. If he gets off, he'll romp in; but if one o' them steel-armed assistant starters over there gets hold o' him ——"

"Toot! Toot!" Smiling Jimmie jeered. "He can get left wrong end to at the post an' run over that bunch."

"He can," said Monahan, "but he won't. I had him in my barn the first o' the year an' I know him. He was claimed off me at Pimlico. That thing can beat stake horses when he wants to, but he's sulky. If one o' them assistant starters over there grabs him, kiss your bet good-by an' take a walk for yourself. He'll pin his ears an' run last if he has to break a leg to stay behind!"

"Yeah?" said Smiling Jimmie. "I heard all about this lizard—except that."

"We're cooked!" the Whining Kid wailed. "Monahan, why couldn't you told us this before we went an' kicked ourselves overboard on this thing."

"Big bet?" Monahan asked.

"Not big," said Smiling Jimmie. "Important."

"Important!" the Whining Kid cried. "That's a word! Meat money—that's what we got on this beetle. Do or don't dough—that's the kind of a bet we got on this poison toad that won't hop less'n he wants to. If he don't win, we don't eat."

"Save it!" Smiling Jimmie said scornfully. "You've had lunch an' it ain't dinnertime yet. They're at the post."

"He'll be all right," said Monahan—"if he gets away."

"He'll be all right!" the Whining Kid cried. "Sure he'll be all right! His oats'll be in the feed box tonight no matter where he finishes."

"Aw, That's All Right. Mostly I Don't Do Any Business With Strangers, But——"

The horses were jockeyed into line, approached the barrier and then milled.

"Can you see him?" the Whining Kid asked anxiously. "Is he all right? Has anybody got hold of him?"

"Not yet," Smiling Jimmie assured him, peering hard across the infield. "He's cuttin' up, though."

"Come on, Cut Scotch!" the Whining Kid begged plaintively. "Behave yourself, will you? Just for a minute! Easy now! How's he doin', Jimmie? Can you see him?"

"He's all right," Smiling Jimmie said. "They haven't grabbed him yet. He's —— Ouch!"

"What is it?" the Whining Kid demanded, executing a little jig step of agony.

"Sunshine and rain," Smiling Jimmie chanted. "Sometimes one and sometimes the other."

"What is it?" the Whining Kid shrieked.

"Showers," said Smiling Jimmie solemnly. "Colder an' cloudier followed by high winds an' maybe snow. One o' them assistant starters has got a half nelson on our tarantula, an' if what Monahan here says is true, you an' me are on a diet."

"Leggo that horse!" the Whining Kid screamed, glaring across the infield and waving his arms. "Oh, you dirty thief! Give him a chance, will you?"

For a little longer there was confusion at the post, then a momentary semblance of a line-up and the spang of the released barrier. Away went the field down the back stretch, a rapidly lengthening confusion of bright colors.

"Did we get off?" the Whining Kid cried. "Where we runnin', Jimmie?"

"On top," said Smiling Jimmie. "We're all right."

"Yay!" the Whining Kid yelled jubilantly. "That us out front there, Jimmie?"

"Out front an' goin' away," Jimmie assured him.

"What's that got left at the post?" the Whining Kid asked, pointing at a horse twenty lengths in the rear of the field

"What'd you care?" Smiling Jimmie asked. "We're wingin'."

"Come on, Cut Scotch!" the Whining Kid howled, leaning over the rail. "Terrapin for daddy! Champagne for papa! Yay! Look at that baby step!"

Smiling Jimmie moved back from the rail unobserved by the Whining Kid and plucked Half Pint Monahan by the sleeve.

"You're cockeyed!" Monahan growled, following him back through the crowd on the lawn. "That ain't Cut Scotch on top"

"I know it," said Smiling Jimmie. "He got left at the post an' he ain't even tryin' to run."

"What's the idea o' callin' it wrong?"

"The Whinin' Kid's color-blind," Smiling Jimmie said, chuckling. "He's got that top horse spotted an' it's goin' to win this. He won't know the difference till the numbers go up. He'll be happy for a minute an' thirteen seconds, anyhow. Why cheat him out of his fun?"

The two passed under the grand stand and walked out under the trees toward the paddock.

"You two go to the laundry on that one?" Monahan asked.

Jimmie nodded. "Didn't even save out a spare sock for the makin's of a sandbag."

"Got anything in sight?"

"Trouble," said Smiling Jimmie.

Monahan plucked a blade of grass and stuck it between his lips. "I think I know where there's a flush chump," he said

"Slip me," said Smiling Jimmie. "We got to get a bank roll for Belmont somewheres."

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"I Was in the Parlor When You Was Talking to My Boy Out Here," She Explained

HE'LL COME HOME

(Continued from Page 5)

"There's a silly thing to say," said he—"utterly silly. I have hundreds of jobs I might offer you if I wanted to—but I don't."

"I was more or less prepared for that answer," said I.

Oscar Kahnet gave a light treble laugh. "I hope you were," he said. "Otherwise the men you have already seen would get the sack. I make a point of being as difficult to get at as possible, because then I know that anyone who does succeed in reaching me isn't altogether hopeless. The washouts generally retreat at the first barricade."

He stopped talking and stared at me thoughtfully. I said nothing. I waited.

Presently he said, "I could send you to Mexico—to Rumania—to Mesopotamia, but I am not going to." I asked why. "You'd be tiresome—I'm sure you'd be tiresome. You ex-naval men are very tiresome. You don't know enough to hold down a really important job, and you are too used to commanding others to be bossed about in a little job."

I told him I had learned to keep my temper.

"Have you? I very much doubt it," he said. "No, no, you are no use to me. Besides," he added, "I don't like you."

That made me want to laugh, but I guessed he only said it to make me angry. His next remark proved that:

"I suppose you can keep your temper, but even so, I don't like you. You are too lean—wiry. Lean and wiry men rarely run to brain. Let me have men about me who are fat—fat." His little blue fingers drummed upon his waistline. "Well, well, off you go. Run along."

And picking up his handkerchief, he covered his face and reassumed the attitude of repose.

As I emerged from the revolving doors to the street, Pixie greeted me with a joyous bark which mingled with the cries of newsboys heralding the probability of a coal strike.

"The noes have it, old girl," said I. "It's us for the home farm." And giving the engine a crank up; I headed the car toward the south.

III

MY FATHER never allowed himself to be surprised. An admirable philosophy so filled his days as to leave no room for astonishment. By those who failed to understand him—and they were numerous, for he was at no pains to explain himself—he was regarded as a hard implacable man who went his way callous to the feelings of others. This was untrue, for no one did more, or advertised his charity less, than John Shaftoe. While others were debating deeds of benevolence my father was performing them. But although his acts were deserving of credit, his methods at times were ungainly. A woman, whose life he saved at the risk of his own, complained that while dragging her shoreward through broken water his language was terrible to hear. He was a man of tireless energy, unvarying habit and unshakable purposes. At the age of sixty-eight, he still rose at 5:30 every morning, and after a cold bath strode the fields of his farm, in wet weather or dry, until breakfast, which was served at seven. Prior to breakfast the household was summoned to family prayers, which he conducted himself in a mighty voice that made the rafters ring. When asked why he persisted in this dying practice he pithily replied that on percentage the Bible contained more good stuff than any other book, and that the man who objected to a piece of clean thought to start the day on was either a fool or a rogue.

As a young man, he was intended for the church, but in his second year at Oxford he abandoned devotional studies for a roving life. He became one of the crew of a windjammer engaged in Eastern trade, experienced many adventures by the anger of men and elements, established a reputation as a boxer with a terrific punch, enjoyed a brush with Chinese pirates and increased his fortune by lucky deals in indigo and Japanese silks. Thereafter he returned to England and bought Xavier Farm—a flint-built house of some sixteen rooms and fifteen hundred acres—married my mother, whom he adored, prayed for a large family and achieved me and a daughter some eleven years my junior.

My mother was the most sensitive and humorous of women. She died on Armistice Night. Gratitude and reaction killed her. Throughout the war, in deference to father's stern attitude toward danger, she stifled the slightest evidence of emotion. Even when news came of my being severely wounded, with very little chance of recovery, she kept a smiling face and brave eyes. They were sent for and came to the hospital at Taranto to see the last of me, and I believe it was her strength and devotion and smiling confidence that pulled me through. After that I did a spell with submarines in the Sea of Marmora, and although she knew well enough that it was by no means a cushy job, not a word of complaint or of apprehension was she heard to utter.

With the signing of the Armistice, the master of Xavier, as my father was known in the district, for once in his life abandoned habit, routine and convention in favor of rejoicing. For the first time since 1914, he unlocked the cellar. A pig was killed and roasted whole, beer and spirits flowed. There was in the cellar some fine old ale that had lost none of its potency in idleness. The whisky was prewar and knew nought of thirty underproof dilution. The neighbors and the hands were summoned to the feast, which fell at three o'clock of the afternoon. Speeches were made. Old songs were sung. There was laughter—there were tears—and there were prayers. Afterward the whole company, my mother included, carrying piles of brushwood and fagots and great cans of pitch and paraffin, struggled up the steep borstall of Bignor Hill to the making of a beacon. Of all the bright stars that twinkled along the southern ramparts of Britain that night of nights, there was none whose tongues of flame licked higher toward heaven. It was, they say, a fierce and splendid sight, the black figures of men and women against that scarlet orgy of fire. More than an acre of gorse was torn from the hillside and added to the pile. Above the roar and thunder of the flames came my father's voice, crying, "We who have given our sons, yet have them still, praise God."

From my mother came a little light laugh. She put out her arms to him. He kissed her on the mouth and with a sigh like a child falling asleep, her body went limp.

By the fitful flare of the dying beacon the master of Xavier carried his dead wife back to the farm.

God rest her soul! The day of Britain's victory was hers also. I think her spirit must have ridden lightly toward heaven on the warm wings of that triumphal fire.

IV

PIXIE, myself, the two-seater, a grip-sack, a gun case and some miscellaneous odds and ends arrived at the farm in the late afternoon. As we drew near our goal our spirits rose high. Pixie's excitement was at fever pitch, and when we flashed over the narrow bridge at Pulborough and dipped into the marshes on the south side, a wisp of snipe flickering across the road before the car and a wedge of duck coming down from the east did little to calm her. Grasping the sleeve of my coat in her teeth, she tugged savagely, as who should say, "Are we to do nothing about all this? Here is game, my good fool, game!"

But since I did not accept an invitation which was clearly to poach, Pixie hid herself under the dashboard apart from these alluring sights and scents and sulked for the last few miles. The irresistible home smell brought her back to the seat beside me—a smell compounded of downland turf, fresh-tilled acres, water, a stockyard and a sprinkling of pines. No honest dog could have withstood its call, and Pixie yelped gladly as we swung between the gateposts into the avenue of oak and elm, black patched with rooks' nests, that dappled the narrow chalk road with dancing shadows. The house stood at the end of the avenue, low built and snug and strong as a fortress. The last rays of the sun flashed on the facets of the rough chipped flints with which the walls were built and made them look like nuggets of gold. Green mosses, lichen and clusters of ivy wove a pattern over the roof of Horsham shale. In the background, serene and smooth as a woman's bosom, rose the great torso of the down, shadowed here and there with patches of sepia gorse.

Never had the old place worn a fairer livery. The amber sunlight, the misty blue distances, the black tracery and branches and silver crispness of frost upon grass combined in the making of a picture which touched perfection.

It was the hour at which my father partook of the serious meal of the day, and knowing he would be at home, I blew the horn and raised a loud halloo like a schoolboy back for the holidays. In instant response, his face appeared at the window, his mighty jaw, with the close-cropped beard, rotating from side to side in the process of masticating the first mouthful of his repast. A second later my sister Anne dashed out of the house waving her hands and roaring welcomes. Vocal power was a feature of our family.

"It's Bobface!" she shouted. "Why on earth didn't you tell us? Come on in. Isn't this topping? Dads has begun tea —— Kiss me. Do hurry." I was dragged from the car and into the porch.

Pixie had not waited for the car to stop; she had gone over the side halfway down the avenue. There were many affairs demanding her attention. There were her last season's puppies to push about and insult; there was Corporal, the old hog, with whom a word must be exchanged; there was the gun room to smell at; old Topner, the cowman, to greet; and that bit of bramble at the garden end where once a rabbit had been foolish enough to take refuge. I knew that in about ten minutes, gasping from excess of exercise and grinning with the pride of duties well and truly done, Pixie would collapse at my feet and tell me all about it. Until then neither call nor whistle would bring her to heel.

My father was in the act of emptying his second boiled egg upon his third slice of cold ham when I came into the room. His blue eyes twinkled a greeting. His huge hand went out to meet mine, and shook it and pulled me down into a chair by his side.

"Pleased to see you, Bob," he said. "Cut yourself a slice of ham. Anne, pass the eggs to your brother. . . . What's all this talk of labor troubles? Another strike, they say." It was all splendidly normal and I glowed under it.

Anne passed the eggs and poured me out an enormous cup of tea. We drank our tea from pint cups at Xavier, and our beer from quart tankards. My father believed in beer as combining a liquor and an institution, and despised men who refused it.

There was something tremendously hearty about a meal at Xavier. Everything, bar groceries, was a product of the land. Butter, cheese, the great blue jug of cream, ham, the steaming dish of chops, bread and eggs and jam were all home-grown, home-reared, home-killed, home-cured, home-made. It mattered not how many folks turned up, there was always a spanking fine feed ready to appease the most ferocious appetites. Yes, and after the crumbs had been swept away and the cloth folded, a vintage port and a dish of cobnuts would appear on the glowing surface of the mahogany table. Here, indeed, was fare to set tongues wagging in jest and anecdote. I have known even the most determined agnostic gladly join in the grace that followed a meal at Xavier.

Of course Anne was bubbling with curiosity as to why I had left the navy, but she and I were too well disciplined to give or ask for confidences while the stern business of sustenance was in hand. My father was a believer in the theory that there is a right time for everything. He was no advocate of talk during meals. It was not until I had been fed enormously and thin wreaths of tobacco smoke were wisping overhead that the first inquiry was made. It came from the old man, couched in terms of characteristic frankness:

"So they were too many for you." I laughed and nodded. "Let's hear."

I told the story much as I have written it down. The telling was punctuated by snorts of indignation from Anne and an occasional grunt from the old man. Pixie, who was familiar with the circumstances, turned round three times at the beginning of the narrative and went to sleep.

The old man heard me out in silence. At the end he rose and stretched himself.

"You won't be on the shelf long," he said. "A true Shaftoe never learned the knack of idling. . . . Well, I'll take a walk round now while you talk to your sister. There are still a few pheasants at the foot of the downs if you fancy a bit of gunning tomorrow." The door banged behind him.

V

AFTER breakfast next day I put my gun together and, whistling Pixie to heel, set off along the farm lane. It was a sharp clear morning that set the pulses beating. The trodden mud of the lane was crisp with frost which had silvered the grass and brambles on either side, the downland turf was starred with flints and crows. Humming to myself, I strode along until I came to where the way divided, one path to the lower pastures of the farm and the other along the foot of the downs.

"What's it to be, Pixie?" I said. "West and the chance of a snipe, or south for bigger game?" With this weighty problem to decide, Pixie sat down for a moment and breathed heavily, then set off with a joyous yelp. "The downs have it," I said. "Adventure lies to the south."

It may have been the scent of a rabbit that persuaded Pixie's choice, for a moment later she scuttled him out of the grass and retrieved him very prettily after the shot was fired. We had the luck to bag a brace of partridges and a hare before setting foot on the spongy downland turf that leaps from the valley to the rippling sky line. After a sharp climb I struck the old pre-Roman slunway that traverses the shoulder of the down in a long diagonal ascent. My object was to get above a delve of tangled woodland that clung to a hollow in the slope which in the past had yielded many a pheasant. It was a wild patch, so netted with bramble and undergrowth as to defy the intrusion of man. Report claimed that Farthing Hacket had been used as a flint mine by the dwellers of the hills, but I could not speak with authority as to the truth of this, although as a boy I had picked up flint arrowheads by the barrows near by. Fostered, no doubt, by its inaccessibility, a mystery haunted the place. On the upper sides entrance was impossible, owing to a precipitous chalk face which curved in a sweeping semicircle. In formation the hacket resembled a teacup with a segment broken out; the bowl was filled with a thorny jungle, so dense in character that even a dog could barely force its way through. Rising from the jungle were a dozen tall beeches whose lower branches intertwined with the thorn and bramble clinging to the steep upper sides.

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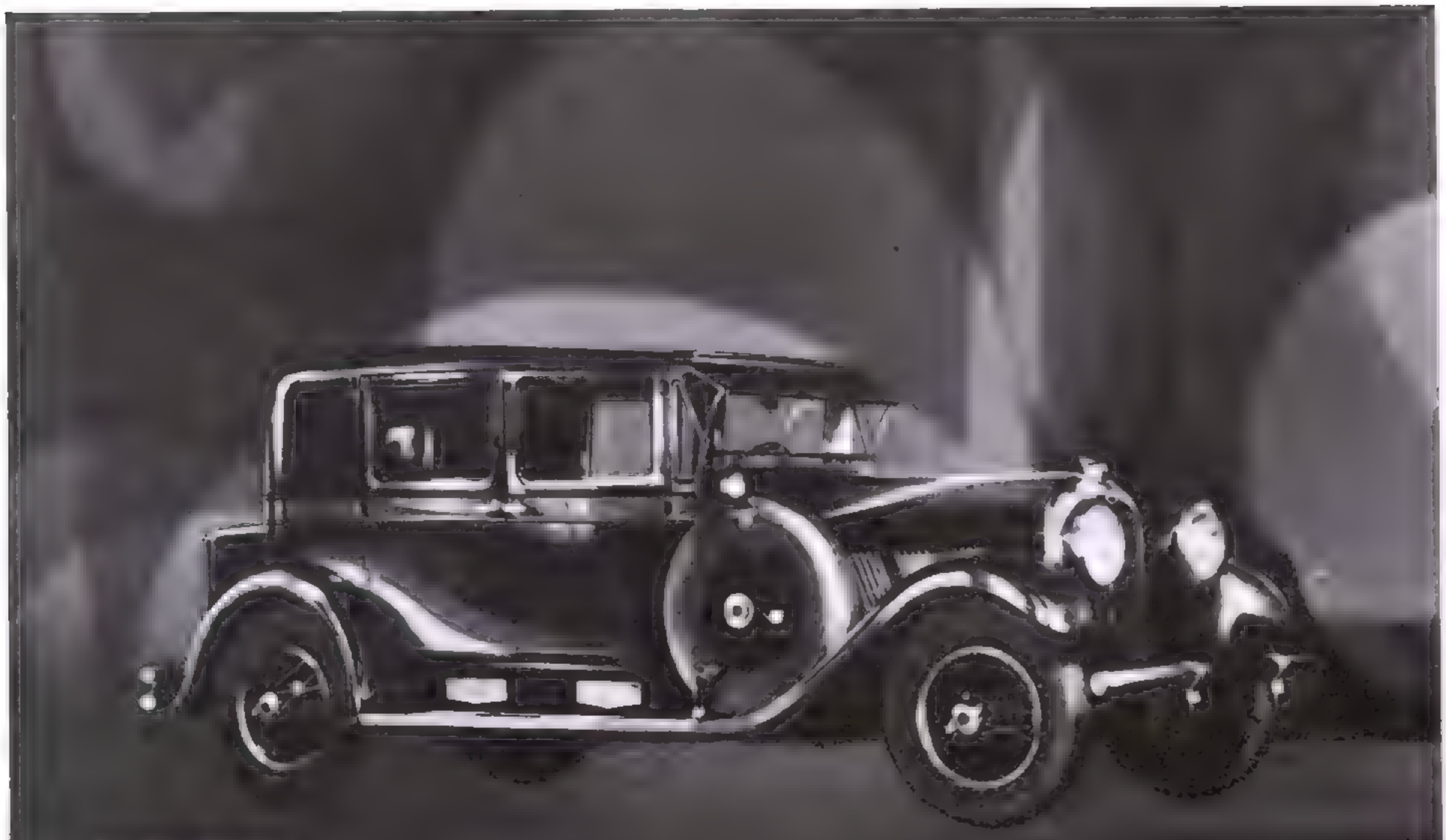

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(Continued from Page 36)

Every conceivable species of shrub and brush flourished there, as though by common impulse seeking to defend the place against intruders. May, elderberry, thorn, bramble and juniper were linked and locked together by the twisting lianas of wild and unchecked clematis and ivy. Farthing Hacket was an eerie place and the haunt of many wild things. It was a sanctuary for foxes and more than once I had seen badgers enter there. The merlin built his nest in a lightning-struck tree that reared its twisted arms out of the chaos of dead and living vegetation, and underneath, in the rabbit buries, weasels and stoats carried on their dreadful warfare. Once, it is said, a golden eagle —— But that is a story told of every wild place in all parts of England. As a boy, in company with another bold spirit, I tried to worm a way through Farthing Hacket from east to west, but after an hour's struggle something happened which persuaded us to abandon the endeavor. We were thankful enough to emerge on the kind hillside and bind up our wounds and survey the wreckage of our garments. My companion was confident the place was haunted by wolves, and what I had seen disposed me to agree with him. Certainly strange things had peered at us through the undergrowth, and we were in no way satisfied to accept my father's explanation that it was probably a vixen and her cubs which had startled us.

As I approached the top of the hacket a number of pigeons crashed through the higher branches and sailed away. I did not fire, since experience had taught me that an unwary shot often scares away a more worthy quarry. Pixie had her own way of working Farthing Hacket. I knew what her opinion of me would be if I messed up the program. She conducted me to my appointed stand, a tumulus mound level with the upper branches of the beeches, and satisfied with my disposition, galumphed downhill on the farther side of the covert. It was not long before things began to happen. With a double whir of wings came two hen pheasants, which I contrived to drop neatly enough in the open. Followed a spectacular right and left at a pigeon and a rabbit, and I am ashamed to say I missed them both. I was reloading, to a mild accompaniment of invective, when out of the brown heart of the hacket rose an albino pheasant. He was a magnificent cock bird, almost entirely white, and his plumage was glorious. To the best of my knowledge, there had never been an albino on the shoot before, and my desire for him was great. I am not ashamed to say that I belong to the type of sportsman who dearly loves to adorn the walls of a gun room with a few stuffed trophies. As I snapped the breech of my gun a very pleasant association of ideas materialized between a clean shot and a glass case. Pixie, too, must have seen the unusual character of the bird, for I heard her yelp of warning down below.

Up he came, higher and higher, corkscrewing through the air as though fitted with a helicopter. This was annoying, for had I risked a shot it was certain he would crash in the center of the hacket, where the chances were twenty to one against recovery. Sooner or later he would be bound to sweep to right or left, so I held fire until the decision was taken. Then an exasperating thing happened. He saw me, checked his upward flight, wheeled about and turned toward the north. I had no choice. It was a falling-angle flight with a disposition to swerve toward the left, which I believe is generally accepted as a difficult shot to bring off. Also the range was excessive. I prayed hard and let him have the choke at about sixty yards. At first I feared I had missed, but a second later he dipped, righted himself, then towered straight into the air in diminishing circles. It was a glorious ascent, a fine example of will power over muscle. He rose and rose, towering high, then tottered, and with shut wings plunged like a diver into the hacket. I heard Pixie's gruff cough of approval and the sound of her body crashing through the twigs.

"Good girl! Find him—seek dead!" I cried.

For answer there came a series of short angry barks, the meaning of which I knew too well. Leaning over the edge of the little precipice, I looked down and saw that my fears were realized—the albino pheasant had not reached the ground; his body had been caught in the branches of a thorn bush and hung out of Pixie's reach.

VI

HAD it been an ordinary bird I should have smothered my disappointment, whistled Pixie to heel and gone my way, but a powerful impulse persuaded me that on no account must this albino pheasant be left to rot upon a tree. At any cost he must be recovered, even though the rest of the morning were sacrificed to the task. I cannot attempt to explain how vitally this determination possessed my mind. It seemed to be charged with the utmost importance.

I had already started the descent when I heard Pixie give a low dismal wail, like a dog baying the moon. It was an eerie sound, the like of which I had never heard her utter before, and it sent a shiver through me. She repeated it again and again, and each time it grew in intensity and the quality of fear.

"For God's sake," she seemed to say—"for God's sake, come quickly!"

"All right, old girl, all right!" I shouted, and tucking the gun under my arm, I slithered downhill as fast as I could go.

In the valley below, some three hundred yards distant, I saw old Pickavance trimming a hedge. Here was luck, for the old hedger never worked with less than a brace of swap hooks, and with the loan of one my task would be simplified. I waved my arm to him, and with the slow gait of your true yokel he came toward me, honing his hook as he walked.

"'Marning, Master Bob," he said. "'Twas a gran' shot I sees 'ee fire. 'Tis a pity her dropped in hacket."

"Yes," I panted. "Lend me that hook, Pick. I mean to get the bird."

Rather reluctantly he parted with his weapon. "'Tis turruble thick, an' I doubt 'twill turn the edge."

"I'll treat it gently," I promised, "but I couldn't let that bird go, Pick."

The old man scratched his head. "'Twas the white 'un." I nodded. "I doubt no good'll come of shootin' the white 'un," he said. "Summat be queer about 'er and summat's queer 'bout Farthin' Hacket, what's more. They do say 'tisn't intended man should enter there. Still "

Once again Pixie's cry rang out, hollow and afraid. The old man turned white under his tan and gripped my arm.

"Hearken to 'er," he said. "'Tisn't right "

Seizing the bill hook and shaking him off, I made a dash for the screen of bushes that guarded the lower half of the hacket A tremendous excitement obsessed me and I attacked the network of branches with savage energy As I slashed at the vines I could hear Pixie some forty yards beyond, whining piteously. At the sound of my approach she had given up baying and was making a gallant effort to allay her fears. For the life of me I could not imagine what had frightened her, for in the three years of our companionship she had never before betrayed the slightest alarm. The jungle through which I cut my way was dense and impenetrable and revealed nothing ahead beyond the range of a yard or two. Strangely enough, all thoughts of my original intention to recover the albino pheasant were replaced by a growing conviction that I was approaching a discovery of greater magnitude I can well believe I could have cut a way right through and forgotten the existence of the bird

As I approached the center the difficulty of progress diminished, and after twenty minutes I reached something in the nature of a little clearing which zigzagged this way and that. The trees hereabouts were higher and the undergrowth was not so prolific. By stooping, I was able to proceed quite easily. A flash of white in the close-knit branches of a may tree revealed itself to be the dead body of my albino pheasant, and at the cost of a dozen scratches I hauled him down. A speck of blood at the back of the head showed where the pellet had entered. He was a magnificent bird, and as carefully as possible I tucked him away in the pocket of my shooting coat and glanced round for Pixie. But though I could hear her whining a little distance away, she was nowhere to be seen. By this time I had almost reached the concave chalk face of the cliff, beneath which spread a semicircle of high brambles, and beyond a narrow strip of grass invisible from the down side above and below.

"Pixie!" I called, and behind the screen of brambles she gave an answering yelp. It was only a matter of minutes to cut through the tangle and to step out on the grass patch beyond.

There was Pixie, the hair on the back of her neck bristling and erect. She was looking at something black and shapeless that lay on the ground.

VII

I CANNOT pretend to understand why it was no surprise to me to see that shapeless sprawling thing. In some queer way I had expected my incursion into Farthing Hacket would have no ordinary results. At the first glance I realized it was a dead man. It lay face downward, with the head twisted in my direction. Its face, or rather the bones which once had supported the face, for not a shred of flesh remained, were half hidden with fallen leaves. Pixie slunk away and licked my hand as I stopped to examine the thing more closely. It was terribly reminiscent of those poor dead wisps that for years of war hung untouched upon the barbed wire of No Man's Land. So forlorn and neglected it looked, so tired and collapsed. I brushed away the dead leaves to get a better view and started back with an involuntary cry. From one of the cavernous eye sockets had come a flash of light—a dazzling wink. It was pretty astonishing and unnerving. I had to take a firm grip of myself to approach the thing a second time. The explanation was so simple that I almost laughed. The dead man was wearing glasses—not ordinary glasses, but motor goggles with wide projecting rims. At the mere moving of the leaves the last strand of cotton and elastic parted and fell away.

Now it is not reasonable to expect to find a dead body wearing motor goggles in the heart of a downland copse five miles from the nearest road. Further examination revealed the startling fact that the dead man's cranium was covered with a black caky crust, which as I scratched it with my fingers proved to be leather which had long since perished. An idea was beginning to form in my head and rapidly took shape when I perceived the clothes he had worn were of the same material. The upper part of his body was incased in a kind of jerkin, with a strap about the waist, his lower limbs being contained in a garment resembling a fisherman's waders. The inference was obvious. The skeleton of Farthing Hacket was that of a dead aviator. With this certainty, I shot a glance above me and noticed with surprise that the body lay some four feet under the shelter of the chalk face, which, it will be remembered, caved inward. If he had fallen from the sky it would have been impossible for him to have struck this particular spot. That being so, either my theory was wrong or he could not have been killed outright, but had had strength enough to drag himself a few yards along the ground before falling forward to die The latter was the more reasonable supposition and was substantiated by the position of the body, which lay as a man might have lain who was trying to claw his way along Something in the shortness of his frame struck me as peculiar, and running my fingers over it, I found that both thigh bones had been dislocated, the right thigh having been thrust six inches out of place and being socketed beneath the ribs. Both knees had been smashed and the upper bone of the left arm broken like a carrot. It pulled away from the sleeve when I touched it. In other respects the skeleton had held together in an astonishing way, although the slightest movement brought the bones rattling down one against the other.

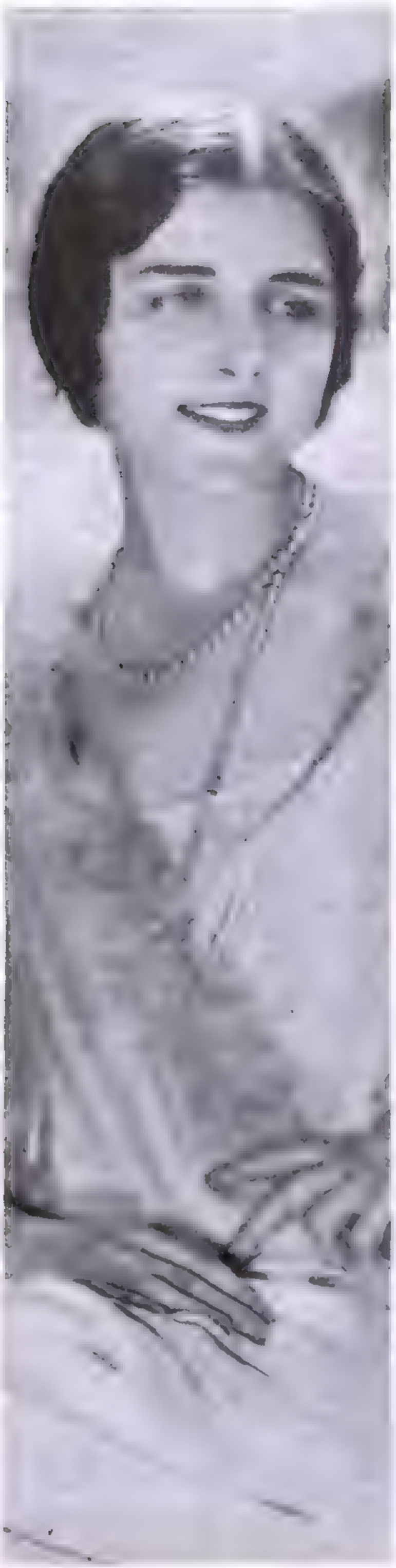
I turned my attention then to the right hand, which was crumpled palm downward on the smooth surface of a moss-covered rock. A rusty wrist watch seemed to be keeping the bones together. I tried to move it, with the result that the little phalanges fell in a heap like broken twigs. Beneath the heap I found a flint arrowhead, as though the fingers of the man had grasped it before death claimed him. Without attaching any significance to this discovery at the time, I dropped it in my pocket and turned my attention to the clothes he had been wearing, hoping that in an inner pocket I might discover traces of the man's identity. Nor was I disappointed, although my action in turning the body over resulted in its almost complete disintegration. The leather jerkin cracked into little pieces and my hand went right through, as if it were the crust of a pie. The spinal column broke up into individual vertebræ and the skull rolled from the body. It was all pretty ghastly, and while I worked, the realization came home to me that the coroner would have severe things to say in regard to my action. I had, however, committed myself, and that curious force of which I had been conscious since Pixie's first howl broke the stillness of the copse compelled me to go on.

I cannot pretend I enjoyed putting my hand into that hollow void within which a man's heart had once beaten, but if I were to find out anything about him, there was no choice. As for Pixie, she was simply disgusted and kept her head averted during the entire proceedings. My fingers encountering a bulky shape, I drew it forth and found it to be a well-filled note case in a state of astonishing preservation. The note case was made of cloth wrapped in watered silk and encircled with a strap. Without attempting to investigate its contents, I laid it aside and continued my search.

The next find was interesting. It was a piece of talc about the size of a visiting card, protecting a label of some kind. Its outer edges were machine stitched and the reverse side was covered with some much-perished material resembling lining. For a moment it puzzled me, until the solution sprang to my brain that it was a tailor's label of the kind generally fitted to the breast pocket of a coat. I held it in a ray of sunlight and could faintly distinguish printed characters. The letters LERO were plainly legible: the rest was a mere blur. Putting it beside the note case, I rummaged again in the cavity of the dead man's thorax, but beyond the discovery of a cigarette case, some silver coins, two keys and a rusty buckle, the metal parts of an ordinary pair of braces and a quantity of buttons made of bone, pearl and metal, there was nothing to establish his identity.

From the number of buttons it was clearly evident he had been wearing a suit beneath the leather jerkin and overalls. In the hope that some of them might bear the maker's name, I sorted them over, but without success. Reluctantly I dropped them back more or less where I had found them, for it struck me as unwise to take away anything that the police would obviously expect to find As matters stood, I had put myself in an invidious position by eoharing the man's notebook, but although every argument of good citizenship favored its return, curiosity conquered reason. But for me it was probable that the body might have rested in Farthing Hacket until it had fallen to dust. On those grounds alone I felt justified in getting what satisfaction I could out of the matter. A growing conviction persuaded me that in some way this chance find was a stepping-stone to great aftercomings in which I was to play a prominent part. If the book contained nothing

(Continued on Page 40)



This Simple Habit

safeguards natural beauty of teeth and gums

Keeping teeth healthy and lovely is really easier than perhaps you imagine.

"Just keep them clean"—that is the simple rule which dentists urge. For clean teeth are likely to be healthy teeth. And healthy teeth are likely to be pretty teeth.

If you have any reason to feel that your teeth need treatment, see your dentist. Otherwise, do as he would have you do—brush your teeth twice a day with a safe dentifrice *that really cleans!* That, say leading dental authorities,* is the most that you can do to guard the natural loveliness of your teeth.

The Cleansing Dentifrice which Dentists urged!

Before we decided upon the Colgate formula, we went to leading dentists and asked this question, "What kind of dentifrice would best safeguard the health and beauty of teeth?" Their answer was simple. "A dentifrice that really cleans. Put in as much cleansing power as possible and leave out drugs, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives—they are unnecessary and sometimes dangerous."

Upon this authoritative advice we made Colgate's. We produced a toothpaste of maximum cleansing power—yet so mild and pure that it cannot harm even the most delicate teeth.

. . . . . .

—and Only 25c

Colgate made the original 25c tube of dentifrice. It is today the largest selling toothpaste in the world. Due to enormous volume production, and to the resources of a hundred-million-dollar business, Colgate commands the finest materials and the widest scientific research to safeguard quality. Also, Colgate's is more economical. In the famous 25c tube, you get more toothpaste than in any other nationally advertised brand at that price.

Since then, constant research and continuous testing of all new theories have failed to show a way to make a more effective dental cleanser than Colgate's. So scientifically correct is the Colgate formula that more dentists recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice. Largely on their advice more people today use Colgate's than any other.

Why Colgate's Cleans Better

Colgate's contains the most effective of all cleansing agents—in a special, mild, pure form. As you brush, this cleansing agent bursts into a bubbling, sparkling, delicious foam.

This foaming, searching wave carries a fine calcium carbonate powder which cleans away mucin and food deposits and polishes the enamel to shining smoothness. It penetrates between the teeth; reaches difficult surfaces—purifies and sweetens the entire mouth.

***AUTHORITY—"The dentist of today believes that there is very little curative or medicinal value in the average dentifrice. The chief function of a dentifrice is to clean the teeth . . ."**

From an interview with a leading dentist in Printers' Ink, December 20, 1928.

Try it—FREE

We have a trial tube of Colgate's for you. Fill out and return the coupon and it will be mailed promptly. We will send also a copy of an interesting new booklet on care of the teeth and mouth.

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Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream together with the booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free

POSSIBLY you will recall that several months ago I appealed, through this column, for America's most practical psychologist to assist UNIVERSAL in choosing the stories most apt to appeal to the general public. After months of patient search and the reading of hundreds of letters, I have at last found the man. He is no less than Dr. W. M. Marston, the eminent Doctor of Psychology of both Columbia and New York Universities, who is now under an indefinite contract to Universal with the title of Director of Public Service. His coming to our California Studios will mark a new and greater era in Universal Pictures and I hope you will watch them from now on.

Dr. W. M. Marston

—C. L.

* * *

"The Last Warning," in my estimation, will surpass all previous mystery plays like ***"The Bat," "Cat and Canary,"*** etc. Mystery plays have intrigued and thrilled the great masses of the people from time out of mind. Imagine a beautiful girl alone on the darkened and deserted stage of a theatre where ghostly happenings fairly rend her soul. LAURA LA PLANTE is the girl and it seems to me she must have been scared half to death in spite of the fact that she was acting in broad daylight with scores of her friends around her. You simply must not miss this picture.

Montagu Love in "The Last Warning"

"Show Boat," a wondrous picture, is a dramatic story of American life with which most of you are unfamiliar. It shows life on the Mississippi when floating theatres were the only means of entertainment for the farmers and denizens of river towns. It is dramatic, pathetic, comical and thrilling. And again LAURA LA PLANTE plays the leading rôle.

Don't forget to see ***"The Man Who Laughs,"*** with CONRAD VEIDT and MARY PHILBIN, ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*** with so many stars that we haven't the space to enumerate them, ***"Give and Take,"*** a slashing comedy featuring that sterling character-actor, GEORGE SIDNEY.

Sharon Lynn in "Give and Take"

Watch for the brand of UNIVERSAL. It is an unfailing indication of good entertainment. Write me about UNIVERSAL Pictures. Do you like them? If so, why?

Carl Laemmle, President

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

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of interest it would be easy enough to restore it before informing the police.

A glance at my watch revealed the fact that it was after twelve and that if I were to be back at the farm in time for dinner it behooved me to hurry. Wherefore I slipped the note case and the square of talc in my breast pocket and stooped to arrange the body as nearly as might be in its original position. While so engaged I discovered that the man had been armed. A revolver, scarlet with rust, lay under the curve of the pelvis. I knew something about firearms and a glance was enough to assure me the weapon was of German origin.

"That's a Schawtz and Lieber," I said as I picked it up.

The thing was solid with rust and defied my effort to break open the breech. A peep at the chambers, however, revealed the fact that it was loaded—or rather that five of the chambers were loaded. The sixth contained an empty shell.

So the mystery deepened. My friend had fired a shot some time before he died.

I was kneeling with the weapon in my hand, when my father's voice rang out from the hillside:

"Bob! Bob! Halloo-a!"

"Halloo-a!" I replied.

"Where are you?"

"Here below."

"Anything wrong?"

"No—I'm coming along."

I replaced the pistol where I had found it, and with a glance over my shoulder at the figure of the dead man of Farthing Hacket, with his broken fingers sprawling on the rock, forced my way along the narrow passage I had cut through the undergrowth.

VIII

CRAWLING out of the scrub, I emerged on the bare hillside to find my father standing a few yards away. He was looking grim. The behavior of Pixie suggested the admission of a new soul into heaven. She rolled on the grass, yelped and gave rein to such enthusiasm as I had never before seen her exhibit.

"Now what precisely," demanded my father, "have you been up to? Old Pick came up to the farm in a sweat of terror—talked a lot of infernal nonsense about a white pheasant, Farthing Hacket and your dog having gone mad. Said you'd gone into the place like a lunatic best part of two hours ago and hadn't shown up since."

"Pick's a good-natured idiot," I grinned. "There was a white pheasant and here he is."

My father nodded over the bird. "Did it take you two hours to retrieve?"

"Not altogether."

"Well, then?"

I hesitated. "It's the first time I've ever got into the core of the place and ——"

"Now look here, Bob," he cut in, "if there's something you don't want to tell me, say so—but confound it, boy, don't hedge. Your sister got in a fuss about you, so I came along. Is there anything in the old man's story or is there not?"

"Pick's story is true as far as it goes, but ——"

"Well?"

"There's something devilish queer in Farthing Hacket."

"What?"

"A dead man," I said.

My father stopped and looked at me. "A dead man! Who is he?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "That's what I hope to find out. That's what I hope this may tell us." And I produced the note case.

He frowned. "Have you been robbing the dead?"

"Not to say robbing," I replied. "I've borrowed this case from the body of what I believe to have been a German aviator."

"How do you make that out?"

As briefly as possible I explained the circumstances of what had taken place and the reasons for the inference I had drawn.

"Yes, but he was wearing civilian clothes underneath, you say."

"A good many spies were dropped out of planes," I said.

"Humph!" he grunted. "This one seems to have been dropped with a vengeance. Now wait a bit—to the best of my belief no German aircraft crossed this part of the country throughout the war. If that's so, your theory explodes. For some reason this air route wasn't popular. Precious few of our own machines came this way. The coast patrol followed the south side of the downs. I remember when flying was in its infancy ——" He stopped short and puckered his forehead; then half to himself muttered: "I must look that up. In the meantime, boy, the best thing you can do is to tell the police."

"After I've been through these papers," I replied.

Ours is an obstinate stock—a fact my father recognized. "I've told you the right thing to do," he said. "If you prefer to act otherwise it's your own concern."

As we turned into the farm lane I saw, ahead, the figure of Rogers, the local constable, his back toward us.

"There you are," said my father. "Your obvious duty stands before you. With the knowledge you possess, you haven't a leg to stand on if you pass that man and say nothing."

"Right!" said I. "Then I won't pass him." And vaulting over a gate, I returned to the farm by the fields.

I think my father's curiosity was every bit as whetted as my own, for he passed the village constable with no more than a word of greeting and a nod.

IX

I FEAR I made but a poor showing at the dinner table; my thoughts were too occupied by what the note case might contain to allow me to eat. It was bad luck, for Anne had spread herself to do honor to the occasion and was personally responsible for the cooking of several dishes. She was disappointed, and her disappointment increased when I declined her offer to walk round the fields on the grounds of having letters to write.

"You could do that any old day," she complained.

I placated her by a promise to drive her to Midhurst after tea.

"Why Midhurst?" she asked.

"You're right," I answered. "We'll make it Chichester."

"What are we going to do when we get there?"

"That rather depends."

"On what?"

I was saved the necessity of replying by my father, who asked for the table to be cleared at once. He had withdrawn from the shelves three large volumes of his newspaper cuttings and demanded accommodation for them.

"Well, I don't know," said Anne. "You are both behaving very queerly. That white pheasant seems to have bewitched you."

There was a magnifying glass on the mantelpiece, which I carried upstairs to my own room, the door of which I locked. I sat down by the window and with fingers which trembled set about to open the dead man's note case. The watered-silk cover had preserved the contents remarkably well. In the first section were several packets of bank notes of various nationalities—fivers, francs, dollar bills, Italian lire and the now-extinct imperial German marks. The notes had an unused look and in the majority of cases their serial numbers ran consecutively. To avoid confusion, each little packet was secured with a separate elastic band which had perished—or lost its nature, as some would say. I noticed that these bands were all the same size, which suggested that the packets had probably been issued at the same time. The Bank of England notes were to the value of one hundred pounds. The francs and the lire at the existing rate of exchange were worth considerably less. With the market still a shade favorable to America, the dollar bills were at a slight premium. The existence of a new postwar currency in Germany made it impossible to estimate the value of the marks.

Bucketing round the Mediterranean had kept me fairly well informed on the subject of foreign exchanges, which may account for the idea which began to form in my mind. These packets, with the exception of the Bank of England notes, were all composed of slightly unequal sums, such as might have occurred had a man entered a bank and asked for a hundred pounds' worth of English, French, American, Italian and German money. Assuming this surmise to be correct, it should be possible, by examining old exchange records, to determine almost to a day when the notes were issued.

Since discovering the German revolver on the body of the dead aviator, I was confident I was dealing with a case of Hun espionage, but a comparison of the various sums contained in the little packets provided reason for doubting this belief. So far as I could remember, the rate of exchange between France and England throughout the war had never been more favorable to us than 27.90. Taking that figure to be correct, the packet of francs I had taken from the note case, assuming them to have been issued during the war, would have been worth a trifle less than a hundred pounds. The same applied to the lire, while the American dollar bills, with the exchange favorable to them during the war, might have been worth anything up to a hundred twenty-odd pounds. The problem was a nice one, for on the face of it, assuming the man had desired to have a hundred pounds' worth of each of these currencies, he could not have received the amounts I held in my hands at any period during the war.

Laying the notes on one side, I quickly emptied the other sections of the case. There was an unfinished letter in pencil, a sheet of paper covered with jottings, two snapshot photographs and a sealed envelope marked MW-XX.3. Nowhere could I find a date or a name. The sealed envelope, when held to the light, appeared to contain a chemical formula. For some time I sat thinking and fingering the envelope; then, yielding to an impulse, I took up the little packets of notes and went from the room, locking the door after me.

In response to repeated supplications from Anne, my father had consented recently to the installation of a telephone. He had insisted, however, that it should be put in an upstairs bedroom corridor, as far away from his own room as possible. With the exception of farming machinery, he hated modern invention, and even had been known to complain at the existence of gum on postage stamps.

I asked for a City number and was lucky enough to get a quick connection and to find the man I wanted was at his office.

"That you, Dominic?" I said. "Shaftoe speaking on a trunk call."

Dominic Vane expressed surprise and gratification. "Shooting, I suppose—lucky brute. How are you and what's the trouble?"

"Only this," said I: "If a man went into a bank and asked for a hundred pounds' worth of French, American, Italian and German money, and he received"—I told him the exact amount of notes in each packet—"what was the day of what year he went into the bank?"

After a thoughtful pause Dominic replied: "I suppose this call is costing you about two and ninepence, so in common civility and friendship, I'll buy it."

"But I really want to know," I insisted.

"The answer," said he, "in French currency is *un zéfron*."

It was difficult, but I contrived to convince him there was no jest in the matter.

"Let's have it again," said he. I repeated the figures. "I dare say I can find out—give me your number and I'll ring you."

I did, and returned to the perusal of the dead man's papers. The first to which I gave attention was the unfinished letter in

(Continued on Page 42)

UNDER ONE ROOF

AT THE west of historic Washington Square the new home of N. W. Ayer & Son rises above the trees. Although in mass and decoration it is definitely of this modern day, it takes its place gracefully in a neighborhood familiar with the Colonial tradition; for it has the simplicity, the purposefulness, of all things well designed.

Under this one roof are housed the 600 workers, the many departments, that are the home office of Advertising Headquarters. The serene beauty of the exterior can only suggest the agreeable, well-planned working accommodations to be found within. Of course there are offices for clerical and accounting staffs, offices for plans men and representatives, conference rooms, storerooms; for advertising is just as definitely a business as banking or manufacturing or retailing. But there are also studios for artists and writers, a kitchen laboratory, a library, a photographic establishment, a type shop and a gallery for exhibitions; because successful modern advertising must blend art with science, and creative imagination with common sense, in order to make business visions into business realities.

The new building is equipment with which we can further the interests of our clients. This we believe sincerely, or we would not have gone to the trouble and expense of erecting it. Under this one roof the abilities of the individual worker should find full expression in ideal surroundings. There will be an abundance of light and air and elbow-room. The relations between department and department should be smooth, quick and well co-ordinated. Our own long experience has determined the allotment of floor space and the arrangement of offices.

There are some in the advertising business, outside of our organization, who see in this new building a significance even greater than its immediate importance to us. It is, they say, a symbol of the stable state to which advertising has attained, as an accepted force in modern industry and commerce.

N. W. AYER & SON

WASHINGTON SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Who's Who on Brunswick

Electrical Records

Brunswick Electrical Records play on any instrument but sound best of all on the Brunswick Panatrope.

Abe Lyman

and His California Orchestra

Abe Lyman

After a long run in the Chicago version of "Good News," Abe Lyman is now appearing at the Kit Kat Club in London and doubling at the Palladium Theatre. There is something about Abe's style that makes him always in demand for college tunes such as "Notre Dame Victory March" and "On Wisconsin." Brunswick Record No. 4139.

Ray Miller

and His Orchestra

Ray Miller

Ray Miller, now at the College Inn, Chicago, bears the distinction of being the first man to appear on the vaudeville stage with a band. Which indicates that his is a good band, as you'll agree when you hear him play "I'm Sorry, Sally." Brunswick Record No. 4108.

Herbert Gordon and His

Hotel Adelphia Whispering Orchestra

Herbert Gordon

Herb's is called a "whispering" orchestra due to the intimate style of his dance music and the fact that his band contains no brasses. Record buyers will not soon forget the wonderful recording of "If You Want the Rainbow (You Must Have the Rain)" which this Philadelphia organization made a short time ago. Brunswick Record No. 4064.

If there is no Brunswick dealer in your town, any of the above Brunswick Records will be sent you by mail on receipt of price, 75c each, plus 10c for postage. Address Dept. R-33, 623 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Brunswick

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The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

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(Continued from Page 40)

pencil. The handwriting was difficult and the characters were so faded as to be almost illegible. It was written in English, which rather surprised me. Remembering to have heard that the legibility of pencil writing may sometimes be improved by damping the surface, I applied a sheet of wet blotting paper to the letter with the happiest results. The scrawl had been written with an indelible pencil and the characters coming in contact with moisture revived to a purple clarity. With no difficulty at all I was able to read:

Frank: I scribble this while waiting for the aeroplane. Barely two hours ago I found out they have discovered my hiding place. Any moment may see the end of things so far as I am concerned. It's hard luck to have reached the goal—to hold at least the key to fortune and be faced only with extinction. I was a fool ever to try to handle the stuff myself. The brain of an inventor is a poor match against the business brain. I was crazy to believe I had shaken them off. I believe O. K. can look into other men's heads and read their inmost thoughts.

With a fair start I might have made a dash for America. There's no chance of that, but I shall try to reach Hamburg tonight. I'm terribly worried about my two girls. Noelle has been such a Briton. It'll be a grim injustice if they don't benefit. I honestly swear I'd rather hand over the formula to a total stranger than sell my silence to O. K. for half a million. As for the others, those crooks that —— I hear the plane. Will they have heard it, too, I wonder? I'm going to make a dash for it now. Wish me luck.

The letter must have been hastily crammed into the envelope before the hunted man made a break for the aeroplane. I remembered that one empty shell in the revolver and wondered if the shot had been fired before he reached the plane in which he sought to escape. Had anyone been hit? A wave of pity went over me for this fellow countryman of mine that I had wrongly decided was a German spy. Mixed with the pity was an element of resentment against some person or persons unknown, and particularly against one who bore the initials O. K. and who was gifted with powers to divine men's thoughts. Had he, by bribery or persuasion, caused the pilot of the aeroplane to pitch out the unhappy inventor into the jungle of Farthing Hacket? There had been no signs of a crashed machine near the spot where the body lay. That was a point I had carefully looked for. High up in the air, had murder been done? I picked up the sealed envelope again and at the touch of it the inference that a murder had been committed disappeared. Perhaps it is stretching imagination too far to say that there is a definite feel about a thing of value, be it jewelry, porcelain or even a wisp of paper. To all outward appearances, here was an ordinary envelope bearing an ordinary dab of black sealing wax, and yet I felt as though the key to a fortune were in my grasp. There was no excuse for assuming the fortune belonged to me, although the writer of the letter had written that he would rather his discovery fell into the hands of a total stranger than to those men who directly or indirectly were hounding him to death.

Strengthened in my determination by that single phrase in the letter, I broke the seal and took out a neatly folded sheet of pale blue paper. I knew enough chemistry to grasp the fact that what I read was a formula of some kind, but every word and quantity was in code. On the face of it the thing was a piece of inexplicable gibberish—a puzzle which without possession of the key would never be solved. In the service I had had some dealings with code messages and was sufficiently acquainted with the subject to recognize that it was a numerical code which had been used. With the right numbers in my possession, I could have read the thing as easily as an evening news poster, but without them I might work for years without finding the solution.

At the bottom of the page, written in ordinary longhand, were the following words:

By increasing the quantities of Nos. 2 and 5 a more powerful explosive may be obtained. This, however, would be impractical in the case of modern I. C. cylinders, as they are not constructed to withstand very high pressure. Under present I. C. conditions the quantities given may be taken to provide the maximum efficiency consonant with safety. The cost of manufacture on anything like a large scale would be so small as to enable the substance to be sold at less than one-tenth the price of any gush oil now in the market.

It did not require vast intelligence to deduce what that code formula contained. For I. C. read "internal combustion." The dead man of Farthing Hacket had discovered a petrol substitute.

I think for the moment I was rather disappointed. Every year since motor traction came into general use, the newspapers have told the tale of the man who has discovered the penny-a-gallon motor spirit. How often had one read of the committee of experts gathered in secluded spot—of the bucket of water drawn from the village pump and transformed as though by magic into an explosive fluid—of the car which climbed higher and faster than angels. And then, after a few days, contradiction. Only the myth explodes and on we go filling our tanks with natural oils while the prices rise and fall.

What was it then I had found? The body of a dreamer? The remains of a man who had sought to draw from his brains what Nature from her wells provides?

With a pang of disappointment I tossed the paper aside and dropped my hand on the table. It fell beside one of the two snapshots I had removed from the case. Carelessly I picked it up and brought it to the light. It was the photograph of a little girl sitting on a wall with her feet crossed. Her hair was short and exceptionally smooth. Her eyes—I am not susceptible in the ordinary way, but that child's eyes were the most arresting I had ever seen. They were so brave, so steady, and at the same time so full of laughter. I glanced at the other photograph, which was evidently of her elder sister, for the likeness between the two was pronounced. But whereas the elder sister's face might have belonged to any young woman, the younger sister's could only have been the product of a rare nature. It stirred in me an indefinable appeal and transformed my doubts of a moment ago into a solid belief that her father had succeeded where others had failed. Across a corner of the snapshot the name Noelle was written in a bold round hand.

Beyond this I knew nothing of the child, nor had I a single clew as to where she might be found. She would be a woman now, and like enough would be fighting a hard battle for existence. And here was I with what might be a fortune in my hands—a fortune which by every right belonged to these two girls.

By the merest accident their future was in my keeping. What was I going to do about it? A day before, I was looking for a job, preferably with a spice of adventure, and here it was, complete in every detail. A wood—a dead body—a chart—relentless enemies—and maidens in distress. Could a man ask more?

I threw up my head and laughed. At that moment the telephone bell rang. It was Dominic Vane.

"I've worked it out," said he, "and got the answer to a hair."

"Well?"

"March 18, 1912."

Sixteen years ago—for sixteen years the body had lain rotting in the undergrowth of Farthing Hacket. I thanked him and turned away. As I reached the head of the staircase my father called. I went down to the dining room. One of his books of press cuttings was open before him:

"Read that," he said.

I read:

Considerable excitement was caused last night at one A.M. by the spectacle of a blazing object in the sky which fell and came to earth near the village of Sompting, Sussex. A number of residents rose from their beds and hurried to the spot, to find it was an aeroplane. The entire fabric of the machine was destroyed by fire, as also was the body of the pilot—a man unknown.

My father pointed to the next cutting:

Experts have declared that the aeroplane which fell in flames in a field near Sompting was a two-seater Farman. Mystery envelops the affair, since the body of the pilot has not been identified, nor is any information obtainable as to where the machine started from or to whom it belonged. Following a coroner's inquest, the remains of the dead airman were buried in Sompting churchyard.

The date of the first cutting was March 21, 1912.

"Do you think there's any connection in the affair?" my father asked.

I nodded gravely. "The man whose body I found cashed a check for six hundred pounds on March 18, 1912."

My father opened his eyes very wide. "So that's what the note case contained."

"Not altogether," I replied.

"What else then?"

"A fortune," said I.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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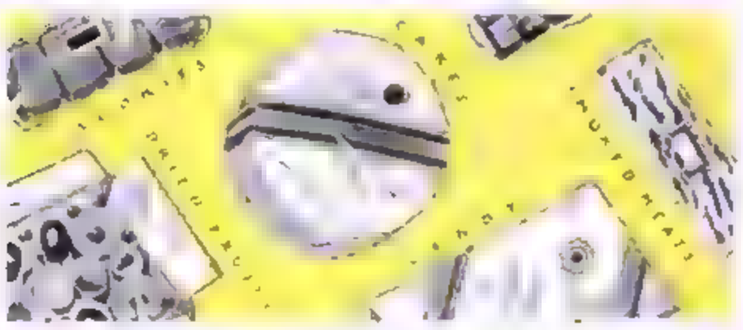

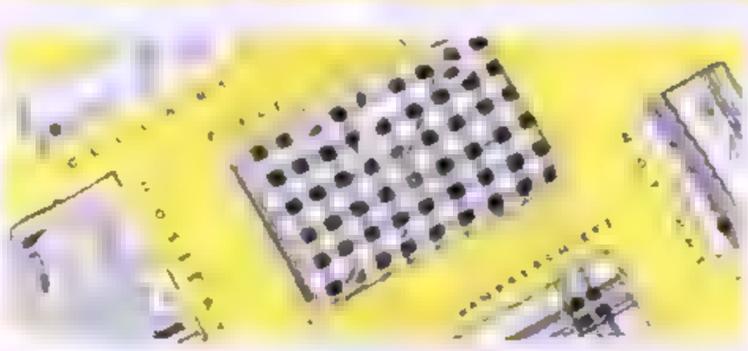

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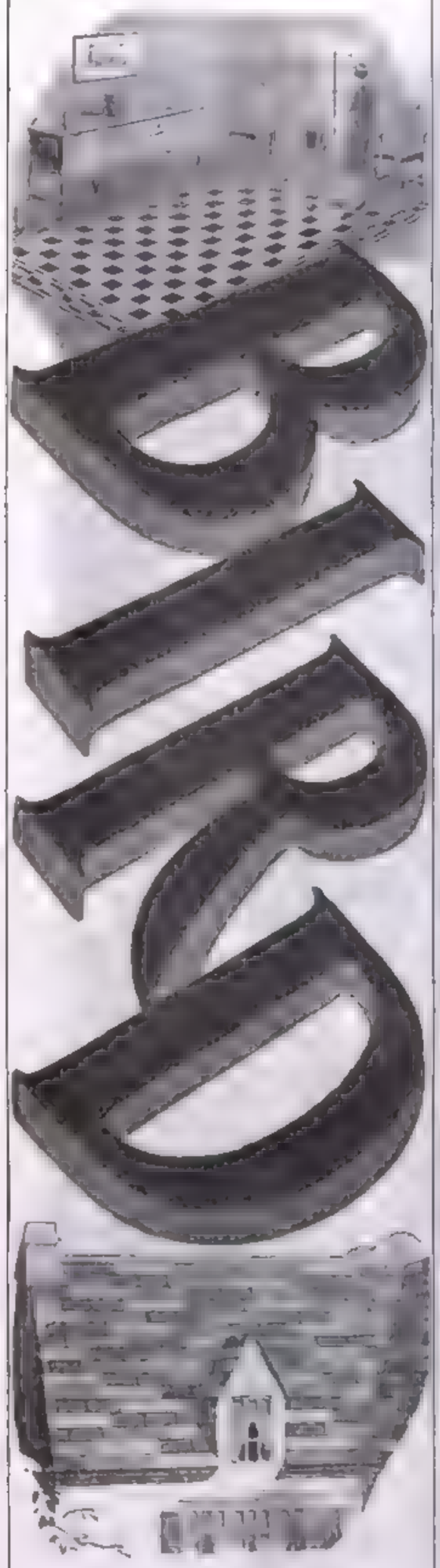

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HARVARD: FAIR AND COOLER

(Continued from Page 17

a collegiate or rah-rah demonstration, the highly prized Harvard indifference of the remainder of the undergraduate body might possibly be laid aside for a sufficient length of time to permit of tossing the collegiate student into the Charles River.

The newcomer to the Harvard Yard finds it easy to believe that the undergraduates who come and go between the ancient brick buildings have wrapped themselves in extra-thick coats of indifference. They doubtless are not suspicious of one another; but they seem to have the same defiantly defensive air that surrounds the casual guests in the lobbies of large Palm Beach hotels—an air of being afraid that somebody will make advances, and of fearing that nobody will.

It is probably all imagination; yet there are some Harvard undergraduates who confirm the impression that if a stranger should attempt, while strolling in the Yard, to penetrate the coat of indifference of an undergraduate, the undergraduate might readily become hysterical from fear and self-consciousness and run screaming to one of the many deans' offices in University Hall so that his indifference might be protected and preserved.

A Great Social Disturbance

At any rate, one instinctively sheers away from Harvard undergraduates in the Yard and seeks them in their lairs among the little side streets, across from the Yard, where are located the little houses that once harbored Revolutionary officers, and the buildings of the now defunct Gold Coast that once harbored so many chorus girls' friends, and the homes of the unostentatious but somewhat snooty organizations that are referred to by all undergraduates—respectfully or derisively as the case may be—as final clubs.

If one continues through the side street in the direction of the river he will eventually come to the freshman dormitories, which, after a few years of use, are already acquiring an air of mellowness and a sort of Harvard patina, thus showing that some of the apparent mellowness and venerability encountered at Harvard may be slightly phony.

The freshmen live in their dormitories, the sophomores and juniors live in the buildings that once comprised the Gold Coast, and the seniors live in the Yard. The freshmen eat in their dormitories as well as live in them and are thus vastly better off than the three other classes, who are obliged to eat in cafeterias, tea shops, automats, drug stores, restaurants and clubs, and consequently need all their Harvard indifference to keep from bursting into passionate and dyspeptic objurgations over their troubled eating arrangements.

I would not care to say that the members of Harvard's three upper classes spend more time in talking about food than about anything else; but I am willing to go on record to the effect that they talk more about food than about art.

It is my understanding that the hostesses and debutantes of Boston, who lean more or less heavily on the Harvard undergraduate body when large social functions are necessary, have begun to protest bitterly against the wolfish appetites of Harvard undergraduates, caused by years of eating in cafeterias and automats. It is not so much the expense of the food at which they protest, as I understand it, as the fact that an undergraduate who takes a debutante in to supper is apt to eat not only his own chicken patties and ice cream but the chicken patties and ice cream of his supper partner, thus depriving an adolescent girl of much-needed nourishment.

It is fashionable, at Harvard, to say that all the undergraduates attend the big social functions in Boston; but since there are more than three thousand undergraduates in Harvard College, and since nearly half of them come from outside of New England, some from outside of the United States, it may readily be seen that the stag lines at the Boston functions do not include a great many of the boys from Peru, Kansas, Belgium, Texas, Albania, Iowa and other sections, as well as several from such sterling New England high schools as East Yannigan High, South Codick High, Lake Mushponk High and North Twiddlewater High.

Enough so, however, and with ravenous appetites, to disturb Boston hostesses; and when Boston hostesses begin to be disturbed and to interest themselves in the internal affairs of Harvard College, either a student council is going to write a powerful report on the situation or official steps are going to be taken with dignified firmness without waiting for a report.

When one catches the articulate Harvard undergraduate—and it should be distinctly understood that there are few if any undergraduates anywhere in the world that can give an articulate Harvard undergraduate any sort of battle in the matter of articulateness—when one catches the articulate Harvard undergraduate in his lair and bends an ear to his conversation, one does not hear about the intimate details of the tutorial system, nor about the value or futility of the new and more or less highly prized reading period, nor about the inadequate seating capacity of the stadium, nor about the new system of Harvard little colleges—cozy colleges, as one might say—nor about sex, nor about immorality in general, nor about life and its meaning. If one hung around long enough he might hear all about such things; but one doesn't hear about them during the first week or two, at any rate.

What one hears is a loud discussion as to whether or not there is a Harvard type, followed or tangled up with an argument as to whether Harvard undergraduates are indifferent, and why, and to what, and frequent dissertations on the sacred privacy and lack of restrictions enjoyed by Harvard undergraduates, and occasional wrangles over whom they don't speak to and why.

As I get it, Harvard undergraduates in general are annoyed, in a somewhat detached and indifferent manner, by the frequent assertion on the part of envious or ribald outsiders that there is a Harvard type.

The general idea of a Harvard type seems to be a tall, loose-jointed individual with sloping shoulders, who chews his words and affects an air of weariness. Apparently the Harvard undergraduates do not object to the characterization. What they object to is the intimation that any sort of type is developed by Harvard College.

When a Type Is Not Typical

As I further understand it, the most prevalent Harvard tradition is the tradition that individualism is developed to the full at Harvard; that each undergraduate is not only permitted but urged to study the subjects that appeal to him in the manner that best suits him; urged to do as he pleases, live with whom he pleases, speak to whom he pleases, wear anything he wants to wear, and say whatever he wishes to say in any tone of voice that suits his ear and his vocal cords.

According to undergraduate conversation, to which I listened with great care, Harvard is the one college that encourages the individual to be an individual. At other universities and colleges, the Harvard undergraduates assured me, the men are molded into certain types. Yale, for example, molds its undergraduates into a certain Yale type. Princeton molds its undergraduates into a Princeton type. So do Cornell and Dartmouth and other universities. On this point all Harvard undergraduates with whom I talked are agreed.

The argument now becomes more complex. I am assured by a number of Harvard undergraduates that they can instantly recognize a Harvard man among a group of undergraduates from other colleges. They stated, on being pressed, that if a number of college men sat at a table—first a Harvard man, then a Williams man, then a Colby man, then a Princeton man, then another Harvard man, and so on—they could infallibly pick out the Harvard men. It should be remarked that Harvard undergraduates, in referring to themselves, do not call themselves men, but guys.

Q.: Could you pick out the Princeton men equally easily?

A.: No; but I could pick out the Harvard guys.

Q.: How could you do this?

A.: Well, it is hard to say; but probably it would be because all the other college men would be types, whereas the Harvard guys would be different.

Q.: Would the Harvard men merely be different from the other college men or would they also be different from each other?

A.: Oh, they would be different from each other.

Q.: In that case, how would you know that they weren't from Toronto University or Swarthmore or some other university with which you aren't familiar?

A.: Oh, there'd be something about them that would make you know they were from Harvard.

Q.: Their accent.

A.: No, not their accent; it would be something hard to describe.

Q.: Something typical?

A.: Yes, something typ —— Oh, well, not exactly typical. But you'd know it.

Just a Subtle Something

I find all this very baffling, in as much as I have never been able to tell a Yale man from a Nebraska man, or a Rutgers man from a Harvard guy, provided all of them came from families whose manner of living was approximately the same. However, the bafflement increases when, out of a tableful of Harvard undergraduates, several of them break into the argument at this point.

SPECTACLED UNDERGRADUATE: Well, look here, Picker; I think, after all, there is a sort of Harvard type, you know.

PICKER: Oh, do you really? I should say absolutely not.

SPECTACLED UNDERGRADUATE: What I mean is a purely physical type.

PICKER: Oh, a physical type. Well, there might be a purely physical type.

SERIOUS-FACED YOUTH: I really think you can't say there's a physical type, you know; Harvard guys are so different. I think you could say that there's a very distinct mental type. (*Several heads nod approvingly.*)

PICKER: When I said physical type I meant a certain way of acting physically, if you know what I mean.

SERIOUS-FACE: Oh, I didn't grasp that. Yes, I think that's very true. I know what you mean.

PICKER: If you really mean what sort of type is there in Harvard, I think you're quite right about saying there's a mental type.

SHOCK-HAIRED STUDENT: I think a Harvard guy gets a sort of mental attitude when he comes to Harvard, but I don't think it makes him into a type that you can recognize, like a Princeton type.

SERIOUS-FACE: Well, I think you can recognize him as soon as he begins to talk. You can't recognize him by looking at him.

SHOCK-HAIR: There are certain Harvard guys that you know are Harvard guys as soon as you look at them.

(Continued on Page 47)

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(Continued from Page 44)

SPECTACLES: But it always makes me rather tired when they say that all Harvard guys are blond and wear spectacles and talk with an English accent.

PICKER: Absolutely! That's what I've been saying all along!

SHOCK-HAIR: The thing that makes a Harvard guy different is his indifference. There isn't any college anywhere that develops a guy's indifference the way Harvard does. (*The entire assemblage agrees heartily that the indifference of Harvard undergraduates is the tie, if any, that binds them together.*)

Now I feel sure that there is no American college or university whose undergraduates know to a greater degree than Harvard undergraduates what they are talking about; and since Harvard undergraduates insist with tremendous enthusiasm that they are indifferent, I am willing to take their word for it and to set down in good faith that Harvard undergraduates are indifferent, though there is still so much haze in my mind concerning the whole indifference business that I am unwilling to state that Harvard undergraduates are so marked by their indifference as to be typical, if I make myself clear.

A Three Months' Course

I have tried hard to trace Harvard indifference to its source, but it persistently eludes me. I discussed the matter at some length with a group of Harvard's best undergraduate minds, and it seemed to be their belief that a large part of it was due to the fact that many Harvard undergraduates had undergone a preliminary training at large preparatory schools, and so had acquired knowledge that left them cold to matters that ordinarily enthuse the youth of the land. The best undergraduate minds, however, are not so clear on this subject as they might be, especially when questioned closely, as follows:

Q.: Let's take a specific example. Let's take Stilton Academy, for instance. As I understand it, a great many young men come to Harvard from Stilton Academy each year; and they, as a class, might be indifferent.

A.: Yes, that is correct. The Harvard men from Stilton and Wigglenex and Hangover and Jaxeter and St. Shark's and Protton can be depended on to be quite indifferent.

Q.: Very good. What percentage of Stilton men come to Harvard, do you think?

A.: About 30 per cent come to Harvard, I think.

Q.: And are they indifferent immediately on entering Harvard, or before they get to Harvard, or after they have been in Harvard a few months?

A.: Well, I think they become indifferent immediately on entering.

Q.: I see. Now how about the 70 per cent of Stilton graduates who do not go to Harvard? Where do they go?

A.: Oh, they go to Princeton and Yale, and so on.

Q.: Should you think that another 20 per cent go to Yale?

A.: I think so.

Q.: Well, how about this 20 per cent? Aren't they as indifferent in Yale as the 30 per cent in Harvard?

A.: Oh, no!

Q.: Why aren't they? They must have acquired the same indifference germ at Stilton?

A.: Yes; but as soon as they get to Yale, Yale stamps them with the Yale type, sort of, and they get enthusiastic over the things they're supposed to be enthusiastic over.

Q.: And the same thing would happen to the Stilton men who go to Princeton?

A.: Oh, yes! They would at once be branded by the Princeton externals.

Q.: Well, suppose that the 30 per cent that comes to Harvard should, instead of coming to Harvard, go to Princeton or Cornell? All of the 30 per cent would immediately lose their indifference, would they, and would be wholly unlike Harvard men?

A.: Oh, yes!

Q.: Then this indifference business doesn't have its foundation in the preparatory schools at all; it is really caused by something in Harvard?

A.: No; Harvard merely permits them to retain their indifference, whereas other universities don't.

Q.: Well, take a man that comes to Harvard from a high school in Sink Butte, Arizona, or Fried Trout, Nevada, or Hoopchow, China; is he indifferent, the way the rest of you are?

A.: Yes; I think he is.

Q.: Do you think that indifference was inculcated in him at Fried Trout High?

A.: Oh, no! I don't think so! He usually wears his high-school pin on his vest when he gets here!

Q.: I see. So he has to pick up his indifference in Harvard. Well, how long do you think that it takes him to learn to be genuinely indifferent—a year?

A.: Oh, no! Much less than that!

Q.: About two weeks?

A.: No; that's too short a time. Probably it would take him two or three months.

Q.: So in three weeks or six weeks he would be only partly indifferent, and might relapse into enthusiasm at almost any time?

A. (*uncertainly*): Ye-es; I think so.

The manner in which Harvard indifference manifests itself is something else again. Various Harvard undergraduates have assured me, at one time or another, that it shows itself as an indifference to regular meals, or stiff collars, or one's family's friends, or athletics, or the works of George Meredith, or college politics, or other colleges, or debutantes, or any girls, or other Harvard men, or other people's ideas of Harvard men, or musical plays, or Lindbergh, or the tutorial system, or undergraduate clubs, or fraternities, or formal dinners, or public men, or chorus girls, or love, or detective stories, or various other matters.

The consensus of opinion, however, is that it shows itself in a pronounced backwardness in enlarging one's circle of acquaintances. Many Harvard undergraduates have told me with an air of quiet pride that they have lived next door to other undergraduates for a year or two years, and never spoken to them. Why? No particular reason; they just haven't. Nothing in common, you know.

One undergraduate said that twelve men occupied the next entry to the one in which he lived with an equal number of classmates. The two groups, he said, passed each other on the stairs from two to four times a day throughout the year; but they had never spoken. Why? Oh, well; they never thought of it.

Enthusiastically Indifferent

Another undergraduate said that a lonely-looking person had lived across the hall from him for two years, and he often wondered about him. I asked him why he hadn't spoken to him, and so found out. He couldn't tell me. One just didn't.

Another undergraduate said that when he was crossing the Yard and saw approaching another undergraduate whom he had barely met, he quickly pretended to study his shoes or his garments so that he wouldn't have to speak. Why? Oh, he didn't know. That was the way he felt.

Several undergraduates spoke of a peculiar Harvard guy, one of the most peculiar that has been observed in Harvard circles in many years. He is the president of one of the most concentrated of the final clubs, and a football player to boot. He is generally admitted by Harvard undergraduates to be a good guy. Yet he has this strange peculiarity—this shocking abnormality. You would probably never guess what it is. He speaks to everyone! Can you imagine it? He walks along the street and says "Hello!" to practically everyone that he has ever seen before! Something has happened to his indifference. Or possibly he was dropped when he was a baby.

Large numbers of present-day Harvard undergraduates, like so many undergraduates in practically every American university and college, seem to have a yearning to become authors. The Harvard yearning seems to be slightly more polished on the edges than does the yearning at other educational institutions; for whereas the yearners at other colleges aren't particular as to what they want to write, the Harvard yearners seem to want to enter into immediate competition with Joseph Conrad, Henry James, William Makepeace Thackeray and other masters of English prose. The question arises, therefore, whether it wouldn't be a good idea for a prospective author to meet as many people as possible, so that he may be able to write about them, instead of preserving an indifferent and nonspeaking attitude toward the world at large. The Harvard undergraduate, priding himself on his broad-mindedness, readily admits that this may indeed be so; but he also seems to feel that nothing, in his particular case, can be done about it; that the Harvard tradition of indifference has solidified around him and holds him immovable.

The business of Harvard indifference is extremely puzzling, in that those with whom the investigator comes in contact display no signs of indifference whatever. They talk freely about their indifference, but at the same time appear to be keenly interested in it, as well as in various other forms of activity, including shooting, reading, fishing, social activities, study, the peculiarities of professors and each other, football, correct dress, English educational systems, smoking tobacco, authors, professional athletes, presidential candidates and travel. They greet the investigator with no show of indifference, and make him free of their clubs and living quarters with an amiability and affability that are excelled in no university and equaled in few; so that the investigator, if left to his own devices, is apt to conclude that the talk about Harvard indifference is, to speak crassly, a lot of hooey.

An Undergraduate Revolt

Yet, apparently, indifference is not something that exists only in the minds of Harvard undergraduates; and in some undergraduate circles it is not viewed with the same pride with which it is viewed in other circles. When, for example, the Harvard Student Council in 1926 recommended the formation of subcolleges or collegettes or cozy colleges within Harvard College itself, it harped mournfully on the absence of communal life at Harvard, and on the fact that many students go through their sophomore, junior and senior years without extending their circle of acquaintances beyond those that were made during freshman year—a fact that, to a large number of Harvard undergraduates who are not completely indifferent, "is a very distressing detraction from the pleasures and privileges of a college education." It emitted a mild and carefully worded squawk to the effect that the undergraduate clubs elected members whose interests were similar, and pointed out the dreadful and un-Harvardian danger that the clubs may "tend to mold men into types, to stamp out individuality, and to promote a certain smugness based upon the axiom that 'difference from me is the measure of absurdity.'"

The student-council report clamored for a communal dining hall in each collegette. Thus, it pointed out, diversified groups would daily be brought together—groups diversified not only according to classes but according to interests. "It would take away the horror and grimness of present eating conditions at Harvard. The dining room would become an instrument of culture, as it ought to be. The athlete, the Phi Beta Kappa man, the clubman, the non-clubman, would have an opportunity

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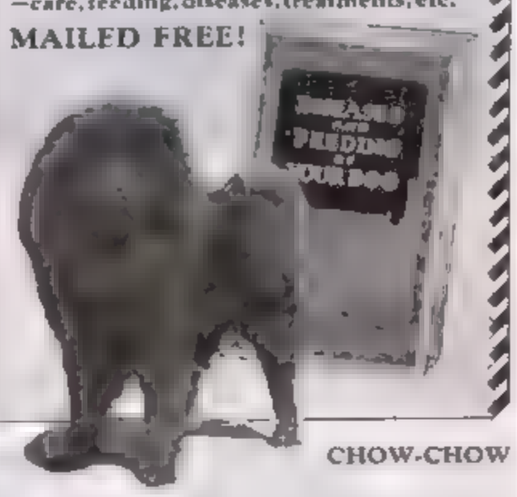

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to know one another, and a better atmosphere would prevail among undergraduates."

One readily gathers from this report that until the collegettes and their attendant eating halls are created there must always be some powerful reason why Harvard athletes, Phi Beta Kappa men, clubmen, and so on, cannot have the opportunity of knowing one another. It is all beyond me. It occurs to me, however, that if the college cannot raise the money to build enough collegettes so that the undergraduates can get to know one another, it might obtain the same results by appointing a dean of introductions and a corps of assistant deans.

These deans could, at small expense, be equipped with baseball bats; or possibly old baseball bats could be borrowed from the Athletic Association, provided Mr. William Bingham, the graduate manager of athletics, were diplomatically approached.

If, for example, Mr. Bingham were given permission to build a new stadium, so that Harvard men may view Harvard-Yale games without the necessity of sitting on one another's laps, he would probably donate a lot of old baseball bats to the dean of introductions and his assistant deans. They could then go out in the Yard, armed with their bats, and each dean could hit an undergraduate over the head. Those that were hit could then be thrown into rooms in the basement of University Hall, two men to each room; and when they came to they would doubtless get to know each other. After a while they could be released, and the deans of introduction could go out and make another haul. Thus a great many undergraduates would get to know one another.

It also occurs to me that if Harvard College goes to the trouble and expense of erecting a number of collegettes, the undergraduates, fearing that their privacy and individuality may be somehow damaged, may still refuse to speak to one another. What will happen then? Will each collegette have to build subcollegettes within itself until they reach a point, in size, where the undergraduate will either have to speak to a stranger or talk only to himself?

There are a number of undergraduate activities in Harvard that are not affected by the prevailing Harvard indifference. The clubs, for example, do not suffer noticeably from indifference; and no indifference attaches to the undergraduates' protection of their freedom. Nor are they in any way indifferent when given an opportunity to exercise their right of free speech in any matter of moment—as, for example, in publicly censuring or throwing the hooks into a professor or a course that fails to meet with their approval.

Away From Plebeian Fraternities

The Harvard club system is involved and intricate, in addition to being veiled by the general attitude of semi-idiotic obtuseness that obtains whenever information is sought on this interesting subject.

Fraternities, owing to the aversion that obtains in the minds of many Harvard undergraduate circles to being forced into acquaintanceship with persons whom they do not personally select, are not common in Harvard. Yet they exist, thus demonstrating the fact that generalizations are unsafe. There are several Harvard clubs that once, in the dim dark ages before Harvard indifference had attained its present ripe fruition, were chapters of national Greek-letter fraternities; but as indifference and the passion for privacy increased, these clubs cut loose from the national organizations and garbled their Greek-letter names into forms more pleasing to the individualistic tendencies of their members, or words to that effect. Thus, had there been a chapter of Psi Upsilon at Harvard in the good old days, it would probably have severed its connections with the parent organization and adopted the name of Soup Club. Similarly, Delta Psi would probably have become the Dipsy Club, and Kappa Alpha might have become the Caw or Crow Club.

As I understand it, however, there are three main varieties of clubs at Harvard—final clubs, waiting clubs, and just plain clubs. All of them have two things in common: Undergraduates eat in their clubs but do not sleep in them, except in chairs or on the floor; and no club approaches any undergraduate concerning membership before his sophomore year.

Harvard undergraduates, particularly members of final clubs, point out that the Harvard clubs are so unostentatious in their externals that few undergraduates know anything about them or are familiar with their membership lists, and that they consequently do not have a disquieting effect on the undergraduate mind, as do the ostentatious fraternity houses and secret-society tombs at other educational institutions. This may or may not be true.

Pillars of Society

Many of the Harvard clubhouses are surprisingly inconspicuous, and are chiefly locatable by the low, rakish automobiles decorated with heavily nickeled barber-chair accessories that stand outside their doors. I found few Harvard undergraduates, however, who were not thoroughly conversant with the attributes, location and membership list of every Harvard final club. I might also remark in passing that Harvard undergraduates declare firmly and uncompromisingly that the collegiate Big Man—the undergraduate who is admired for athletic or other prowess—is completely extinct at Harvard. Yet many undergraduates went to the trouble to explain to me that the guy over there with the brown hat was an editor of the Harvard Monthly Squash and the guy with the big ears was the captain of the curling team; so that some undergraduates, in spite of their indifference, still take a certain amount of interest in Who's Who at Harvard and Why.

At any rate, the Harvard waiting clubs are composed of young men who are waiting hopefully to get into final clubs. The final clubs, A. D., Delphic, Fly, Fox, Owl, Porcellian and Spee, have a membership of about twenty-five apiece; and membership requirements, according to the undergraduates themselves, are entirely social. I have heard, in some quarters, a certain amount of complaint concerning the lack of Harvard spirit among Harvard undergraduates in these effete days; but I have never heard any squawks concerning the lack of club spirit among the undergraduate and graduate members of Harvard final clubs. It seems to me, in fact, that the fierce and everlasting clannishness among Harvard final-club members is unequaled in any fraternity anywhere—a clannishness that is carried particularly into Boston business and society, where the wives of graduates of one final club may, even at the age of fifty or so, view with alarm any social contact with the wife of a Harvard person who was a member of no final club, and where grown men discuss the internal affairs of their undergraduate clubs long after their whiskers are shot with gray.

This being the case, there seems to be a good reason for the recent epoch-making discovery of the Harvard Student Council, which issued a weighty pronunciamento to the effect that Harvard undergraduate life and eating conditions might be materially improved if (a) more clubs were formed, and if (b) the final clubs invited other undergraduates to luncheon or dinner once in a while.

While the second recommendation might understandably be too radical and too destructive of privacy to be considered by the final clubs within the next generation or two, the first recommendation might possibly be followed.

The Harvard Student Council report observed sapiently that the chief requisite for forming a new club "is a person, or group of persons, or an organization with a conviction that a new club is necessary."

In view of the excessive individuality and freedom from restraint that are popularly supposed to exist at Harvard, it seems reasonable to think that some such person or group of persons might easily turn up within a decade or so.

The only other requisites are a meaningless name and plenty of privacy. There are plenty of names that could be applied to new Harvard clubs, and still sound like the oldest of them—names such as Gnat, Scuff, Gargle, Scuttle, Turkey, Shoop, Moth, Thumbprint, Auk, Hotbox, Tatterdemalion, Whiff and Coot. The privacy could probably be obtained without difficulty.

The touching belief of Harvard undergraduates in their indifference would probably receive a mortal wound if the university authorities or anyone else attempted to impose any serious restrictions on them—such restrictions as that they could not drive automobiles, or that freshmen must wear blue caps with green buttons, or that sophomores could not wear their galoshes unbuckled while traversing the Yard, or that only seniors could sit on the Harvard fence, if any. There are some restrictions even now, it is true. It is forbidden to beat bass drums in college dormitories; and dogs cannot be kept. These, however, are not regarded as being serious. The imposition of any serious restrictions would, from all I am told, result in the undergraduate body marching to the stadium in a body and tearing its cement walls to pieces by way of showing their rage and derision.

The One Safe Generality

Each autumn the Harvard Crimson publishes a confidential guide, written by undergraduates, to the different courses that are open to undergraduates. I do not know what would happen to the undergraduate newspaper that dared to print such frank reviews of professional shortcomings in some universities, but I suspect that it would be wrecked by an irate faculty.

Fashions at Harvard seem to be slightly different and slightly more mature than at other American universities. The habit of studying, for one thing, seems more popular at Harvard than elsewhere, though in this I may be wrong. There are still a number of Harvard undergraduates who permit themselves to be filled with concentrated information, just before examinations, by that efficient Cambridge cramming school known as The Widow. There are still a few who set off for a night of drinking, after the manner of Bertie and Billy in Mr. Owen Wister's great short story of Harvard undergraduates, Philosophy 4—a story, incidentally, which had never been read by any of the widely read Harvard undergraduates with whom I talked.

One can indulge in few generalities about undergraduates without gross misrepresentation. There is one generality, however, that can be made about Harvard undergraduates and all the other American undergraduates that I have seen in my recent collegiate tour: With no mental reservations of any sort, they're the best and sanest aggregation of young people that can be found anywhere in the world.

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Currant Jelly

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Sergeant's for the HAIR

A BANK ROLL FOR BELMONT

(Continued from Page 35)

"This one'll need readying up," Monahan warned him. "He's been took two-three times an' maybe more."

"All the better," said Smiling Jimmie. "Suckers are like shoes. The more they been used the easier they are. Whereabouts does this potato grow?"

"Down in Peekskill."

"Peekskill!" Smiling Jimmie exclaimed. "That's on the Hudson just this side o' New York, ain't it?" Monahan nodded. "That one ain't a sucker for me," said Smiling Jimmie. "He's just an impossibility. Railroad fare around five bucks apiece for the Kid an' me. We ain't got it."

"Declare me in for a third o' whatever you make on this baxoo an' I'll stake you," Monahan offered.

"We're in business," Smiling Jimmie assured him. "A third to you, two-thirds to us an' a great lesson to the sucker."

"He'll need handling," Monahan warned him. "Come set down an' I'll tell you what I know about him."

As they walked toward a bench under a tree the Whining Kid came running toward them. "You're blind!" he screeched. "That wasn't Cut Scotch. Rang Tang Tiddleum won that. Cut Scotch wasn't even in the money."

"That's history," Smiling Jimmie said. "You don't have to bother with that after you get out o' school. Unload yourself from the hips down an' listen in here."

"What is it?" the Whining Kid grouched. "Some more bull?"

"Monahan's sowin' seed," Smiling Jimmie explained. "If anything comes up, our share o' the crop'll be a bank roll for Belmont. . . . Go on, Half Pint."

"Well," said Monahan, "I first met up with this ape ——"

A street of modest residences in Peekskill. Small lawns. Frame houses. Well-used front porches. Smiling Jimmie sat rocking on the front porch of a house in the middle of the block. A sign on the lawn read: Rooms for Rent. Tourists Accommodated.

It was early evening, just short of sundown. Jimmie was reading the Racing Form. Occasionally he made a notation with a lead pencil.

A young man came to the front door, settling his shoulders into his coat. He glanced casually at Jimmie as he stepped out on the porch. Interest brightened his eyes as he recognized the publication Jimmie was reading. He hesitated, made as if to continue down the front steps, paused again and spoke.

"Looking them over?"

Jimmie looked up, startled, smiled and folded the racing sheet. "Just foolin'," he explained, seemingly embarrassed.

The young man grinned. "Play 'em once in a while, do you?"

Jimmie frowned and shrugged. "I stopped over here just to get away from this stuff," he said. "My nerves started goin' jumpy on me up in Saratoga an' a doc there told me to get away from the racket an' rest. Takin' a little walk around awhile back an' saw a Form on the news stand." He grinned and sighed. "It sure gets to you! I grabbed that Form like a hop-head reachin' for a paper o' snow, an' here I am figurin' 'em out again! Just what the doc told me to lay off of." He ripped the folded Racing Form in two and twisted the fragments in his fingers. "No more!" he said fervently. "I come here to get a rest an' I'm goin' to get it."

"Been up to Saratoga, huh?" the young man said. "Nick you, did they?"

"No," said Jimmie. "I had a good enough money season. I just been around so long an' so steady I need a little rest."

"That so?" the young man said, impressed. "You follow them all the time?"

"Ever since I was fifteen," Jimmie said. "I rode for a few years, but then I picked up weight an' ——"

"Oh, jockey, huh?"

"Well, I never was hot enough to make any of the top jocks fret," Jimmie said modestly. "I rode on the bush tracks mostly an' down South durin' the winter meets."

"Trainer now?" the young man asked eagerly.

"Oh, no," said Smiling Jimmie. "I been playin' 'em from the ground ever since I hung up my saddle."

"Just bettin' 'em, huh?" Smiling Jimmie nodded. "You—do pretty well at it?"

"I can't kick," said Smiling Jimmie.

The young man looked around uneasily, drew a chair close to Jimmie's and sat down. "I used to play 'em once in a while," he confided guardedly.

"Yeh?"

"My name's Brewer—Jim Brewer. My mother runs this place here."

"Oh! Yeh?"

"I got a restaurant down on Main Street right around the corner to the left. Glad if you'd drop in."

"Fine! I'll do that. Been lookin' for a good place to eat."

The young man fidgeted for a moment. Then, nervously: "Notice anything good goin' tomorrow?"

Smiling Jimmie turned and looked at him sternly.

"Listen," he said. "I got just one tip to give anybody on any race any time anywhere—lay off! I mean that. I make a livin' at the racin' racket an' a good one, but I'm around all the time, an' when I bet it's 'cause I know somethin'. I get my own information an' bet my own money on what I find out."

"Oh, sure," Brewer said. "I understand. I—I didn't mean—you know—I ——"

"I know!" Smiling Jimmie said grimly. "You wanted a tip an' I'm givin' it to you—lay off. Don't bet on 'em. That isn't the tip you wanted, but it's the one I'm givin' you an' it's the best you'll ever get."

"Oh, sure," Brewer said. "I know it's a sucker trick to bet unless you know something. I—I don't play 'em much."

"Don't play 'em at all," Smiling Jimmie advised—"not from where you sit."

"Sure," said Brewer. "I guess you're right about that."

"I know I'm right," said Smiling Jimmie.

Brewer rose. "Got to be gettin' down to the restaurant," he said. "Had dinner?"

"No," said Smiling Jimmie. "I'll walk along with you, if you don't mind, an' crowd a feed under my belt."

"Sure," said Brewer heartily. "Glad to have you."

They walked down the street together. An elderly woman rose from her chair in the front parlor, the open windows of which gave on the porch, walked to the front door and watched them. She was Mrs. Brewer. There were tears in her eyes. She dried them with a handkerchief and returned to the parlor.

Two blocks from the Brewer residence, on the opposite side of the street, was a commercial hotel. Smiling Jimmie and Brewer were nearly abreast of it when the former stopped suddenly and stepped behind a tree.

"Well, what d'you make o' that!" he exclaimed, staring hard at a man just coming out of the hotel.

"What?" said Brewer.

"That guy," said Jimmie, pointing—"the little bird in the gray hat. Know him?" Brewer shook his head. "Funny," Jimmie muttered. "Wonder what he's doin' around here?"

"Who is he?" Brewer asked eagerly.

"Any big shots in this town?" Jimmie asked.

"Big shots?" asked Brewer.

"Heavy sugar sports that go for plenty on the horses?"

"There's quite a number of fellows around town that play them once in a while."

"Must have somebody up here," Smiling Jimmie muttered.

"Who is he?"

"One o' the queerest cards around the tracks," Smiling Jimmie said. "Tyler's his name Sharkey Tyler. They call him the Whinin' Kid."

"What's he do?"

"Funny," Jimmy muttered. "I saw him in Saratoga the day I left there. I wonder what —— Oh —— Why, he's just what I'm not. He's a hustler—one o' the best handicappers I ever knew an' plenty o' inside stuff to help him keep his figures straight. Win more races than any man around an' he never bets one thin dime o' his own dough."

"No?"

"Never—not a dime. Plenty o' people glad to stake him, an' when he wins he cuts the take up the middle with 'em. When he loses, that's too bad, but there's never a nickel o' the loss comes out o' his jeans. Nobody knows how much he's worth. He must have—oh, I don't know how much—stuck away in the bank. I'd like to know what he's doin' here in town when the meet's open at Belmont."

"Friend of yours?"

Smiling Jimmie shrugged. "We don't get on so good," he said. "Oh, we speak an' all that, but—you know. I like a guy who'll take a chance with his own dough."

"Never bets any of his own, huh?"

"Not a thin dime."

"Don't have any trouble gettin' people to back him, huh?"

Smiling Jimmie laughed. "The way he picks 'em? I should say not! They fight for a chance to give it to him."

"He's good, huh?"

"Best I ever knew."

"Just gives tips, huh?"

"Not him!" said Smiling Jimmie. "He gives nothin' except a square cut in the winnin's to the people who stake him. They give him the money an' he goes to the track an' bets it."

"Just give it to him, huh? How do they know whether ——"

"They don't," said Smiling Jimmie. "They take that chance along with the rest of 'em. He's a surly pup an' I don't like his racket, but I'll say this for him—he's honest—up an' up, all the way."

"Is, huh?"

"Absolutely!" said Smiling Jimmie. "He's handled hundreds o' thousands o' dollars o' O. P. M. an' I'd stake my life he never short-changed a backer yet."

"Well!" said Brewer.

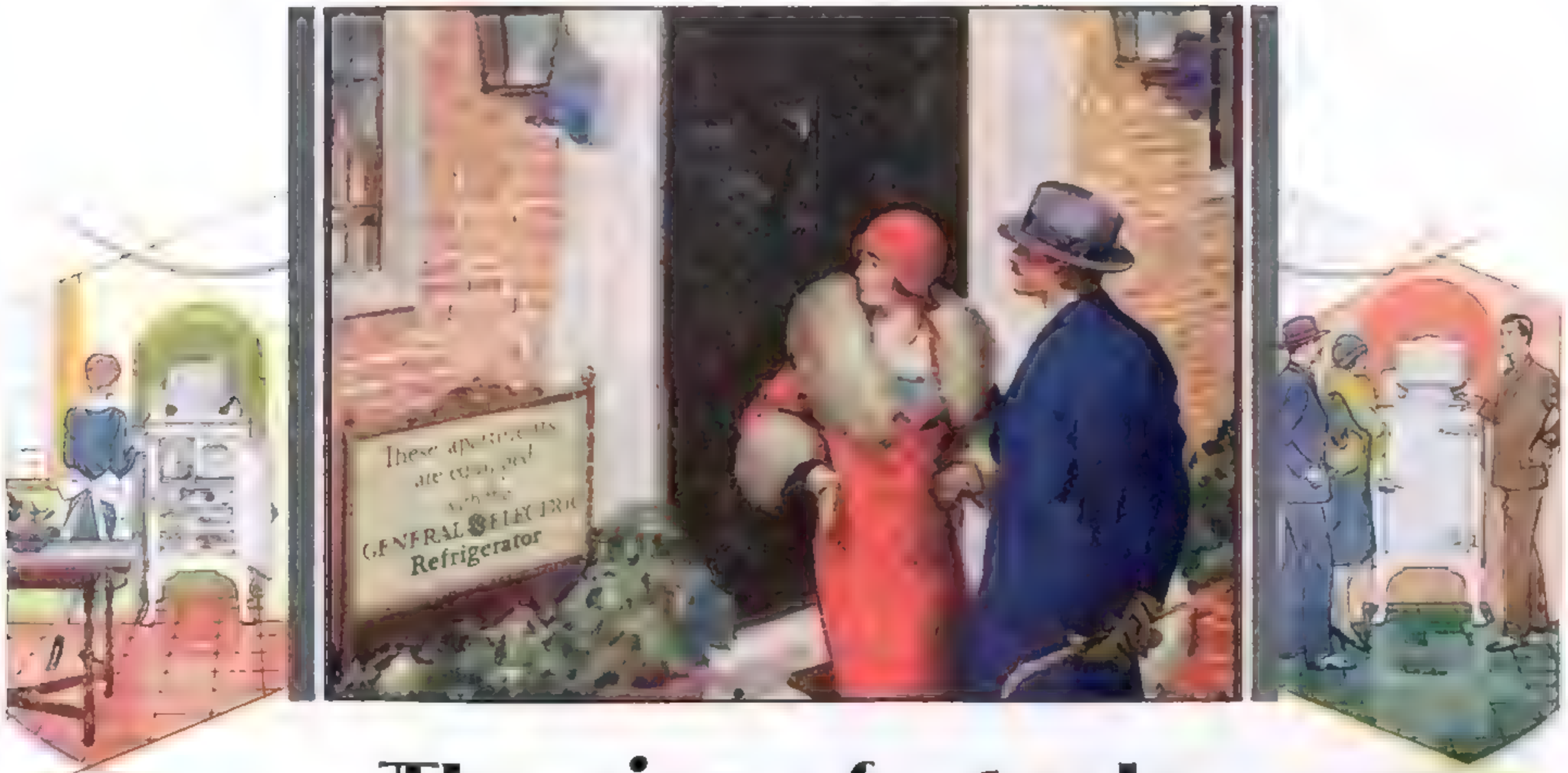
"Know what I saw him do last winter?" Smiling Jimmie went on. "A fellow in the truckin' business down there in New Orleans staked him to five hundred fish handed it to him on the Q. T. The kid comes to the track an' picks the card. Beat every race an' kept sendin' it right along as fast as he got it. Bet it right back at 'em race after race an' finished the day thirty-two thousan' on top."

"Thirty-two thousand!" Brewer exclaimed. "Off five hundred?"

"Sure did! The next mornin' he went around to cut with this guy that staked him. You know what?" Brewer shook his head. "The button had popped off durin' the night—heart failure. You know what?" Again a headshake. "This Tyler—the Whinin' Kid—he goes around an' looks up this ape's widow, gives her back the five yards o' stake money he'd worked with an' cut the thirty-two grand right up the middle with her. Didn't have to do it. Nobody knew anything about the five hundred but the Whinin' Kid an' the guy that had gone over the fence. He could o' kept it all an' nobody'd been the wiser."

"Well!" said Brewer. "What d'you know!"

(Continued on Page 52)



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With the new unbreakable Bakelite top 4241

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-2000, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.
Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)

(Continued from Page 50)

The Whining Kid had walked a block to the main street and disappeared, turning to the left. Brewer and Smiling Jimmie walked to the main street also, turned to the left and continued half a block to Brewer's restaurant. Brewer opened the screen door and held it for Jimmie to walk in. Jimmie started in, stopped and backed swiftly out.

"He's in there," he whispered to Brewer in explanation.

"Mr. Tyler?"

"Yeh. I'll come in some other time. I don't want to see him."

"Oh, come ahead."

"No. He'd only talk horses with me an' I've talked too much o' that today already. I don't like him very well, anyhow. I'll come in for breakfast in the mornin'."

"Well," said Brewer, "of course if you —— You'll be around for breakfast sure, huh?"

"Sure thing."

"See you then. Mighty glad to have met you, old man. See you in the morning."

"Sure! An' listen. Whatever you do, don't tell the Whinin' Kid I'm in town. I don't want to be bothered with him."

"Oh, sure not," Brewer promised. "That's all right. See you in the morning."

Smiling Jimmie ate a leisurely dinner at another restaurant and then returned to the Brewers'. He sat on the front porch, rocking, smoking. It was deep dusk. The street lights were on. An occasional auto rolled by. Couples passed, strolling, talking low. Somewhere near, a radio was tuned in on dinner music from a New York hotel. Jimmie heard a step on the porch. It was Mrs. Brewer.

"Oh—howdy?" he said, starting to rise.

"Don't get up, Mr. McCann," she said. "I just come out to set a spell." She settled into a rocker near him and sighed.

"Mind my smokin'?" Jimmie inquired.

"Not a bit," she said heartily. "Jim smokes all the time. Mr. Brewer, he smoked a lot too. I m used to it." A bit of silence. "You do somethin' or other around a race track, don't you?"

"Yeh," said Smiling Jimmie. "How'd you know?"

"I was in the parlor when you was talking to my boy out here," she explained.

"Oh!" said Jimmie.

She leaned toward him and patted his arm.

"I could o' just run right out here an' hugged you for what you said to him," she said, a quaver of near-tears in her voice. "I think that talkin' to you gave him'll do him some good."

"Oh," said Jimmie. "Yeh?"

"He won't listen to me, 'cause he says I don't know anything about it. He can't say that about you, though, can he?"

"No," said Jimmie. "No, he can't say that."

"I been awful worried about Jim," she confessed. "He's a good boy at heart. But he's —— Well, his pa was kind o' wild in his ways."

"Yeh?" said Jimmie.

"Not but what he was a good man," Mrs. Brewer said hastily. "I wouldn't want you to think I meant anything really bad. But he —— Well, he lost our home one time, bettin' on a horse race up to the Danbury Fair. We used to live over in Connecticut then."

"Yeh?" said Jimmie. "That was tough."

"It was, kind of," she said. "He worked hard an' we got along all right, but —— Well, yes, it was hard."

"Um!" said Jimmie.

"I don't know but what the worry about it was what took him off before his time. He was only fifty-two when he died."

"Tough," said Jimmie.

"That's why I worry so about Jim," she went on. "'Bout five years ago his aunt left him three thousan' dollars, an' you know what?"

"I guess maybe I do," Jimmie said. "He blew it at the track, huh?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Brewer. "Oh, he was sure he could take that much an' make a lot o' money. He got acquainted with some fellows who was going to tell him the horses that was going to win, an' ——"

Jimmie said something.

"What?" said Mrs. Brewer.

"Nothin'," said Jimmie shortly. "I got a kind of a little frog in my throat."

"You want to take care o' yourself this time o' year," she said anxiously. "There's lots o' summer colds goin' around right now. I heard you tellin' Jim you wasn't very well lately."

"Oh, I'm all right," Jimmie assured her. "Little tired, that's all."

"I got a kind of a medicine upstairs I wisht you'd try," she said. "There used to be an old doctor lived up in the woods here back of Lake Oscawana made it up. He'd studied with some Indians somewheres out West an' he made it out o' roots an' herbs an' stuff they taught him about. It's kind o' somethin' like a tonic. I've took it for all kinds o' things an' it's grand. Could I get you some?"

"Not right now," said Jimmie. "Maybe tomorrow."

"Just let me know if you're feelin' peaked, 'cause I'm sure that'll help you."

"Thanks," said Jimmie. "I'll be all right."

"It's a real nice night, ain't it?"

"Sure," said Jimmie. "Yeh, fine."

She sighed and rose. "Well, I'll be gettin' to bed, I guess. . . . I'm just awful obliged to you for talkin' to Jim like you done. Comin' from you, I think maybe he'll listen."

"Yeh," said Jimmie, "he might."

"Your room all right?"

"Fine!"

"You want anything just let me know."

"Sure!"

"Good night."

"Good night, Mrs. Brewer."

She went inside. Jimmie heard her slow step on the creaking stairs. It was full dark.

He got up and strolled down the street to the hotel. There he chose a chair in a dark corner of the veranda and sat quiet except for the movement necessary to the continual consumption of cigarettes. Nine o'clock—ten o'clock—10:30. The Whining Kid came into view, strolling up the street in close confab with Jim Brewer. They stopped in front of the hotel. After a few minutes' talk, the Whining Kid excused himself.

"I got some people to call up an' a fellow to see," Jimmie heard the Whining Kid say importantly. "I'll get in touch with you as soon's anything happens."

Brewer's answer was too low for Jimmie to catch, but he heard the Whining Kid: "Aw, that's all right. Mostly I don't do any business with strangers, but —— Well, you made a kind of a hit with me the way you come at me, an' ——" His voice trailed off. After a little they said good night. The Whining Kid hurried into the hotel. Brewer walked up the street in the direction of his home. Smiling Jimmie rose, slipped around to a side entrance and walked up the stairs to the Whining Kid's room.

"Click?" he asked, stepping in and closing the door.

"Click!" said the Whining Kid gleefully. "Jimmie, you sure did ready that one up right! If I hadn't took his money when I did, I bet he'd o' called in his gang an' held a gun on me while they shoved it into my pocket."

"How much?"

"Eight hundred."

The Whining Kid opened his coat, undid a safety pin, clasped through the top of the inner breast pocket, and drew forth a roll of bills neatly encircled by two large rubber bands.

"Eight hundred," he chuckled. "Count it."

"I won't bother," Smiling Jimmie said, sitting on the bed and thoughtfully fingering the roll. "You ducking?"

Continued on Page 55

IT IS SO WELL MADE
THAT YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO BREAK IT IN

A Lincoln sport roadster, with body by Locke, the property of George U. Harris, Esq., of New York, photographed on his estate at Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

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(Continued from Page 52

"On the 11:20 for New York," the Whining Kid said. "I'm goin' to shave first. We got our bank roll for Belmont, ain't we?"

He threw his coat, vest and hat on a chair and disappeared in the bathroom. "You comin' with me?" he called out.

"Think I'd best stick over an' come down in the mornin'," Smiling Jimmie said. "Look better. See you at the track before the first race."

"Sure," said the Whining Kid, busy with a lathered brush. "Take four hundred o' that, an' then if we don't get together before the first race, why ——"

"No," said Smiling Jimmie. "You keep the whole roll, Kid, an' be sure an' see me before the first race—around Gallagher's book. I don't want any o' this dough on me tomorrow morning. It might be marked an' the ape might get somethin' in his nose and call for a frisk."

"Maybe you're right," said the Whining Kid, scraping a path across his cheek with a safety razor.

"Been there in the restaurant with him all this time?" Smiling Jimmie asked.

"No," said the Whining Kid. He hesitated for just a fraction of time. "He took me around an' staked me to some o' his hick buddies, makin' himself out a big shot for havin' me along." Another slight bit of hesitation. "I rolled a couple o' fistfuls o' dice in a little crap game one place we went to."

"Yeh?" said Smiling Jimmie. "How'd you do?"

"Haircut money," the Whining Kid said scornfully. "I win ten bucks. Wasn't much more'n that in the game."

Smiling Jimmie reached cautiously out, picked the Whining Kid's hat from the chair and ran his fingers around inside the band. He found a strip of bills folded lengthwise. One hundred and eighty dollars! He did quick things with other bills from his own pocket—a five and five singles. When the hat went back on the chair the one-eighty was in Smiling Jimmie's pocket and the five and five ones were in the Whining Kid's hatband.

The Whining Kid came from the bathroom, wiping his face. Smiling Jimmie was sitting on the bed, still thoughtfully fingering the roll of bills encircled with the two rubber bands.

"I got to be duckin'," the Whining Kid said, knotting his tie. "Better take a cut o' that eight hundred."

"No," said Smiling Jimmie. "I got plenty left out o' what Monahan give us—plenty to pay up here an' get down to town with." He handed the Whining Kid the roll. "Stick that in your inside kick an' pin it there tight," he said anxiously. "That's our bank roll for Belmont an' we don't want anything funny to happen to it."

"Believe me!" said the Whining Kid fervently, as he tucked it into the inner breast pocket of his coat and fastened it tight with a safety pin.

He picked up his hat and carelessly ran his finger around the inner band before he clapped it on his head, satisfied with the long thin strip of bills he had felt. "Well, I'll be breezin'."

"See you tomorrow," said Smiling Jimmie, rising, "before the first race."

"Right," said the Whining Kid.

"I'm goin' down the stairs an' out the side way. Got enough chicken feed in your pants to pay your bill?"

"Sure," said the Whining Kid largely. He drew a crumpled handful of fives, ones and tens from his pants pocket. "What Monahan gimme an' the ten I won in the crap game," he said.

"Right," said Smiling Jimmie. "Lam now. See you tomorrow."

Jim Brewer was seated on the front steps of the porch when Smiling Jimmie came up the walk. Jimmie greeted him, sat beside him and lit a cigarette.

"I was talkin' to your old lady tonight," he said.

"Oh," said Brewer. "My mother?"

"Yeh," said Jimmie. "She wanted to fix me up with some o' her medicine."

Brewer laughed. "That old herb tonic o' hers!" he said. "Good for man or beast, cures corns or a cold, strengthens your lungs and tones up your liver — Ma's funny."

"Yeh?" said Smiling Jimmie. "Say, listen — "

He talked steadily to Brewer for the better part of an hour. At 1:40 in the morning he was at the railroad station and climbed aboard the last train for New York. Arrived there, he bought a Racing Form and hurried to a lunch room, where he drank several cups of coffee and smoked many cigarettes, meanwhile intently studying the entries. At four o'clock in the morning he was aboard a Long Island train bound for Queens. There were a number of trainers, jockeys and exercise boys of his acquaintance on the same train and he spoke earnestly with several of them. At Queens he took a taxi across to Belmont Park and hurried into the inclosure. Dawn was just beginning. A few horses were on the track, faintly visible in the dim light. The stables gave forth the sound of sleepy men, cursing grumpily at their early tasks. Here and there the jerky bob of a carried lantern.

Smiling Jimmie went to work with all the absorbed intensity of an eager hound with his nose to a mystifying scent trail. He was looking for a good thing. He went from group to group along the rail and from barn to barn on the rear side. He was going strong when the sun came up and still hard at it in the early afternoon when the first cash customers appeared on the lawn. The bugle had blown for the first race when Smiling Jimmie, drawn and unshaven, elbowed through the ring of betters around one of the books and laid down one hundred and seventy dollars at odds of ten to one on a filly registered as Kinky Mulloy. He watched the race from a remote corner of the grand stand, watched his choice cop the dash, eased up, with a couple of lengths to spare. Only then did the intent, drawn expression fade from his face. His features melted into a smile. He whistled as he walked jauntily to the lawn and collected from the book's cashier—collected the neat little sum of seventeen hundred dollars, plus the one hundred and seventy he had bet, giving him a total on hand of eighteen hundred and seventy dollars.

Whistling and swaggering, he shouldered through the crowd until he located Half Pint Monahan. To him he handed six hundred and twenty-three dollars of the amount he had just won.

"There's your stake back an' a fair profit, Half Pint," he said jovially. "It's a third of the take. Any time you want to see money grow, just plant it on me."

Monahan stared at the bills and then looked curiously at Smiling Jimmie.

"Money's money an' I don't ask questions about what happened to it before it gets into my pocket," he said. "Somethin' funny, though. The Whining Kid was around this mornin' all full o' trouble, tellin' me the sucker gypped him "

"Well, who do you believe," Smiling Jimmie asked—"the Whinin' Kid or the money?"

"I'll string with the money," Monahan declared, stuffing the bills in his pockets. "Seen the Whinin' Kid?"

"Huntin' for him," said Jimmie.

"There he is," said Monahan, "down by the rail."

Smiling Jimmie looked and laughed. The Whining Kid, sagging on the rail, was a figure of complete dejection. Jimmie swaggered up to him and clapped him on the back.

"Where you been, fella?" he asked boisterously. "Thought you were goin' to see me before the first race."

"Oh, Jimmie," the Whining Kid wailed, "I been took! Honest, I have! You got to believe me, Jimmie! I know you won't, but you got to. The sucker did me! Honest he did, Jimmie. He switched the roll on me an' sent me away with only one twenty-buck bill an' four ones wrapped up around some newspaper—honest, Jimmie. An' that ain't all. He stung me for a hundred an' seventy fish. Yes, he did! I won it in that crap game an' he frisked my hat band for it an' left me a five-smacker an' five ones! I ain't lyin', Jimmie. He took me!"

"You ain't lyin'!" Jimmie said sternly. "You say you won a hundred an' seventy in that crap game? You told me only ten!"

"I was lyin' then," the Whining Kid confessed miserably. "I ain't now. The crap money was on the side, anyhow, Jimmie. I didn't have to cut that with you."

"You didn't have to lie to me about it, either," Jimmie reproved him. "Here, Kid, here's your cut o' the bank roll for Belmont—six hundred an' twenty-three thumb nails."

"Jimmie!" the Whining Kid gasped. "Where'd you get it?"

"Stole the makin's of it out o' your hatband," said Smiling Jimmie. "The rest of it I made on a good thing I uncovered by diggin' around this mornin'. I give Monahan a third cut o' the wad an' that's yours."

"You—you frisked my hatband?"

"I did," said Smiling Jimmie. "I switched that roll on you too."

"Say," the Whining Kid blustered, "you got a nerve. Why ——"

"Shut up!" said Smiling Jimmie. "You got a pocketful o' money. What are you kickin' about?"

"What about that eight hundred I got from the sucker?"

"I give it back to the beeaark," said Smiling Jimmie.

"You give it back!" the Whining Kid cried

"'T was wrong dough," said Smiling Jimmie.

"Counterfeit?" the Whining Kid cried.

"Mother money," said Smiling Jimmie.

"What?" said the Whining Kid.

"Never mind," said Smiling Jimmie. "You wouldn't know about that. You got yours, so make yourself a little bet on this next race an' forget the rest."

"You're a nut!" the Whining Kid growled.

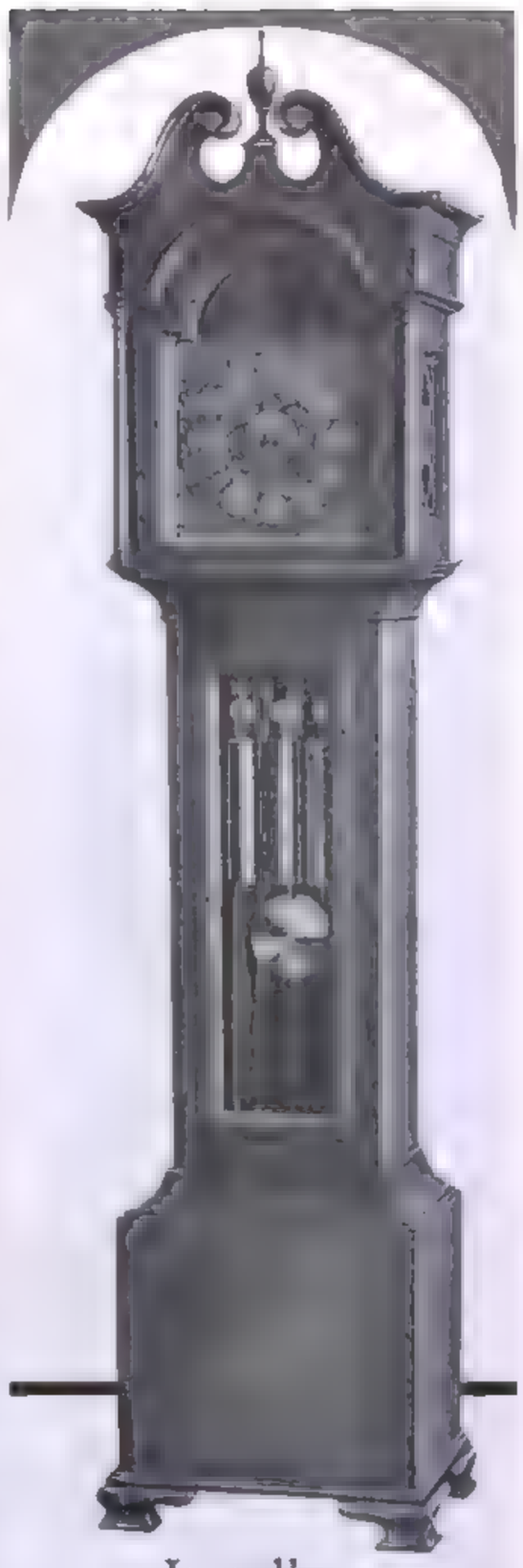
Fifty miles away up the Hudson, Jim Brewer and his mother sat on the front porch speaking of Smiling Jimmie in more complimentary terms.

"I'll never be such a fool again, ma," the chastened and respectful young man promised. "He cured me."

"He was a nice boy," Mrs. Brewer declared. "I wish he'd took some o' that tonic o' mine. It might o' helped him."

Smiling Jimmie, seated in the grand stand at that moment, watching the running of the second race with carefree eyes, gave no appearance of needing help. The band was playing a popular air and Smiling Jimmie was singing blithely, the while he fingered the roll of bills in his pocket: "Blue skies, smiling on me. Nothing but blue skies, do I see."

Mount Shuksan in Mount Baker National Forest, Washington



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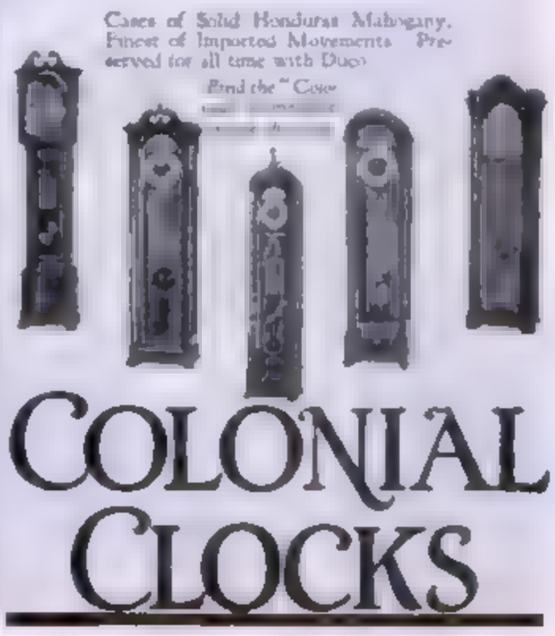
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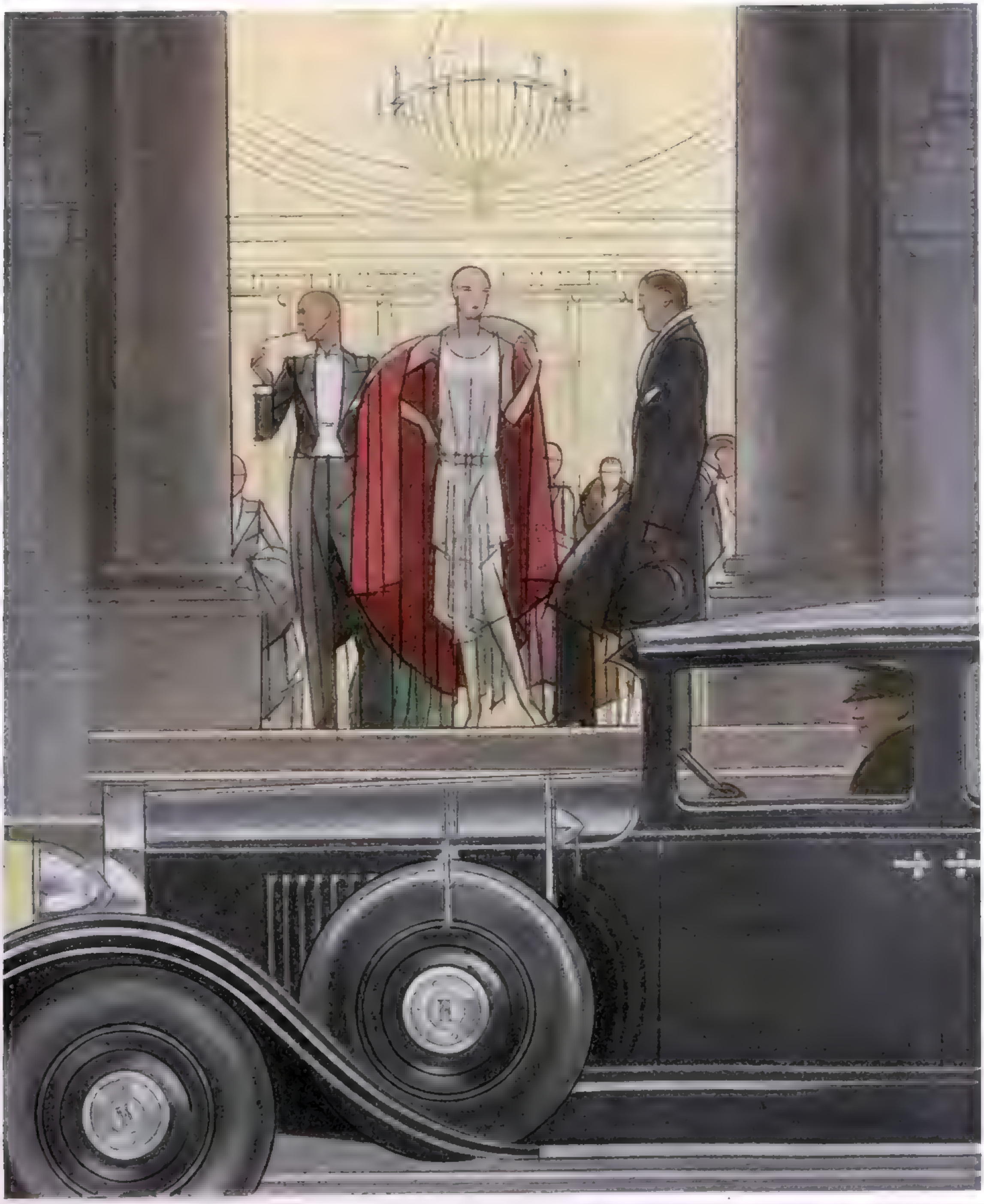

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Genuine Alemite-ing Stations now are everywhere. The yellow sign shown here identifies them. Efficient mechanics serve you in those stations. Genuine Alemite Lubricants, especially for use in the Alemite and Alemite-Zerk Systems and made by the makers of those systems themselves, are used in those stations. Consider what that means.

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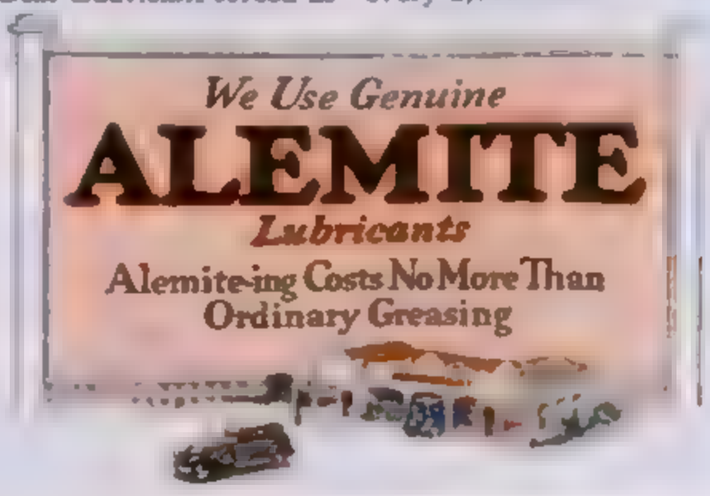

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ALEMITE ALEMITE-ZERK

FIRST AID TO THE UNDERTAKER

(Continued from Page 10)

strange in his new occupation, that the authorities were compelled to pass laws limiting the rate of speed at which the machine might legally travel. Roads and streets were then so poorly constructed and so miserably maintained that the top speed limit was about all that could be desired. Even now fifteen-mile signs are frequently found in hamlets the streets of which are so terrible that not even a proverbial speed demon would attempt to drive so fast. In the early days of the car twenty or twenty-five miles an hour was the mechanical limit. Despite the marvelous advances in automobile engineering—in the perfection of motors, tires, steering apparatus and brakes—the limit today in most states is thirty or thirty-five miles an hour.

It is not mere speed that wrecks cars. It is the use of it at times and in places where it is dangerous. Speed is relative. An automobile in the hands of a careless operator is sometimes a menace at ten miles an hour. That fact is recognized in Michigan's motor law.

It will be observed that in Michigan the so-called "hearse driver" falls within the provisions of the regulatory clause. The laws of the great majority of American states contain no mention of a minimum speed limit—a rate slower than which no car may be operated upon a public highway. In several states, however, orders have issued from motor-vehicle administrators or state highway officials directing machines to travel above a certain rate of speed and forbidding the practice known as "dawdling," which is productive of so much trouble. Strictly interpreted, the average speed-limit clause permits a driver to travel as slowly as he pleases, and is taken advantage of by thoughtless men and women who care nothing for the comfort and convenience of other road users. On any main thoroughfare, particularly on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, one frequently overtakes a long procession led by a dawdler who insists on maintaining a fifteen or twenty mile limit. Eventually some of the drivers in the line become impatient, and although the on-coming traffic stream is also heavy, these drivers resort to cutting out and cutting in, in the effort to leave the wake of the hearse driver. Naturally accidents occur. The drivers involved are vituperatively critical of one another's driving ability and lack of judgment—if they are still physically fit to take part in a discussion. The hearse driver, however, pursues the even tenor of his way, seemingly ignorant of the destruction he has caused, and doubtless voicing inwardly the remark of the ancient Pharisee who thanked God he was not as other men! In Pennsylvania members of the State Motor Patrol are under orders to remove dawdlers from the highway until the cars following them are out of the way. If the state's motor code contained a minimum speed provision, and were that provision enforced, many accidents would be prevented.

Really No Accidents

The word "accident" is a misnomer when applied to the majority of vehicular crashes. According to the dictionary, an accident is an event which takes place without one's foresight or expectation. But the careless and inattentive driver can be sure that eventually he will be involved in a collision with another vehicle, or that his machine will leave the highway, or crash into a head wall, or that he will run down a pedestrian. Drivers may violate a man-made law with impunity, but the law of averages is unbeatable. Many drivers imagine a motor-vehicle law is an infringement upon their personal liberty, but two laws far more drastic, and impossible to break successfully for any length of time, are the law of gravity and the law governing a body in motion. So there are really no accidents.

Does a machine come unexpectedly from a side road or a side street? The resulting smash is the fault of one or both drivers, who failed to have their cars under control at an intersection. Two cars collide on a curve or at the crest of a hill. Which operator had tooled his vehicle beyond the limit of his own traffic lane? Is a pedestrian cut down? Was he at fault because he chose to cross the highway in the center of the block or in defiance of a traffic signal? Or was the driver at fault because he was inattentive or ignored the ordinary rules of caution?

Motor vehicles do not wreck themselves. A human being is at fault in the vast majority of accidents. Failures of primary mechanical parts are so infrequent as to be negligible in number. But suppose brakes do not hold and an accident occurs. The fault is not with the brakes; it is with the owner or operator who neglected their repair or adjustment. No driver who is qualified to possess a license can be ignorant, for more than a few minutes after his machine is in motion, of the fact that his brakes are insufficient. To confess one's ignorance that brakes are bad is to confess, too, that one's knowledge of automobiles is so small that the driving privilege should be withheld.

Blind Men on the Road

A prolific source of accidents is found in the inability of many drivers to gauge distance accurately. This is the reason for the thousands of scarred and disfigured fenders. I am not alone in the belief that the outward appearance and the mechanical condition of a motor car accurately reflect several qualities or characteristics of its owner. It is logical to assume that a car is in bad condition for one of three reasons: The owner is careless or he is without pride or he is without means to effect repairs. But the chief reason is carelessness.

The matter of eyesight has been taken up within recent months by the Eastern Conference of Motor Vehicle Administrators. The average motor law provides that a driver must possess at least 20 per cent of normal vision—that is, the law in those states which require a driver's license. So far no state has written into its law the provision that possession of this percentage must be established through examination of applicants by accredited specialists.

Motor-vehicle administrators are of the opinion that poor vision is more widespread than is generally believed. During the past few months I have sent quite a large number of applicants for drivers' cards to eye specialists. I am amazed at the results of the tests. A great many applicants are color blind. Others are half blind at night.

It is the opinion of opticians, optometrists and oculists that the motor-law provision calling for 20 per cent of normal vision is a ridiculous requirement, because a human being with only that percentage is almost blind. But that was not known when the law was first adopted. I am told that with only 20 per cent of normal eyesight no man can distinguish objects twenty feet away. For that reason I have suggested that the Pennsylvania requirement be changed to 50 per cent of normal. Other administrators are doing likewise in their own states.

When state laws require drivers to prove to specialists that they can see well enough to handle a motor car, thousands of cards will be revoked and many licenses will be refused each year, because of the affliction known as tunnel vision. Normally a person whose eyes are focused in a certain direction is conscious of objects at the right and left, and above and below those at which he is looking. But the human being with tunnel vision sees only what the term suggests—the objects at which he is looking. A foot away, or two feet away, a blank wall begins. Imagine what a menace to other road users such a driver can be! The average operator sees a great deal out of what he calls "the tail of his eye," but the unfortunate with tunnel vision is blind to everything except that which exists or occurs at the end of his ocular tunnel. Under no circumstances should such a person be permitted to drive a car or truck.

I hesitate to hazard a guess as to the number of accidents which can be blamed upon faulty vision of drivers or pedestrians. The unfortunate part of it is that many of these afflicted persons really do not realize how poor their eyesight is. They do not know what normal people can see. They do not know why they have crashed or caused a crash.

Railroads are careful that members of train crews have good vision. Examinations are held at frequent intervals. These men operate trains on immovable rails, along a course from which there can be no deviation. But American states, with an indifference that is surprising, seem to care very little about the eyesight of 25,000,000 engineers who operate on public highways.

Faulty eyesight is undoubtedly responsible for the inability of many persons accurately to gauge distance. In a recent test in Pennsylvania it was discovered that several drivers, when directed to pass another machine, leaving a space of two inches between their own right fenders and the left fenders of the other car, actually passed at a distance of eight or ten inches, and were surprised and chagrined when told there was room enough between the cars for a man to stand sidewise. Two operators, directed to try again, crashed into the rear bumper of the second machine. One man, told to take his machine between two cars parked so as to give him clearance of an inch on each side, refused absolutely to attempt it, while another passed successfully between the two at the rate of thirty miles an hour. This tight squeeze was altogether too much for the majority of those who underwent the test.

In the case of eyesight, however, the driver alone is at fault. If his eyesight is so bad that he should wear spectacles, but doesn't, he is negligent. If his vision is so poor that even spectacles will not correct it he should not attempt to operate.

His Mind Not on the Job

Recently members of the Conference of Motor Vehicle Administrators were asked whether in their opinion the so-called big business man can be considered a success as a motor-vehicle operator, and if not why not.

The conference was almost unanimous in the declaration that the man who carries upon his shoulders the weight of a huge business is not a good driver. The reason is very simple. His mind refuses to forget the problems which confront him and his associates. His thoughts are continually reverting to something that has occurred, that will occur, or is pending. His brain is not on the job at hand—which is that of driving a car. But he is not alone. Any man or woman who is worried or annoyed is a poor driver as long as his or her mind is occupied with its perplexities. Each is guilty of inattention, and inattention wrecks motor cars.

The humorous magazines, the column writers and facetious individuals for years have jested about back-seat drivers. Their references have been made in a spirit of levity, but as a matter of fact back-seat drivers or front-seat drivers who annoy the person at the wheel are responsible for a great many cemetery headstones. Driving a motor vehicle is a serious proposition. The car, if deviated from its course, may become a deadly projectile. When a machine is traveling at a rapid rate of speed—or even moderately rapid—a front-tire blow-out may result disastrously. Unless the driver is alert at the instant it happens, his machine may swerve into the path of an on-coming vehicle or leave the road and

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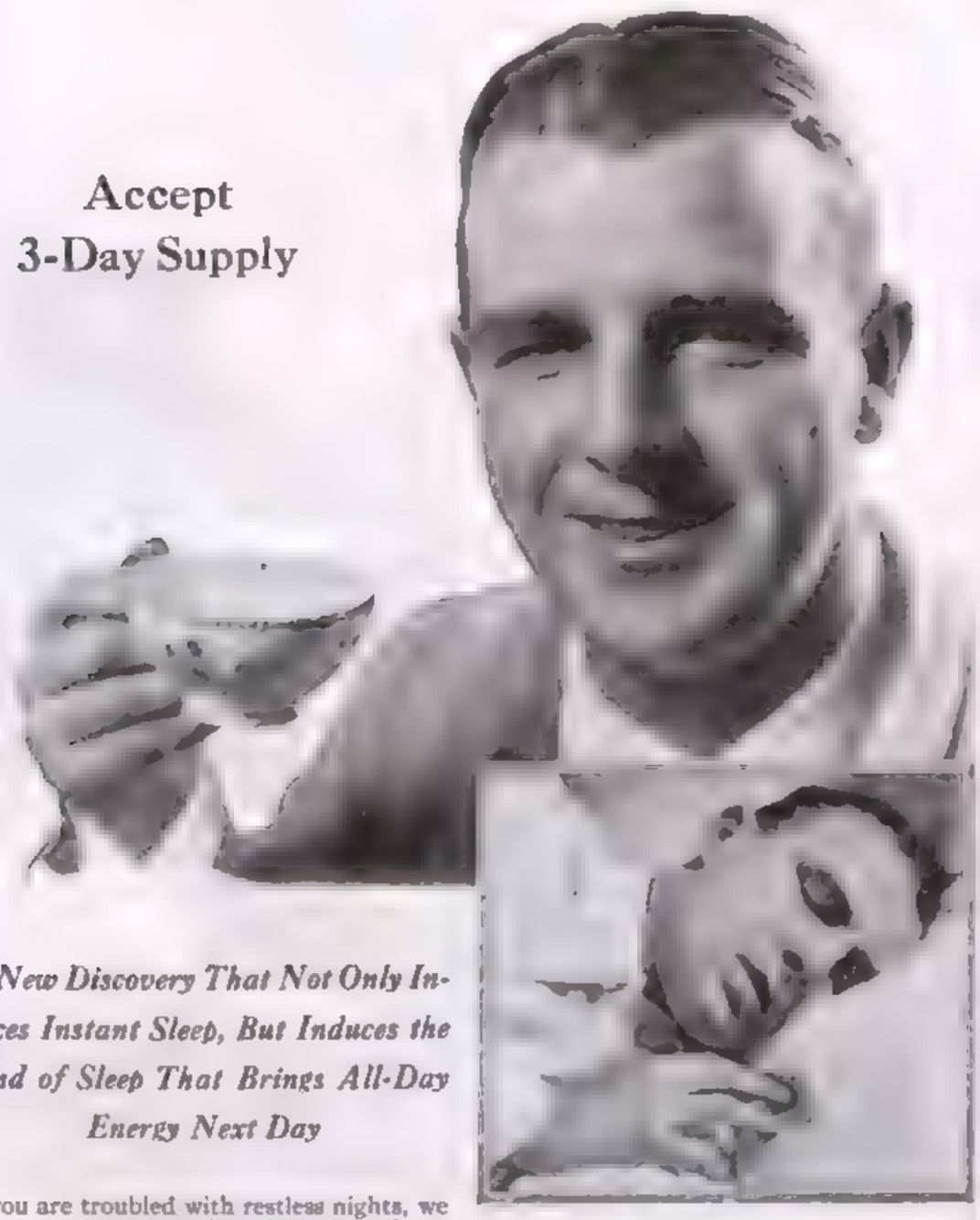

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crash into a ditch, a pole or other obstruction on the right. There is a remote chance that the steering mechanism may fail. The left-rear tire may let go suddenly, and the resultant swinging of the rear end may cause disaster. Any number of unexpected things may happen. It follows, therefore, that the driver should have his mind on his work. Women who wrangle with their husbands, husbands who wrangle with their wives, men and women who constantly tender unnecessary advice, timid passengers—these and all other car occupants who plague or annoy the driver are accessories before the fact, if an accident occurs, and are actually more open to censure than the driver himself. They have brought inattention to life.

Not so long ago the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania—the state's highest court—took official cognizance of this matter, and in no uncertain fashion condemned interference by passengers. It is a serious proposition, and it will not be long before American states realize its importance and write into their motor laws a punishment for the offense.

There is a disposition on the part of many men to speak disparagingly of women drivers, but I am satisfied that a good woman driver is a far better driver than a good man. The average woman is as good as the average man, but a poor woman operator is something to cause consternation.

From her early teens woman quite naturally expects homage and deference from man. It is bred in her to expect men to be courteous. This idea continues uppermost in her mind when she has learned to drive a car, and, unfortunately, gets her into a great deal of trouble. Subconsciously she expects that the male driver of another car will, theoretically speaking, bow politely and yield the right of way. And of course he doesn't. Police officers tell me women drivers are inclined to take liberties men would not think of attempting. It is evidence that woman's mind harks back to a more chivalrous age. Of course among the generation of boy and girl drivers eighteen or nineteen years of age there is nothing of this sort; the girls expect no more from boys than from other girls. But their mothers and aunts and older sisters are different.

Woman's Intuition

A woman's natural intuition stands her in good stead. I have seen a girl perform a driving stunt not exactly illegal and not exactly discourteous, but inclining toward both and toward danger. The average man would not think of trying such a thing, but this girl got away with it. "I just knew I could do it," she said.

The best driver I know is a girl twenty-four years of age. She has perfect control of her car, she has good judgment, she gauges distance accurately, she is courteous; and whether her machine is traveling at six or at sixty miles an hour, she can be expected to do the right thing at the right time. As I have said, an expert woman driver is an expert man driver's superior.

The rank discourtesy of motor-vehicle operators is responsible for blinker signals at street intersections and the protuberances from the pavement which compel vehicles to turn corners properly. Highway congestion plus a lack of regard for the rights of others was responsible, first, for the traffic officer, and, later, the automatic stop-and-go signal. It is true that numerous municipalities have run wild in the placing of automatic safety signals, but that portion of motordom which is just naturally addle-pated is to blame for the overcautiousness of city councils or safety departments. For extraordinarily heavy traffic an automatic signal is a deterrent rather than an aid, as was discovered some years ago in the larger cities. Traffic direction at first was in the hands of police officers, but introduction of automatic devices sent these men back to the sidewalks. Eventually the authorities learned that no arbitrarily operated mechanical device is the equal of a man on the job.

Automatic signals are quite sufficient for traffic on the average street or highway. Synchronization of these signals is a thing of the past, and where their use continues over a distance of blocks the flashes are staggered; in other words, the motorist traveling at a rate of fifteen to twenty miles an hour will find the green awaiting him at every signal-controlled intersection. Proper timing of the red, green and amber not only gets vehicular traffic out of the way and protects it from cross-street movements, but protects the pedestrian.

Blinded by Light

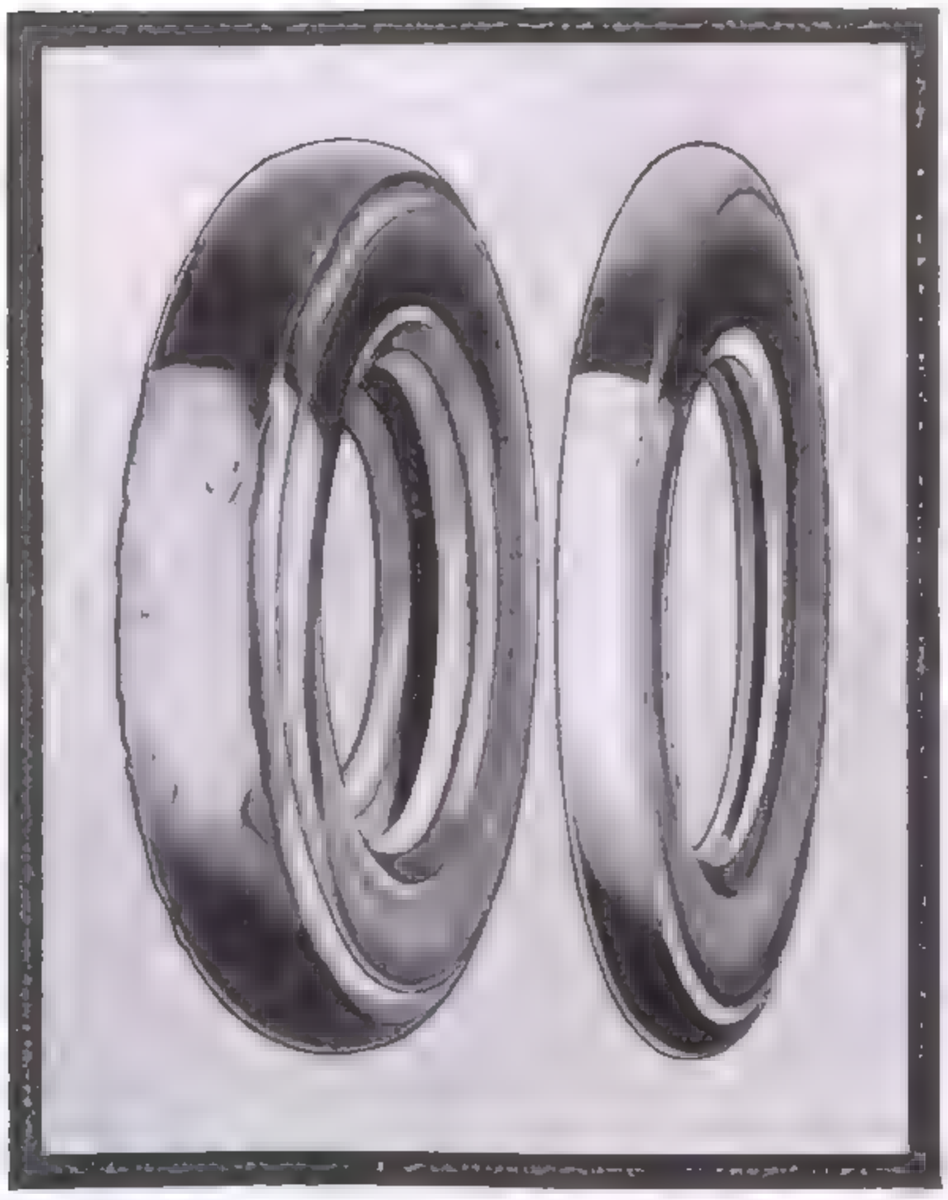
The pedestrian is still a part of this great democracy, and that is why efforts are being made to make it safe for him. The Hoover uniform-traffic code, which is being adopted by many states, impresses on automobilists the fact that the pedestrian is as much entitled to safe conduct as the car driver and his passengers. At intersections where traffic is controlled the right of way depends, of course, upon the signal, but at every other intersection or highway juncture the pedestrian has absolute right of way. This is a fact apparently not known to seven of every ten drivers, and at the average intersection, were the foot passenger to take the right of way which belongs to him, he would be gathered to his fathers in short order. The swaggering contempt of the citizen in the car for the citizen on foot is wonderful to behold. I find it impossible to comprehend the state of mind of the habitual horn blower who travels at breakneck speed wherever he goes, relying upon the raucous sound of the horn to clear his path. He is selfish, thoughtless, inconsiderate and is responsible for nearly all the restrictions contained in the motor laws. He is a confirmed corner cutter, than which there is no greater breach of the rules of courtesy and caution. I am in favor of revoking the license of drivers addicted to this asinine practice.

A prolific source of night accidents is the presence on the road of motor vehicles with glaring head lamps, and it can be taken for granted that the owner or driver of such a machine is careless, inattentive and discourteous. Nonglare lamps will come some day, but in the meantime there is no more excuse for lamps which blind on-coming drivers than there is for defective brakes. In fact not so much, because lamp adjustments are so simple that any driver can make them if he desires.

The excuse of the average owner is that he "didn't know they glared." Perhaps he didn't, but his ignorance stamps him as a person whose right to operate a motor vehicle is questionable. Any head lamp which illuminates the tops of trees or of poles along the road is a glaring lamp. The object is to illuminate the road surface—not to disturb birds nesting in the trees. An upward-tilted beam of light must blind the on-coming driver, and until the lamps have passed and his eyes are again accustomed to normal conditions—which is a matter of several seconds—the blinded driver is helpless; his machine is practically without an operator. "Out of luck" in every sense of that phrase are pedestrians who chance to be in the path of this car—or horse-drawn vehicles or motor cars stopped on the highway. An accident must happen—or, I should say, a smash. It is easy to suggest that the blinded operator should stop his car, but perhaps he has a desire to get home that same night.

To operate with glaring lamps is to be guilty again of inattention, an offense not simply confined to the business of actually driving the car, but to keeping it in condition. Even human beings get out of order, and no man-made mechanism has eternal life or a perfect existence. When I hear an owner boast that in thirty thousand miles he has spent only $2.65 for repairs, I place him in one of two categories: He is a direct descendant of Baron Münchhausen or he is withholding from his machine the treatment to which it is entitled.

(Continued on Page 62)



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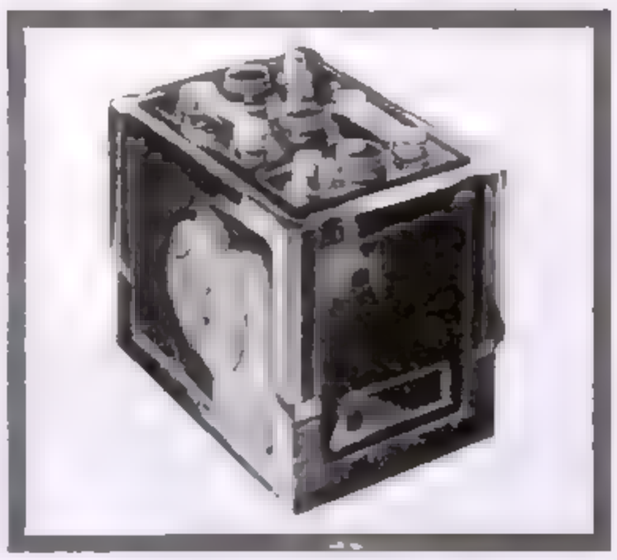

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STORAGE BATTERIES

Willard

(Continued from Page 60)

I have said that road accidents are rarely the result of mechanical failures, but I should qualify the statement by adding that it is only true of the normal mechanism. It is not true of cars or trucks operating on borrowed time. The nonogenarian or centenarian is not the man he was at seventy, the three score and ten years allotted him on this earth, nor is that commercial or passenger vehicle in good condition which has lived its natural life, or which, because of abuse or neglect, is a clattering assemblage of junk. The highways of America contain many mechanical counterparts of the wonderful one-hoss shay which disintegrated in an instant, and at any moment one of these decrepit vehicles may bring disaster to other road users.

That is why many states have written into their motor laws the proviso that the state highway department may refuse to register vehicles mechanically unfit; but the provision is practically worthless, because the departments have no means of knowing the actual condition of the machines. To a casual observer even the worst of them may seem to be all right.

Several months ago a number of Eastern states required that during a certain period owners of motor cars have them examined by capable mechanics. In Pennsylvania it was found that 58 per cent of all machines registered were defective in some way. For that reason an effort will be made to induce the present session of the Pennsylvania Legislature to amend the motor code, making it obligatory that at intervals named by the state highway department every automobile or truck in the commonwealth must be given a complete examination, and that the car carry with it a certification that needed repairs have been made.

Whether it was because of that month of examinations I cannot say, but reports of accidents in Pennsylvania during the year 1928 show a gratifying decrease in number.

An Ever-Present Menace

The average man's control of an automobile is so poor, even when he is sober, and his judgment so far from what it ought to be, that it naturally follows he is absolutely a menace when under the influence of liquor.

In Pennsylvania—and I believe the same ratio obtains in the country at large—70 per cent of the revocations of drivers' licenses are made because the operator was driving while intoxicated. It is impossible to estimate the number of drunken drivers who, to use a slang expression, "get away with it." To operate a motor car while intoxicated is merely to furnish evidence that one should never have been granted the privilege of driving. In my opinion men and women convicted of this offense should go to jail, even though no accident has occurred, because by becoming intoxicated the operator has made himself or herself a potential source of trouble. Revocation of licenses follows court convictions in many states, but there are not enough police officers in the entire world to prevent persons so punished from bootlegging illegal periods at the wheel. A fine will not stop drinkers from driving. Loss of license for a single year means very little, because I know of instances wherein men have lost their licenses for the third or fourth year. In some states laws provide that a habitual violator may have his license revoked for all time, but a police officer cannot be permanently assigned to each of these habituals to see that he obeys the injunction.

Too many judges are too lenient in their handling of persons convicted of drunken driving. Drags and pulls are too effective. The jail house for a lengthy period is the only punishment that will cure and prevent.

It is foolish to suggest that legal enactments will equip drivers with good judgment or a sense of proportion. I refer, of course, to those not naturally so equipped. Of what particular advantage is it to insist that mechanical equipment be nearly perfect, if we pay no heed to the mental equipment of those who handle the machines? The best we can hope for is that drivers will acquire cautiousness. How many operators know that when rear tires screech as a car rounds a curve the law governing a body in motion is combining with centrifugal force to produce an accident? How many seem to know that a burned or burning brake lining may suddenly become entirely useless, or cause the brakes to lock and wreck the car? How many make allowance for the fact that certain types of road surface are slippery in wet weather and that sudden application of brakes will transform a car into a runnered sled?

Too Much for One Man

How many drivers are prepared for the unexpected? I have said that speed in itself is not dangerous, but he is a very foolish person who travels faster than conditions justify. Beyond the crest of the hill, or around the curve, there may be a slow-moving horse-drawn vehicle, a parked car, a wreck, a detour barricade, a fallen tree or other hazard. That is why the Michigan motor law forbids operation "at a speed greater than will permit the driver to come to a stop within the assured clear distance ahead."

A friend of mine one afternoon was making time on a portion of the William Penn Highway, notable for its snaky curves. Suddenly, not fifty feet away, he saw a hay wagon, the driver of which, to protect his fodder from tree limbs on his own side of the road, was taking most of his half of the highway on my friend's portion. It was too late for the latter to slow down. He took the ditch, satisfied that he could get by, and he would have been successful had it not been that a frugal road engineer had placed a head wall in the ditch. To avoid this heavy piece of masonry the driver swung his machine through the rear of the load of hay, and the curve was so acute that he plunged head-on into a bowlder on the opposite side of the road. His machine was demolished and he was badly hurt. He is regarded as an excellent operator, not addicted to taking chances, and able to think rapidly in an emergency, but the combination of circumstances in this instance was too much for him. Such a combination may present itself at any time to any driver—I mean an unbeatable combination—and he will be fortunate indeed, afterward, if he is able to tell about it.

Mention of the agriculturists with their hay wagons reminds me that the majority of states require horse-drawn vehicles to display a light at night, but few farmers observe the provision. Were I an agriculturist I should no more think of venturing into a public highway at night in an unlighted wagon or buggy than I should expect to reach the earth uninjured were I to jump from a fourth-story window. Usually gray with dust or mud, the farm vehicle blends nicely into the general tone of the road ahead, and that there are not more casualties involving them is beyond my comprehension.

For a number of years highway departments and safety bureaus of many states and municipalities have gone deeply into the subject of motor-vehicle accidents, with the result that innumerable charts and countless reports are available. These studies prove only that the mistake or failure of a human being is responsible for almost every catastrophe. It may be interesting to the engineers to know that more accidents occur on Saturdays than on any other day of the week; that within municipal boundaries the great majority of crashes occur at street intersections or junctures; that collisions are most frequent during the hours of heaviest traffic movement. But these data really mean nothing at all—unless it is to marshal before us the unassailable evidence that to err at a vital moment is human. I suggest that all material of this sort be assembled under this general caption: When and Where Human Beings Cause Automobile Wrecks or Kill Pedestrians.

Highway Mental Hazards

Highway accidents occur in greatest number not on bad curves, or dangerous declines or inclines, or slippery pavements, at night, but on straight, level, dry sections during daylight hours. It is an illuminating commentary on the qualifications of the car-driving portion of our population. What law or laws can correct such a state of affairs? A low speed limit? Preposterous. Because in recent investigations an English authority discovered that 56 per cent of all smashes occur when machines involved are traveling at the rate of ten to fifteen miles an hour; and in America it has been shown conclusively that fewer accidents occur at high speed than at slow. Why? Simply because operators are inattentive, careless, indifferent, reckless or ignorant. It is impossible to arrive at any other conclusion. Modernly constructed and maintained highways contain few hazards. Curves are eliminated, grades reduced and roads widened. The real hazard, therefore, is in the mind of the driver. When a pedestrian is run down, either the driver or the pedestrian is at fault. When two cars collide, one or both drivers have erred. When a machine turns turtle or goes through a fence or over an embankment or into a tree or pole, it may safely be assumed that at a vital moment the driver cracked.

The time is coming when state laws will require that a motor-vehicle operator must be not only physically perfect but he must prove he is mentally alert. He will be required to have perfect eyesight and normal hearing; two legs and two arms. But above all, he must have a head.

Before the United States Government licenses a student flyer it makes certain he is physically and mentally fit. For a number of flying hours the embryo pilot is accompanied by a thoroughly competent instructor. Finally, after rigid preparation, the student is permitted to solo.

But what steps are taken by American states to assure themselves that automobile drivers are fit and capable? Twenty-eight states do not require drivers to be licensed, except that in several of the twenty-eight, chauffeurs, or paid drivers, must have cards. Only twenty states consider the licensing of operators important. And in not one of these twenty is the test rigid. The average test conveys to the examiner only the information that the applicant can drive a car when conditions are favorable. During the year 1928 approximately 250,000 new drivers were licensed in Pennsylvania. Their knowledge of the purely mechanical side of operating a car was sufficient to get them a card. But whether their eyesight was normal, whether they were subject to epilepsy, or whether in other ways they were physically incapacitated, there is no way of knowing.

What will be the mental reaction of this army of new drivers in time of danger? What idea of caution have these 250,000 men and women? How rapidly will their brains respond when disaster looms ahead? How many seconds are their feet and hands behind their brain? In other words, at thirty-five miles an hour, how far will their machine travel from the time they first observe the proximity of danger to the time their muscles begin the movements which may avert disaster? No one knows.

Sooner or later a thorough examination of all drivers will be obligatory in every state. Tests will be made at intervals of three or five years. Old-timers will take them, the same as beginners.

Many states have uniformed forces of motor patrolmen. It is frequently said that these forces are not sufficiently large. But in Pennsylvania, where more than 1,750,000 passenger cars and trucks are registered, it would be impossible to maintain a force large enough to patrol all the roads all the time, and in numbers sufficient to keep all road users under surveillance.

There Ought to be a Law

It is not a question of employing more patrolmen or traffic officers or guards. It is simply a question of awakening operators to the danger of inattention, carelessness and discourtesy. I do not know how this can be done. Millions of words have been printed on the subject of highway safety. It is a favorite topic with editorial writers and public speakers. Motor clubs preach it. Of one thing I am certain: That national or state laws will not bring safety so long as inattentive men and women drive motor cars. Presence of a law on the statute books will not enforce attention to the job at hand. A car may be in perfect mechanical condition, proceeding at the rate of fifteen miles an hour on the proper side of the highway, but what law, state or national, can keep the driver's mind on the job? What law will compel his brain to react quickly when danger threatens? What law will prevent mental panic?

It is a matter of education over a long period of years—education that begins in the graded schools, perhaps. It is a matter of licensing only those drivers who are physically and mentally fit, and of permitting the operation of only such cars as are mechanically fit. But even then, what is to prevent inattention, which is truly first aid to undertakers, hospitals and medical men?

Traffic Cop: "Say! Didn't You See Me Hold Up My Hand to Stop?"
Italian Visitor: "Oh, a Thousand Pardons, Signor! I Thought You Were Giving Me the Mussolini Fascist Salute!"

With tire prices so low why be satisfied with anything less than the General

Built in Akron, Ohio by the General Tire and Rubber Co

The New GENERAL

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THE CHALLENGE

One Million Super-Six Owners Lead the Acclaim

Here is a challenge that rings with fulfillment. In fast getaway—no car is excepted. In speed—anything the road offers up to and above 70 miles an hour. In appearance—match it for smartness with costlier cars. In endurance—60 miles an hour is well within the range.

Here is offered the most powerful, largest, smoothest, easiest riding, most complete Essex ever built. And with 76 improvements the price is lowest in Essex history—but little above the lowest-priced car on the market.

Come examine and drive it. You will join the vanguard of 1,000,000 Super-Six owners in declaring it motordom's greatest value.

76 special features include: *24% greater power—over 70 miles an hour—lightweight aluminum alloy pistons—new Marvel carburetor adjustable for climatic changes—larger, roomier bodies—seats easily adjustable to comfortable driving positions—effective double-action 4-wheel brakes, efficiency not affected by water or mud—starting switch on dash—chromium bright work.*

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A BIG FINE SUPER-SIX

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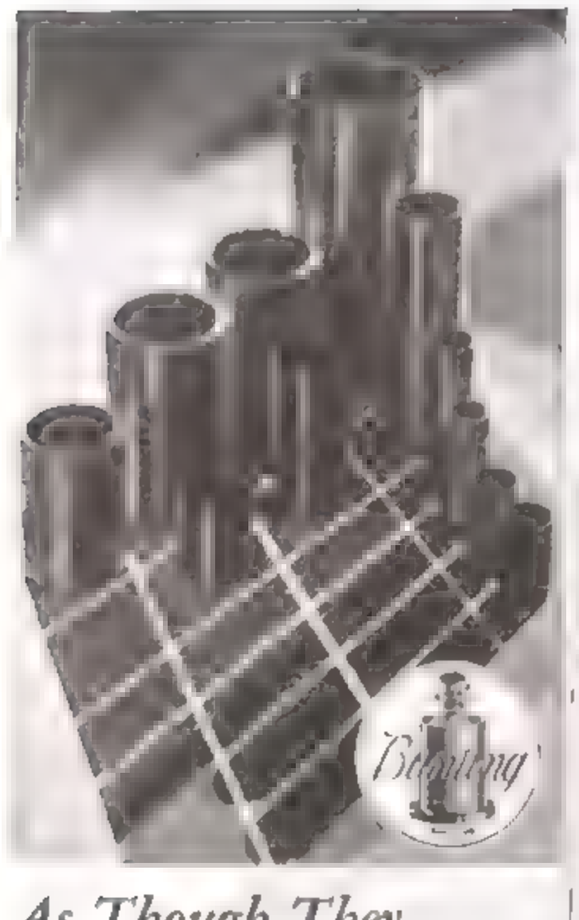
Coach	$695	Standard Sedan	$795
2-Pass. Coupe	695	Town Sedan	850
Phaeton	695	Roadster	850
Coupe *(with rumble seat)*	725	Convertible Coupe	895

Standard Equipment Includes: *4 hydraulic shock absorbers—electric gas and oil gauge—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—starter on dash—all bright parts chromium-plated.*



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BUBBLES

(Continued from Page 30)

She paused only to catch her breath. Hot and passionate, it poured from her:

"I'll tell you why. I've told no one else, but I'll tell you, and I'll tell you I mean to get it too! You're not a woman, you may not understand; but if you'd been as I am, as every woman like me is, you'd see. You men -pshaw! What do you know? You've never felt as women feel unmarried women—a drag on their families! I'm unmarried; I was a drag on my family, a burden. I couldn't shift for myself; they wouldn't let me. Pride. It would have demeaned them—they happening to be that sort -had I worked for pay. A burden! The only way they could rid themselves of the burden was to hand me on to some other man. Get me married! Marry me off! Make me some other man's millstone, not theirs!" Unshamed, her scorn withering, she flung it at him helter-skelter. "If you care to know," she said brazenly, "that's why I asked your help. It was to escape this. It was to get out of it any way I could!" Then, her teeth clenched, she flung at him a final salvo. "I'll do it too! I'll do it or go smash in trying!"

She would too. Her vehemence left no doubt of that. Veith, after a moment, spoke. He spoke, but what he said is unrecorded. Up the street at that exact instant a figure hove into view. It was a man's figure; tall, well-knit, he was lolling along with both hands thrust into his pockets. His hat tilted back on his head, he was whistling, too; and it may have been that whistle, idle and inconsequent, thoroughly familiar as well, that put the final touch to her nerves. Veith, however, hardly had opened his lips to speak when Addie Jessup ended it.

"Oh, don't bother me!" snapped Addie.

The next instant the front door slammed. Addie was gone.

xx

IT DOES happen. It still is true, however you may deride the fact, that in the midst of the grinding Wall Street mill a certain percentage of the ignorant and uninformed do manage to rake down a surprising amount of killings, knock-outs. From a shoestring, dozens not infrequently roll up the shoestring into thousands, but the other side of it, the despair of every brokerage office, is that, not satisfied and incontinently reaching out for more, they are, in turn, cleaned out.

Pike's Peak or bust! Get it or go broke! Either adequately expresses Addie Jessup's aim; but along with this, equally as appropriate, too, is another saying, hackneyed, perhaps, but terse. "Night brings counsel"—and so it does. In this instance, though, it's to be said that what the night produced was only negative. After the night, most of which passed sleepleasly, Addie, at any rate, was more than ever determined on her first course, "Pike's Peak or bust!" Calm—icily so—it was eight o'clock when she appeared. Eight, it will be recalled, is the breakfast hour in Brightwood.

Down the stairs in the breakfast room, Mrs. Jessup looked up all at once from the coffee things.

The clock had just struck, and Mrs. Jessup exclaimed: "What? Eight o'clock! Where's your father, Addie?"

Addie had just opened the door. She was in a street dress and hat. "Out," answered Addie.

"Out?" repeated Mrs. Jessup. "Out where?"

"Don't know," her daughter replied.

She did know, however. Early that morning perhaps an hour ago the front-door bell had rung. As the maid hadn't risen, Addie had slipped into a dressing gown to answer the bell herself. Outside stood Walter Brent. His face grim, he wasted no time in salutations. What followed then was brief, terse, blunt.

"Your father dressed yet?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Find out, please."

"Why?"

"Jim McCord shot himself last night. He's dead."

She knew that. However, without comment she went back up the stairs to call her father, her bare feet in their mules slip-slopping on the stair treads; and as she reached the head of the flight, Brent had the impudence to call after her.

"I say," he said. "McCord went broke in the market. I suppose you know."

Addie, however, made no comment to that, either. She called her father, who, to her astonishment, already was dressed; and he and Brent had hurriedly gone away together. But though he had, and though, too, Addie had a notion where he had gone, why spread the news? It only would provoke uproar from her mother.

Baffled, Mrs. Jessup spoke again: "I hope it's nothing serious." As Addie remained silent, her mother perked her head at her. "I said serious, Addie."

"Yes, I heard you," replied Addie.

Serious? It would be if Mrs. Jessup kept on probing. In another moment Addie knew she'd scream. Down the street, a few doors away, an almost similar scene was taking place. Eight o'clock had struck, and as the timepiece on the breakfast-room mantel chimed, Walter Brent's mother looked up instinctively.

"Why, where's Walter?" she inquired.

It was of her daughter Gwendoline she asked the question. Morose, silent, more somber even than was usual, Gwenny had just come down.

"Out," answered Gwenny.

"Out?" repeated Mrs. Brent. "Out where?"

There ought to be a law against breakfasts. It was, in fact, Gwenny's opinion that people should be kept locked up in the morning until they had been fed. Anyway, till they'd had coffee. However, though in the most blunt, quite brutal tone her brother had warned her to say nothing to her mother till she'd been stayed with food, Gwenny lacked the poise and determination of the other girl up the street.

"Well, if you've just got to know," she protested, "Walter went up to the McCords'."

"The McCords'?"

"Yes."

"At this hour? Why, pray?"

Her last outworks stormed, Gwenny surrendered: "I suppose you'll have to learn. You'll find out, anyway, once you have seen the morning paper." She sighed. "That man McCord, mother, shot himself last night. He's dead, and that's why I didn't wish to speak of it. I didn't wish to excite anyone."

Excite anyone? Excite who? From behind the silver coffee urn the frail white-haired woman looked up briefly; then she looked down again.

"Cream as usual, Gwenny?"

"Cream, please," Gwenny replied.

"Have you seen Addie Jessup?" inquired her mother.

Gwenny had. Yesterday she and Addie had gone up to town in the same train; in the same car, for that matter.

"And was she with Walter?" inquired Mrs. Brent.

"She was not," was the reply, the accent slightly on the "not." She was with no one. As for Walter, he was with Mr. Jessup.

"Indeed?" remarked Mrs. Brent; and it was at this instant that a latchkey was heard in the door outside. A moment afterward Walter Brent himself appeared.

The look on his face was queer. It was impassive, stolid. The look remained even when he greeted his mother, and he frowned as he pulled out his chair and seated himself.

"Rough business," he remarked, and his mother nodded.

"Never mind the details," she murmured, and for a moment, her slender hands gracefully employed, she busied herself at the urn. However, she spoke presently, her question apparently abstract and purposeless.

"Was anyone else there, Walter?"

"At the McCords'?" Brent laughed abruptly, the laugh brittle. "A lot of people - tradesmen with bills. There was a man from the bank, too; a sheriff's deputy with him. They were after the remnants; what there was left."

"No one else?"

Again Brent laughed; the laugh, though, curiously not so harsh and ironic. "Yes. That young fellow from town was there—McCord's broker, Veith."

"That man?"

Brent looked at his mother soberly for a moment. "He was there all night. Pretty decent of him, I call it. None of the neighbors came in; they shied off as if it had been a pesthouse. Veith, though, stood by, doing what was to be done, and —— Well, I shook hands with him."

"What!" It was from Gwenny, not the mother, that the exclamation came "You shook hands with—him?" Gwenny ejaculated, and Brent fixed her with a formidable, not to say menacing, stare.

"Why not?" he interrogated.

Again Gwenny exclaimed, "What! After that night too! The one ——" But what one, Gwenny didn't finish. Presumably, it was the night when both she and her brother had seen Addie on the porch with Veith; but as she caught the look in her brother's eye, Gwenny canceled the remainder of it.

The mother let the interlude pass. She was gazing at her son, and as Gwenny subsided, she again spoke: "You saw no one else?"

"No, mother." Conscious, however, of where the inquisition led, Brent cut corners to the point. "If you mean, mother, was Addie there, she wasn't."

"You saw Addie's father, however?"

Brent had. Mr. Jessup had telephoned him of McCord's death. He had seen it in the morning paper early; and Brent laughed, the laugh again mirthless.

"It was when he got up to light the furnace."

"And then what?" asked his mother.

"Then nothing," answered her son.

As he said, at Mr. Jessup's suggestion they'd gone to the house to ask if they could be of help. As they couldn't be, they had come away. Saying this, he again subsided; and it was here, finally, that Mrs. Brent went directly to the point.

"Walter, did you see Addie?"

"Yes, mother."

"You spoke with her?"

"Yes."

"What was said, Walter?"

"Nothing, mother," said Walter; and at this juncture, Gwenny Brent chimed in:

"Well, for crying out loud! You saw her and you said nothing? I say, talk about Héloise and Abelard!" She gazed at her brother critically. "Fancy! Seeing her and saying nothing! It would be like a man, I imagine, to lie down and let her walk over you!"

"Gwenny!" said her mother.

"Oh, I know, mother," Gwenny returned morosely, "but you know how men are."

Brent was looking at her. "You think so, sis?"

"Why not?" She peered at him momentarily. "By any chance, you haven't made it up with her, have you?"

"I?" He shrugged.

"Has she tried to make it up with you?" Another shrug. With it was a hint of a smile. "What are you grinning about?" inquired Gwenny.

Her brother didn't say, and Mrs. Brent at this juncture again interposed.

"Gwenny!" she said. Gwenny at once subsiding, the mother turned to Brent. "Walter, now that this has happened—this

(Continued on Page 68)

WHO ELSE wants freedom from baking?

HERE at last are cakes that cannot fail! Rich, delicious, homelike cakes that you obtain from any grocer. Please note the remarkable details below

BY ALICE ADAMS PROCTOR

MADAM: Look carefully at the dainty Hostess Cakes pictured on this page.

Won't you please try one for dessert tonight? If your family is like other families, you'll surely be delighted.

Their flavor will really amaze you. Observe, too, their attractive appearance, and particularly their delicate icings.

Being so utterly different from ordinary cakes sold in stores, they have already freed millions of women from baking. And thus in many ways they mark a new era in modern housekeeping.

So first read the remarkable facts in print below. And then if interested go at once to your grocer.

Simply tell him you want a Hostess Cake. You won't be disappointed.

Already these remarkable Hostess Cakes have induced millions of women to renounce home baking. Thus in many ways they mark a new era in modern housekeeping. If you have never tried them, a careful reading of this advertisement, with special attention to the ingredients we use, should prove most interesting.

Why these cakes win women

A Hostess Cake, you'll find, is utterly different from any other cake you can buy. Different in appearance. Different in flavor. Different in its delicate freshness.

We cheerfully stake our reputation on every cake that leaves our kitchens.

Our flour is a mixture of the country's choicest wheats. Soft winter wheat from the North. White wheat from the West. And the famous red wheat from Northern Ohio. All blended by our special formula.

Our butter must test "point 92 score" by actual U. S. Government tests. The highest-grade creamery butter, thus, that money can possibly buy.

Our milk is twice pasteurized. It is carefully heated to 212 degrees Fahrenheit. Then instantly cooled.

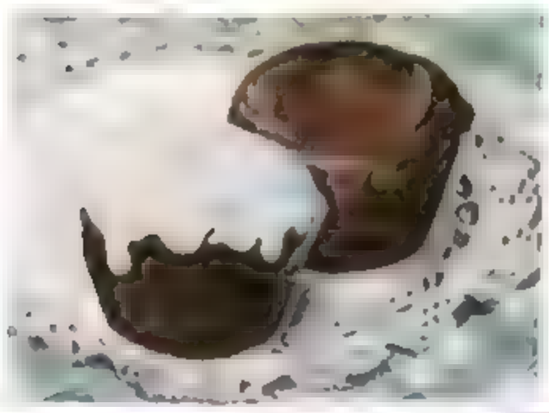
Our sugar is 99.7 per cent pure. Our eggs must pass five rigid inspections.

To insure highest standard quality we make all our own flavorings. Our vanilla is actually aged in wood for six months. No artificial coloring or preservatives are ever used.

Please note below the actual recipe by which our famous Devil's Food is made. If you wish, bake this same cake in your own kitchen. Compare with our original. Then, perhaps, you'll understand why these cakes are banishing baking from millions of homes.

So go to your grocer at once. Ask him for a Hostess Silver Bar. Or a Devil's Food. Or one of our rich, luscious layer cakes. Or the dainty cup cakes shown at the left. Select whichever appeals. Then seek your family's frank opinion.

Now, Madam, just one word of caution. With all their remarkable superiority, Hostess Cakes cost no more than ordinary brands. And hence to accept a substitute is folly.



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TWO LAYERS OF EGG SPONGE *iced and filled with a delightful butter cream. Plentifully covered with fresh domestic shredded cocoanut. That, Madam, is our Hostess Cocoanut Layer Cake! It is one of our biggest favorites.*

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THE ACTUAL RECIPE by which our Devil's Food is baked. See the cake at left. ½ cup Brown Sugar. ½ cup Confectioner's Sugar. 4 tablespoons Butter. 2½ tablespoons Cocoa or 2 squares of Chocolate. ½ cup Milk. 2 Eggs. 1¾ cups sifted Cake Flour. Pinch of Salt. Pinch of Soda placed in the Milk. ½ teaspoon of Vanilla.

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Your HAIR Has Added Loveliness

—when Shampooed this way

Why Ordinary Washing..fails to clean properly, Thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because — it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . . beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will be so delightfully soft and silky.

Even while wet, the hair will feel fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and just see how . . . really beautiful . . . your hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

(Continued from Page 66

tragedy, I mean just what effect will it have on Addie? Do you think it will bring her back to her senses?"

"Addie?" Brent smiled at his mother gravely. "She has never been out of her senses, mother," he returned.

"Indeed?"

"No," said Brent, "never. She knows what she wants and she's out to get it nothing wrong in that. The trouble's with the method, not the purpose."

"Yes?"

"Just that, mother."

"You seem sure, Walter."

Brent nodded quietly. "Why shouldn't I be? I'm going to marry her, you know."

"What?" It was his sister who said that. Less explosively, yet still with visible wonder, what his mother said was: "Walter!"

Said Brent: "I'm going to marry her, mother. I'm going to marry her soon." Then he added: "I was never nearer to it than I am now."

XXI

IT DOES happen. It happens, indeed. A lot of them, while things are going up, manage to get away with it during the time the going is upward. Just the same, it's to be remembered that what goes up always comes down; and in that essential detail this occasion was not the exception; though that may be omitted for the moment. Aside from what else had happened or was about to happen elsewhere, the record of the next few days out on the main line at Brightwood will be remembered.

Exit McCord. Exit Rita. The smash was complete. After the rags and tatters of McCord's one-time paper profits had been extricated from the mess, the little that remained of them also had been engulfed. There was the mortgage on the house—two, to be exact—and there were the installments on McCord's four cars, the installments on the furnishings, the plate, the jewels McCord had provided for Rita—these along with other innumerable playthings with which he'd tried to hold her. Rita, true, still was there; it only was McCord who was gone; and after the trip to the local cemetery, three or four carriages only in the cortège, Rita had not returned to her former home. The bank, it seemed, had sealed everything. Even Rita's most personal belongings were sealed; so, in a hired car and avoiding going in by train, Rita had driven cross-country to the ferry and the city. Veith was with her.

In passing, one might itemize those in the four carriages who followed McCord to his rest. In the first were the undertaker's men; the next contained the minister. Rita and Veith followed in the next; after which came the final carriage bearing Brent and Mr. Jessup. Silent, somewhat somber, Mr. Jessup looked, in fact, as if he himself might be the one for whose benefit the four carriages—automobiles, rather—rattled on their way up the hill to the burying ground; and Brent gazed at him for a period.

"You should play golf again, Mr. Jessup," said Brent abruptly.

"Can't afford it," Mr. Jessup replied briefly, for once frank; and Brent grunted. In passing, Brent looked about as usual.

"Well, you can soon," said Brent. Then, as Mr. Jessup stared, mumbling "What?" Brent again grunted.

"Soon afford it, I said," he repeated. However, that's merely a detail.

Once aboard the ferry, Rita, draped in her weeds, had turned to Veith. "You're bound for your office, I suppose?" she questioned.

Her voice was wistful. There was an appeal in it not to be mistaken. Veith, however, contented himself with briefly saying "Yes."

For a moment she busied herself with her veil. It was long, heavy, black. A tailored mourning dress, black silk stockings and black buckled slippers made up her attire. With the veil, however, she appeared to be having trouble for a moment. The trouble rectified, she again looked at Veith.

"I imagine I shan't see you again," said Rita.

Veith shook his head soberly. His voice though its tone was gentle enough, was sober too. "What use would it be, Rita?"

"No use," said Rita.

Silence followed for a time. After it, it again was Rita who spoke: "You'll never marry that girl, of course?"

Of course not. Of course, too, Veith knew what girl.

"No, Rita."

"You never will marry," Rita said.

"No?"

She smiled weirdly. "You won't be bothered. You're too easy with yourself. You don't know it, Cartey, but you don't really care for women. They upset you."

"No?"

"You'll be about fifty—older, maybe—when you'll wish to marry. It'll be too late then."

Veith made a quick movement with his hands and shoulders, a gesture of distaste. Irritation had the upper hand.

"You'll marry, though," he said.

"Of course."

Of course, yes. "And soon, too," said Veith.

"Soon," nodded Rita.

They were silent then. The city lay near at hand; the boat moved rapidly toward it. Rita, however, turned her face from the city and looked back reflectively over the distance that lay between her and the home she had just left, lost. Her eyes idle, she smiled.

"Well," said Rita—and that was her valedictory—"it was a good time—part of it—a good time while it lasted."

A clock struck. It was one P.M. Jim McCord had been buried at noon.

XXII

ONE o'clock. Shrunk back on a chair in a corner of the uptown branch, Addie Jessup had her eyes fixed on the quotation board. The market closes at three.

"Neutro, seven-eighths! A thousand at a quarter!"

The room was crowded. They had piled in again—the customers—and elbow to elbow they were lined up in rows. Quite a day. It was such a day, in fact, as more than one of them, Addie among them, never had seen before. Hectic and uneasy, for two days now the top-heavy list had shown signs of the strain; and in the morning, almost at the opening bell, the crack had come. Sudden and sharp, all together, as if at a concerted signal, came the break, the big spring slide; and in short order one pumped-up specialty after another began to go, carrying down with them in that sluice even the best of their seasoned, gilt-edged brothers, the solid investment stocks. Not that you could call Neutro "seasoned," though. It was a good enough stock, maybe. In four or five years, say, it might prove its worth. Now, however, jazzed up beyond the limit, its price discounting all it could perform during the next four years or so, Neutro went on falling.

"Neutro, an eighth!" cried a voice.

It was the same old voice. His hat pulled down over his eyes, the volunteer cantor gave the news. In his tone, though, now was no elation, and as she heard it Addie gave another quake. No less than sixteen points under the high it hazardously had hung about for the past two days—the sixteen points represented its drop that day since the opening! Moist, for a moment Addie reflected swiftly.

She still was long on Neutro. "Do or die" had been her slogan, and in the interim of those two vivid days she had met nothing to change her views. It was to the contrary, rather. Angered and outraged by what had been said to her, said of her, as well, she had clenched her teeth and stubbornly gone back to the mill—that or what the uptown branch more or less represented.

Pike's Peak or bust! Fifty thousand or go smash!

Since that last morning she had not seen Walter Brent. Neither, for that matter, had she laid eyes on the other one—Veith.

(Continued on Page 71)

Thousands of people are buying Steinways who thought they could not afford them

An INTERPRETATION *of* PERCY GRAINGER'S "COLONIAL SONG," *painted for the* STEINWAY COLLECTION *by* EVERETT HENRY

YOU will find Steinways in fourth-floor studios, in three-room apartments, in old stone houses in the country. You will see them in homes of students, teachers, and amateurs with more talent than money. You will encounter them wherever people feel that a good piano is essential for a happy and enlightened life.

These people own not only a good piano, but the best piano it is possible to buy. And they have obtained it simply and easily, without nervous strain or financial inconvenience. It is a fact that the Steinway has been brought within the reach of the most limited income.

It is now possible to buy a Steinway by a convenient payment plan which distributes the cost over a period of two years. A 10% first payment places the instrument in your home at once. And there it will remain, giving its daily measure of delight and satisfaction, for *a whole lifetime of perfect service.*

This means that virtually anyone can have the constant pleasure of the marvelous, singing Steinway tone, Steinway's flexibility and smoothness, Steinway's distinguished name and appearance . . . in short, all those outstanding qualities which have made the Steinway "The Instrument of the Immortals" from the days of Richard Wagner to Percy Grainger.

There are many Steinway sizes and models, each at a different price. But there is only one quality of Steinway, and that is the best. Drop in today at the nearest Steinway dealer's, and make your selection among the many beautiful instruments on display there. You can have your Steinway *now* . . . and pay for it at your leisure!

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STEINWAY *THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS*

The choice of America's Millions

because it is so effective because it is so delicious

In Post's Bran Flakes America's millions have discovered a cereal as delicious as it is effective. More people eat it every day than any other bran cereal in all the world—and no wonder!

They have found in this tempting breakfast of crisp golden flakes a natural ally that guards them daily against the constant threat of constipation. They have found in this effective cereal, that builds for regularity and health, a mellow flavor so delightful that for its sheer deliciousness they want it every day.

For the next two weeks, just to see how good — and good for you — this wholesome cereal is, eat Post's Bran Flakes regularly each morning — crisp from the package, with milk or cream. Make Post's Bran Muffins for another treat. The recipe you'll find on every package. The packages you'll find at your grocery store.

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POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

Cases of recurrent constipation, associated with too little bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

(Continued from Page 68

She had no wish to see either, what is more. However, set and stubborn as she might be in her purpose, she had been so far wise as to cancel that standing order to pyramid. She might be stubborn, she might be fiercely set; she was, however, not altogether bereft. But even so, and though, *ipso facto*, the order to pyramid was voided or made futile when Neutro stopped rising and began to fall, her judgment in hanging on now was critical. It was not due just to stubbornness, either. It was, in essence, psychological. They all do it on a falling market—the dabblers. As they all jolly themselves—"It can't last. It's dropped as far as it will. It's going to turn and go up again"—so she, too, had jollied herself. Now, however, she was thinking swiftly.

In short, long twelve hundred shares -a massive load for any dabbler—her loss for the day was around twenty thousand dollars!

Twenty thousand dollars! Deducted from her paper profits, that left her something around twenty-two thousand dollars; and again, mentally figuring the result, as she had been figuring results all that day, she had just arrived at it when she heard a brief, brittle laugh, its note mirthless. Mrs. Brock, her faded hair and features more than ever faded, stood beside her.

"Well, dearie; not so good, what?" tittered Mrs. Brock.

Addie's eyes turned to Mrs. Brock. She wondered briefly whether it was not so that all people facially resembled some animals—birds, anyway. Mrs. Brock, to Addie, looked at the moment like a vulture; if not that, a crow. It was a somewhat bedraggled crow, however.

"Yeah, I got cleaned, wiped out," croaked Mrs. Brock. "Neutro, y' know. I was parlayed." Adding, with another grating titter, that she'd "been called." "Yeah, for margins. That snide Lent—I never saw such a meany!" Mrs. Brock further added: "Th' rent's due, besides. I dunno what I'll do!"

But Addie hardly heard her. "Neutro!" the man at the ticker called again; and her face white, she listened while he called the price. True, her eyes flying to the illuminated tape above, she already had it, but it was the man's voice that got her. In three successive transactions the stock had fallen half a point each at a clip; and frantic now, Addie made up her mind. She must sell. She must get out. She must save what she could. If not —— If not, what? A man had just risen from the chair near by. He'd had enough—you could see that from his look—and as he rose, then went hence, another man dropped into the vacant seat. Addie gave one look at him. It was Walter Brent.

She sat down again. Sell? Get out now? Never!

"Quite a day," said Brent. As Addie, her eyes set straight ahead, ignored the remark, Brent repeated it. "Quite a day—quite." Then, his tone pleasant, he inquired: "Still hanging to Neutro?"

She answered that. She turned and looked him in the face. "Don't you dare to speak to me!" she said.

"All right." said Brent.

Lent, the room manager, emerged hurriedly from an office at the back. There was a furtive stir in the room as he appeared. All that day, in fact, Lent had been uttering to one and another of them a brief, precise formula, its tone, if suave, firm: "I say, how about a leetle margin?" A slight chill spread up Addie's back and touched her about the shoulders as Lent's eyes caught hers; it only was for an instant, though. Lent, removing his eyes, was hastening on, when, to her astonishment, she heard the man beside her speak.

"I say, Mr. Lent!" he called.

Lent came, his pace brisk. To Addie's further astonishment, he was smiling indulgently on the man who'd called.

"Hello! You back, Mr. Brent?" Lent saluted him.

Brent nodded idly. He cocked an eye at the quotation board suggestively.

"Beginning to look good, isn't it?" he remarked. "Time to pick up a little something. How about another hundred of the tobaccos—the same as before?"

He mentioned the name. It was one of the old line, gilt-edged investment stocks, a stodgy, seasoned dividend payer. What made Addie Jessup gasp, though, was not the stock; it was its price—that he, Brent, had money to pay for it. Having, in its stodgy way, dropped only four or five points in the day's debacle, it still was selling around 160; which meant, at that price, sixteen thousand dollars. And he had another hundred shares—thirty-two thousand dollars! She had just made the calculation when she got another shock.

Said Brent, what he said laconic: "Buy me another hundred of the electric also. At the market, understand?"

Lent understood. "At the market."

The electric Brent mentioned was another. It was one of the blue chips—a big boy. Around $150 a share, for two hundred shares it represented an outlay of around thirty thousand dollars; and in a daze—where had he, that man, got the money?—Addie sat frozen. Still wondering, her mind awhirl, she was mentally gaping a minute later when Lent came bustling back.

"Got it!" Lent said exultantly. "I happened to cut in on a free wire, and the price you'll pay is a half to three-quarters under the tape quotation. The ticker's a half hour behind the market!"

A half hour behind? Addie awoke from her trance. If it were a half hour behind, what, then, was the real price of Neutro? Question! And once more moist, she heard Brent give a chuckle.

"A half to three-quarters under. That's the way to make money!"

She bent away from him. She gave him a glare at the same time.

Brent again spoke. "Still long on Neutro?" he inquired. As she scorned to reply he added gravely, "Better sell, if you are. You'll get wiped out if you don't."

The final blow, however, was still to come.

She still was sitting here. Tight-lipped, hating, she had determined he should not drive her away. That, evidently, was his object. As if to taunt her, now and then at some off interval he'd beckon to Lent, then give him an additional order. All were alike, the stocks involved; all of the same stodgy, gilt-edged character—fifty shares of one, a hundred of another. All were bought at the market, snapped up, as it were, when they touched a figure evidently predetermined by him; and through it all, in the midst of the milling and crowding that went on in the crowded place, Brent went on talking quietly, each rebuff unheeded. This was the way to do it. You did it by buying bargains. You picked 'em up at a price; then stuck 'em away in a box. Good stuff. Paid for, you know. Not cat-and-dog stuff bought on margins. She, however, her ear deaf to it, was busily calculating. Already, what he had bought totaled up to close upon one hundred and twenty thousand dollars; and she was asking herself where he had got it, where a man like him had got that sum—when Brent became silent for a moment. His face clouding, he looked at her reflectively.

"I suppose you're wondering," he said; "I imagine you're trying to guess where I laid hands on this money. I'll tell you, if you'll listen. I've had it for months, Addie—four months. It's the Brent heater—that apparatus I designed—I sold it to that Dayton foundry crowd. I didn't tell you; I thought I wouldn't. You'd said practically that you wouldn't marry me unless I had money; then you said you wouldn't unless you had it. I wondered what I could do. I was desperate; I didn't know. So, you see, that's why I did—well, what I did. It was a dirty trick, of course—low-down—but then, I was desperate. I "

Addie had risen abruptly. "Mr. Lent!" she called sharply. She'd show this man now—show Brent!

She needn't have called Lent, though. His eye on her, his look a bit disconcerted, Lent already was heading toward her, though Addie hadn't seen it. What odds if she did lose what she had left? Do or die; get it or go broke—that was her intent—and as Lent reached her she spoke hurriedly, her eyes on the board. Neutro had just dropped another point.

"Mr. Lent, buy me another two hundred Neutro. At each point down, buy me another hundred, I'll tell you when to stop."

That for that! She'd show what she thought of it! There was one thing, though, Addie had momentarily overlooked. Lent, his face uneasy, though he smiled, spoke then.

"Sorry," said Lent. "I was just about to speak to you. Your margins. How 'bout a leetle check?"

"Mine?"

Lent nodded. "A phone message has just come though, Miss Jessup. The price on the floor is four points under the tape. I'm calling everyone long on Neutro."

But that was not the final blow. Not even that was it.

"Don't worry, Addie," said Brent; "you've not lost anything. I've coppered your play. The market was going to break, I guessed; and two days ago I went short share for share what you are long."

It was this that was the final blow.

Some four or five minutes later it was that, with a loud roaring in her ears, Addie came to herself. Dimly, she found herself lying on a stiff leather couch. The couch, it appeared, was in one of the inside offices, and she had vaguely wondered how she came to be there when she heard a voice say briskly, "There! She's getting out of it; she's all right now." She struggled as she heard the voice. "Too much excitement, that's all," the voice added; when another voice cut in, its tone judicial, "Yeah, they're all like that. I'm a married man, you know."

Briefly, the first voice spoke once more. "Well, I'll be soon, I hope," it said; and a vital, stinging wave of life all at once rushed through Addie. Would he?

As her eyes opened, Brent was leaning over her. He held a glass of something in one hand, and with the other he was waving in the direction of the door.

"Here, take this," said Brent gently, and he held the glass toward her. Addie, her gesture rough, pushed it away. It had just come to her that her head was on Brent's shoulder and that he was holding her.

"I hate you!" she said. "I hate you!"

"No, you don't; you just think you do," said Brent.

He again put the glass to her lips. "Here, take this; it'll do you good. . . . And for heaven's sake," interjected Brent, "don't cry!"

She did, though. "You're—you're so mean!" she wailed. "Why are you so mean to me?"

Brent put the glass to her lips again.

"Well, I won't be again; I wouldn't dare," he said.

Mr. Lent, the affable fat man, put his head in at the door. Instantly he withdrew it.

"I say, Mr. Brent," he called out through the panels, "the close is coming in!"

"It's come in already," said Brent.

(THE END)

Powder

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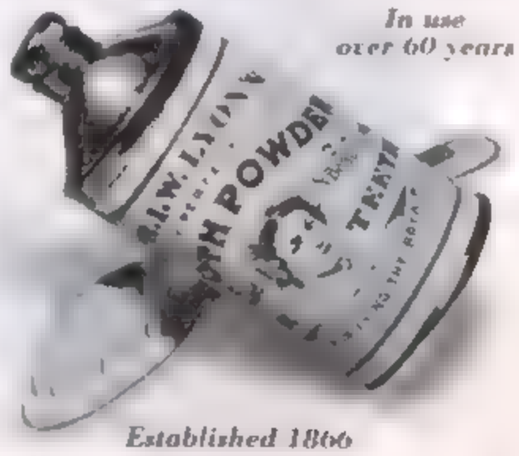

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One part is called the *tread*; the other part is called the *carcass.* There are definite reasons why Goodyear Tires are superior in *both* these two main parts.

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Press your hand down on the Goodyear All-Weather Tread. Feel the *grip* of the deep-cut sharp-edged blocks, placed in the *center* of the tread, where they belong.

That shows why the Goodyear Tread imprints its safe and slipless pattern on the road, and why it has superior traction.

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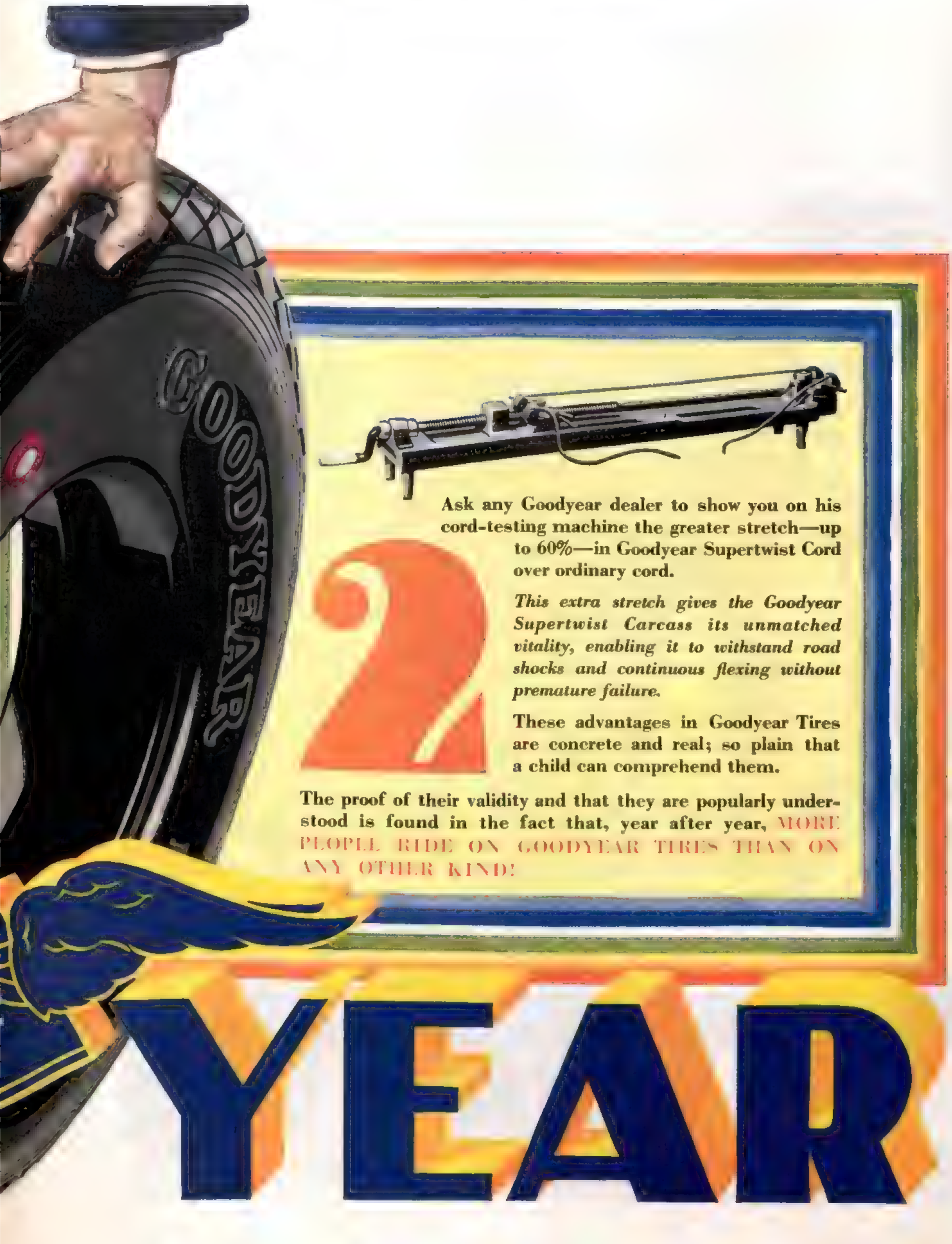
GOOD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THE PELICAN

(Continued from Page 13)

somewhere, but he can't just lay his hands on it. A big-time dick is always thinking about his salary check and his graft. A small-time dick is always thinking about his duty. Therefore, he ain't got no mercy, no sense of justice—he ain't fair. A big-time dick, mostly, has got to be convinced you're guilty before he'll ride you. A small-time dick'll frame you if he can't get you no other way. He'll take money, yes. But he won't give you nothing for it—nothing but hell. He's got a duty, and he does it, if he has to frame a twelve-year-old kid for a ten-year-old murder."

Big Bill drooped again. He put his head in his hands and started sobbing

"Now, me I'm going to Indiana," he whimpered, "and all of my fifty grand wouldn't rib a single dummy. I'm taking the electric cure, kid, and I know it."

I felt like kicking him, and I thought if I put a scare into him he might snap out of it.

"Anyhow, Bill, it don't hurt," I told him "They just take a guy in and strap him to the hot seat and that's all of it. They say it hurts worse when they shave a guy's head—dry—than it does when he goes over the hurdles on Old Smoky." Big Bill shuddered and I give him a few seconds to think about the hot seat. Then I went on: "Some of them say that; then, others say different. Some say a guy don't die for hours—just paralyzed and burnt up inside."

I left him there in the courtroom, his head in his hands, his big body quivering with fear of them Hoosiers and the hot seat at Michigan City. Me, kid—I hate a whiner.

"What'd the Hoosiers do with Big Bill?" I asked.

"Burnt him," the Pelican said shortly. "He didn't have a chance. Why, kid, they only give him two continuances. In Chi he'd have got six or eight or ten, if he wanted them. They burnt him last July, after the Big Bench turned him down."

The Pelican rolled a cigarette with long, white fingers. Then, wearily: "For a long, long time—ten years, at least—I'm gonna remember Big Bill's advice to stay out of the bushes."

He was silent a moment. Then he laughed—a low, bitter laugh.

"Me, kid—I'm the wise little boy," he said, and paused to curse softly, projecting uncomplimentary names at himself through clenched teeth.

"You see, kid, it's kinda hot in Chi," he explained. "To listen to the newspapers you'd think it was a sort of gun's heaven. That's all wet. Chi is a poison burg. A guy's too apt to die there. He's got to join up with one of the four big mobs if he works. And if he joins up with one, the guns of the other three mobs are smoking for him. There's too many boys in Chi, kid—too much racketeering, too many machine guns, too much hate. It ain't booze money alone that causes all that killing—it's hate. Of course, a guy can work alone. But if you work alone, don't let none of the mobs find it out. And if you work alone you can't send your stuff over the fence easy. A fence don't like to buy solo swag. Afraid of the mobs. So, I—the wise little boy—decided to hit the sticks. I could outsmart any country dick that ever breathed. And here I am—ten years on my neck. But that ain't all. I've lost my self-respect. I feel like a giant slugger who'd been licked by a midget would feel. I ain't whining, kid. I hate a whiner. But I sure would like to sing you my blues. Maybe it'd make me feel better."

The Pelican draped one long leg over the other and leaned back against the wall, puffing thoughtfully at a cigarette.

I left Chi two months ago tomorrow—the Pelican resumed. I was a high-class solo prowler going out to forage the jungles. I laughed when I thought of small-town Johnny Law. I had him licked before I started, I thought. The only difference between him and me was that I could think. I had cheated the big time for six years and I laughed when I thought how easy it would be to take the village dummies.

I made six towns in this state, and in these six burgs I drew down over eight grand. That's my end, see, kid? Not the lump. I bet you, the junk I fingered was worth easy fifty grand or more. But this over-the-fence stuff goes cheap. I shoved all of my stuff over the same fence. He's got it yet, I guess. He told me he'd have to keep it a while, on account of the law being hot right now. I hit this burg just nine days ago and six days later I got knocked off the first real jam I ever had. Don't ask me how come. I'll tell you later. All I'll say now is, it wasn't my fault; my head didn't rail me. I just run up against a couple of smart dummies.

I got system, kid; I'm not seconds. High-class—me. You go over to the city can and ask to see my box. You won't find a better lay of prowling steel anywhere. I got keys that'll open any lock ever made. I got jimmies that'll make Zion City, Illinois, a wide-open town. It cost jack, but a good prowler's no good without good tools. And I got system.

I hit this burg and hunted me up a job. I'm a mechanic, so I got me a job at the Highway Garage, fixing Fords. Then I looked around and got me a nice, decent boarding house. First thing after that, I spotted the town's dummies—two guys named Blake and Grimes. And, kid, what a laugh they give me! Of all the rube parades I ever saw it was Detectives Blake and Grimes strolling down Main Street. They was plain-clothes, but both of them took pains to let everybody know they was the law. You could see the edge of their badges on their vests under their coats. Meant it that way, see? Small-town Johnny Law is always like that. Half the hick dummies in the world wouldn't swap jobs with the President himself.

They wasn't hard to spot. Hung around Nick's poolroom all the time. I let Grimes chump me for three dollars in a two-bit pool game. We got to be right chummy, me blowing him up about what a game of pool he played. Next I picked the shanty I was going to prowl. There wasn't but one fit to prowl, and it was a ready-made job—Senator Lucas' joint up on College Hill. The senator had gone to Washington to gyp Congress out of some jack and his family was with him. I cased his shanty and she sure looked sweet. A big mansion out on the edge of town with no other houses in a mile of it. Not far from town, not too close in. Nobody home. It sure looked good. I knew there'd be plenty of little silver gadgets laying around. Nobody saw me case the shanty. Nobody saw me coming or going. I talked to nobody. Nobody knew anything—I'd swear to that.

I was going to hide the swag for a few days, stick around for a while, talk to the dicks, let them work their fool heads off, and then I'd pack up and leave in broad daylight, nobody suspecting anything. That would be better than blowing into town and blowing right out again on the very night the job was pulled. In a little burg like this they'd be sure to suspect me. And looking at me, kid, you can tell they could send out a pretty good description of me. I'd be caught sure. The only way a guy that looks as loud as me can work is to work without anybody suspecting him. I had me a place to hide the stuff—in the basement of that old abandoned sawmill down on Front Street; bury it under some sawdust.

Well, after supper that night I set around in the parlor in Ma Howard's boarding house, jibbing with the gang. Then I got up, yawned, and told them I was going to bed. Upstairs, I slipped open the window and dropped to the ground. I beat it up the back way to the garage, opened the back door with a skeleton key, got out an old Ford and, using a side road, ran over to the senator's shanty.

It was sweet, kid. The joint was bugged, but burglar alarms don't bother me. I killed the bug and went in. She was nice, all right. I bundled up a lot of silver, some money and a few rings. I'm a big eater, kid, so after I was through work, I went to the kitchen and got me a little snack. I'm crazy about corned beef, and I found a can and opened it.

Then I remembered that this was the night of the Battling Jones-Kid Murphy go in Havana, Cuba, and I sort of cussed myself for not picking some other night to pull my prowl. I could have been listening to the returns on the radio at Ma Howard's. Then I thought, "They ought to be a radio in this dive." So I hunted and found one.

I spread out my corned-beef feast along with a bottle of wine I'd found, cocked my feet on the table and listened. Kid, that sure was some fight. Kid Murphy pounded that ham everywhere; whipped him everywhere but his tonsils, and they'd been took out. You oughta heard them returns. But I know you didn't. How well I know you didn't!

The next day hell busted loose in Flintville. The gardener found the window open and reported to the police. And, zowie! All the little sleuths started sleuthing, and me setting back, laughing at them.

Two days later this Grimes come into the pool cave. I right away hit him for a game. Wanted to hear what he had to say. It's sort of a warm feeling to make a chump out of a dick, kid—even a small-town dick.

He was gloomy, all right. Admitted he didn't know who did it, but said he'd get the guy that prowled the senator's house, all right. Didn't he have a duty to perform? Wasn't the taxpayers paying him good money to protect them? Laughing up my sleeve, I sympathized with him while we played pool.

"Well, the taxpayers can't expect a dick to be out all the time," I said. "I guess, maybe, while that guy was robbing the senator, you was home listening to the fight returns"

"No, I got a radio, but I didn't get no fight returns," Grimes said.

"That's sure too bad," I gabbed on. "That sure was a sweet fight. What Murphy didn't do to that guy ——"

"Did you get the returns?" Grimes asked me.

"Sure, got 'em fine," I told him.

We played on for a little while, and finally Grimes said he was hungry and asked me to go have supper with him. We went to a little café around the corner.

Grimes ordered a steak and handed me the menu. It was featuring corned beef.

"Gimme an order of corned beef," I said, my mouth watering.

We sat there and eat our dinner, not saying much. When we got through I thanked him and told him I'd best be going.

"We'll go together, bud," Grimes said, and the way he said it made a chill run down my spine. Then quick as a flash he reached over and put the irons on me.

"A feller don't git Havana, Cuba, over the radio in this town," he grinned at me, "unless he gits it over Senator Lucas' big radio. This is a little burg, bud, and we're all poor folks. Nobody can afford a radio that'll reach clean to Cuba except, maybe, Senator Lucas. I know Ma Howard's little old set don't reach that far." He laughed. "And you sure do like corned beef, don't you, bud?"

Well, kid, he had me right, but he was a long way off yet. It's one thing to nab a guy and another thing to prove he's guilty. Nobody had seen me, nobody would find my hiding place in the old sawmill, I knew, and I laughed at Grimes.

"All right, Sherlock," I taunted him. "Where's your evidence?"

(Continued on Page 76)

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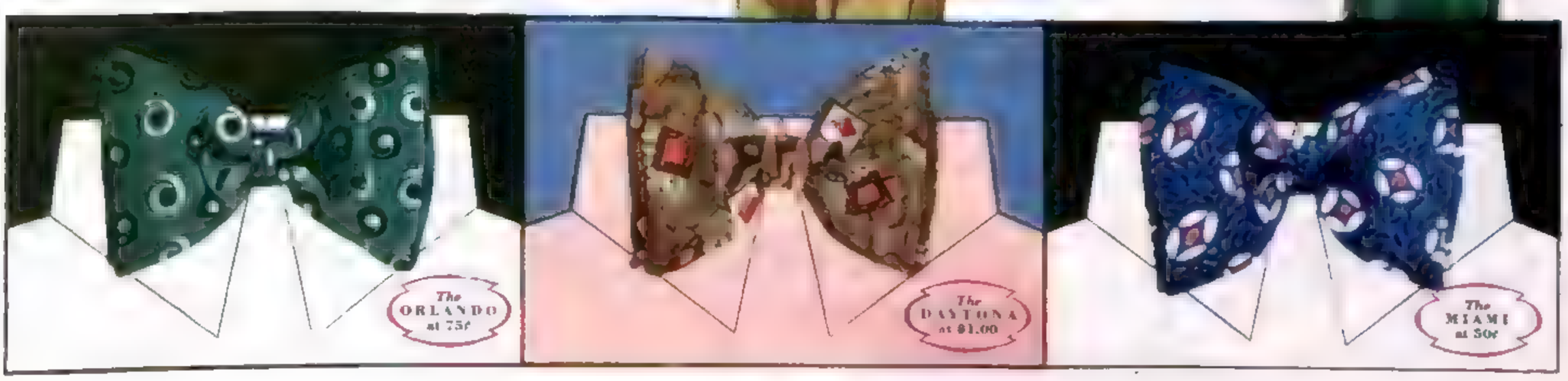

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(Continued from Page 74

"You'll tell us, bud," he said grimly. "You'll be nice and tell us all about it."

When we got to the police station, this Grimes pulled a fast one. "Take off your shoes, bud," he said. "Want to see if you ain't a feller we been looking for—a feller with a toe missing." I laughed and pulled off my shoes. I knew I had all my claws.

But Grimes didn't look at my feet. He just rubbed his fingers against the soles of the shoes. I wear rubber soles, kid—they don't make no noise and, in case I hit a burg where they use bloodhounds, they wouldn't leave a human scent.

Grimes pressed his fingers against the soles. "Barefoot," he said to the desk sergeant and shoved my shoes inside the cage.

I let out a squawk, but it didn't do no good. They just led me off to a room upstairs, my bare dogs flopping on the floor. Well, kid, they started me over the humps right away. I won't go into that. You know what the kicks is, maybe. I will say that Johnny Law in the small towns takes his thirds more serious than they do in the big burgs.

"I'm standing on my constitutional rights," I told them. Blake was there then. "I ain't helping you gentlemen out a little bit. Besides, I'm innocent."

"They ain't no Constitution in this man's town, bud," said Blake.

"I got money and I want a mouthpiece," I demanded.

They just grinned.

"We're trying to save you money, bud," Grimes said. "Take a tip from us and don't spend money on a lawyer. The judge is out of town and, anyway, he can't read French and wouldn't know what 'habeas corpus' meant, if that was what you wanted."

I stormed and cussed, but it didn't do no good. They just sat there grinning like apes until they got ready to send me over the humps. Then they grew serious. And, kid, I been quizzed by a lot of big-time dicks, but I ain't never had anything like that happen to me before. Them guys was good—I give them credit.

Finally I closed up and they got tired and left. I thought I had them licked, but they came back pretty soon. They had me take off my coat and hat and march up and down the room, looking this way and that, talking loud and low—the regular show-up method. Then Grimes left and come back with a pair of overalls and made me put them on and march up and down again. I was wondering what it was all about, but wasn't worried. They stopped making me parade after a while. I sat down while they had a little whispering bee in one corner. All at once Grimes put out his hand and grabbed Blake's hand, shaking it like a pump.

"It's him, pardner!" he shouted. "It shore is him! How in the world did you ever guess it?"

Blake looked sort of bashful and mumbled something about it wasn't no trouble at all, while I set there and felt like a fool. And I was a little bit worried too. They left, but was back in five minutes. When they opened the door, Grimes had a gun in his hand, pointing at me.

"Don't move, feller," he said. "Put the irons on him, pardner."

"What the hell?" I demanded, as Blake came over and handcuffed me. "You guys gone nuts?"

Grimes laughed. "Can't take no chances on you, feller," he said. Then they led me to a cell and locked me in. I heard Blake tell the jailer, "Watch him close, Ed; he's dangerous."

That afternoon they called me out into the bull pen. An old man was there with the two dicks. They made me put on the overalls again and go through the show-up motions. The old man started to say something, but Grimes cut him off.

"Don't say nothing," Grimes said. "Don't say a word yet."

Then they brought in a woman, and I went through the same foolishness. And about that time I thought of Big Bill Maynard and what he'd said about small-town dicks. Maybe them guys was fixing to frame me. Cold sweat popped out on my forehead and cold shivers run up and down my spine. After the old woman, they brought in a young girl and a boy about twelve. They looked me over and left.

"What's all this?" I yelled at Grimes when they started to leave.

"You know what you done, bud," Grimes said. "You know very well what you done—and now we know too."

I fretted and fumed for a day and a night; them not coming near me, just leaving me to my own thoughts. And believe me, kid, that's one way to get a guy worried. By the next morning I was half crazy. And then I found out what it was all about. The jig who sweeps out the bull pen told me. He came to my cell and peeped in with big, white eyes.

"White boy, yo' sho don' look lak no murderer," he said. "Whut fo' yo' wanna kill dat po' man?"

Murderer! Kid, I nearly passed out. And then I sure enough thought about Big Bill Maynard and what he'd said: "If they can't get you no other way, lad, they'll frame you."

I questioned this jig and found out there had been a murder in this town about six weeks before. I had been on the prowl upstate at that time and I knew I couldn't possibly prove an alibi.

The cold sweat rolled off me by the gallon, and no hophead with a yen on ever shooked and quivered more than I did. All day I lay there thinking about Big Bill and the hot seat and how them small-town dicks was going to frame me. And the more I thought, the surer I was I was bound for the hot seat. I thought how I had kidded Big Bill about the hot seat in the courtroom in Chi and believe me, kid, I sure was sorry. And then Blake and Grimes come and got me. Grimes give me the works right away.

"Bud, we got you in the bag," he said, not even being nice about it. I was too sick to argue with him. "We got you in the bag and it's up to you whether we tie up this bag and throw her in the river."

He paused, and Blake took it up: "Them folks that was in to see you today saw a guy croaked down the street a few weeks ago. The guy that done the croaking was a tall guy, about your build. He had a hooked nose too."

He paused to let it sink in. It sure sunk in, kid. I admit I was scared stiff.

"Them folks that looked you over was all excited," he went on. "It wouldn't take much suggestion to make them swear positive you was the tall guy with the hooked nose. Especially when you wear overalls. In fact, they already nearly identified you. With a little suggestion, they'd get up before a jury and swear you was the guy." Blake stopped and smiled. "I wonder, bud, if you could prove where you was on Tuesday night, between ten and twelve, the second day of last month."

I started cussing. The dirty bums! Big Bill sure was right. I raved and I cussed and I cussed and I raved. And Blake and Grimes just set there grinning.

"Just between me and you, bud," Blake went on when I sort of quieted, "I doubt if you was the guy that croaked Milt Cloud, the grocer. Milt was a good guy, bud—sure a good guy. You don't look like a killer—not like a guy who'd kill old Milt Cloud. And you know, bud, the guy that killed Milt Cloud would sure get the hot seat from Judge Nelson. Milt and the judge was sure good buddies. Useta go hunting together. Yessir! Judge Nelson would sure fix a guy that killed Milt Cloud. As I said, you don't look like a killer and I sure would hate to send an innocent guy up before Judge Nelson for killing his friend, Milt Cloud. We could get them folks to positively identify you, all right. And me and my buddy here has got a duty to perform. Here you are, a burglar, and we know you are a burglar. You robbed Senator Lucas' home, you are a menace to society, and it's our duty to send you up. Maybe we can't convict you on that, but ——"

(Continued on Page 79)

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HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

(Continued from Page 76)

He stopped to roll a cigarette.

"It's a ten-year rap, bud," he went on. "We'd ruther send you up for ten years than burn you." He leaned over and looked me straight in the eye. "What say you, bud—you want ten years or the chair?"

Kid, what could I do? I prayed a little and then cussed a little, and finally I come through.

I told them dummies where I had hidden my swag, signed a statement I robbed the senator's house. They smiled and patted me on the back and started to go, when Grimes thought of something. He stopped and started scratching his head. Then he looked at his pardner like he had thought of something he was ashamed of.

"You know, buddy, we forgot something," he said nervously. "We forgot to tell the kid here that it was a barefoot rap he was up against."

"So we did," said Blake. "And it's a dirty shame."

"What say we forget it?" said Grimes hopefully. "Let's give the kid a break."

"Duty is duty, pardner," Blake said grimly. Then he walked over to me.

"Bud, we forgot to tell you, but you're charged with barefoot burglary," he said, and when I stared at him like I thought he was nuts, he went on: "In this state there are three burglary raps—loft raps, calling for three years; first-degree raps, calling for ten years flat; and barefoot raps, calling for from thirty to life."

Kid, it's a wonder I didn't faint. My heart did nearly stop. My head swam, but I heard Blake go on:

"You wasn't exactly barefooted, bud, but you wore rubber-soled shoes, and that's the same thing. We're sorry, but maybe you'll have to do thirty to life, instead of ten flat."

I started cussing again, but stopped. What was the use? You can't argue with them kind of guys. I had an ace up my sleeve, though—something that I thought maybe would interest even guys who had a duty to perform. Still cussing, I reached over and got my coat. I ripped open the lining and pulled out three thousand-dollar bills. It was my immergency fund, kid—planted for just such a time as this. I didn't beat around the bush.

"Here's three grand, you dirty rats!" I hollered, slamming the three yellow boys on the table. "I'm paying that to keep the barefoot rap off my neck! What say you?"

Grimes and Blake just stood there, their eyes popping out of the heads, and eyed them big boys. Greedy eyes, kid, them dicks had. For a long time they eyed them bills, sort of licking their lips. Then Grimes walked over to the table and picked up the bills.

"We're honest officers of the law, bud," he said in a low voice, "an' we never took a penny in our lives." He turned to Blake to prove it. "Did we ever take a penny in our lives, buddy?"

Blake like to broke his neck shaking his head. "No, sir! We never took a penny in our lives."

Grimes stuck my money in his pocket, telling me he'd put it to my credit. They started to go, but I stopped them.

"What can I do to keep that barefoot rap off me?" I begged.

Grimes scratched his head. Finally he came back and sat down.

"If you'll help me and my buddy out on them other jobs of yourn, maybe we'll let you take the ten-spot," he said, grinning

Well, I come through. What could I do? Them guys had me licked cold. I told them about the six jobs I'd pulled since I left Chi two months ago. But I held out about the fence. They seemed to want to know about him awful bad. I told them I shipped the stuff to a pal in New York. Of course, they'll never locate the fake pal. But I give it to them straight, at that. If they could find that fence they'd find about fifty grand worth of good junk.

They took me to trial the next morning. Before I went to the courthouse, Blake brought me in these hobnails. I let out an awful squawk for my own shoes.

"Ain't them yours, bud?" Blake asked me sympathetically, when I showed him my bunions—four on one foot. "Grimes must have made a mistake. I sure will get them for you after court."

I went to court, dragging these hobnails. The judge's name was Nelson and I shuddered when I thought of coming before him for croaking his old friend, Milt Cloud. He sure looked poison, that judge.

"He wants to plead guilty to first-degree burglary, Your Honor," the Rider, a fat, jolly little guy who didn't look like a prosecutor, said.

"First degree burglary?" said His Honor. "Why, I thought ——"

"Well, he wants to plead to that charge," the Rider broke in, and in my heart I thanked him for taking my part. I thought the judge was going to insist on keeping me on the murder rap or maybe the barefoot rap.

"Come on, judge, please let me plead to first-degree burglary," I begged. "Ten years will cure me, judge, and make me a better man."

"All right, son," said His Honor. Then he lowered his spectacles and bunched up his eyebrows and give the poor Pelican the sad, sad news—ten years at hard labor in the Big House.

Then, with a few well-chosen words, as the toastmaster says, he knocked me into a cocked hat.

"You asked for ten years," he said. "You got ten years. And I will frankly admit I was glad to give you ten years. But I am sorely puzzled. Your crime was actually second-degree burglary. As such, it called for only three years. There was nobody at home when you broke in Senator Lucas' house. That made it second degree. But you are undoubtedly a menace to society. I am glad to increase your punishment at your own suggestion."

I let out a yelp. I yelled for a shyster lip. I told the judge I had to have a new trial.

He shook his head. "You plead guilty," he said.

Then I told him about the frame. I explained about the barefoot rap the dicks threatened me with. The judge looked puzzled.

"Barefoot rap?" he inquired sharply. "Barefoot rap?"

"He's probably trying to pull the nutty racket, Your Honor," broke in Grimes. "They ain't no barefoot rap, as you well know. He's just dreamin' dreams."

The judge frowned. "Don't attempt that here, boy."

All at once it come it me. Them dicks had invented that barefoot rap to get me to cough up what they wanted. I started to cuss, but checked myself. I had to talk fast:

"Well, anyway, judge, what about them trying to frame me on the murder of your old friend, Milt Cloud?" I hollered. "Them guys tried to frame me on that—tried to hang the croaking of your old friend, Milt Cloud, on me."

"Milt Cloud?" mumbled the judge. "Milt Cloud—my old friend?"

Blake grinned.

"You see, Your Honor, he's just playing nuts," he said. "He's been raving about some guy named Milt Cloud for days." He turned to Grimes. "Did you ever hear of a guy named Milt Cloud, a grocer, living around here—a guy who was murdered?" Grimes shook his head.

"He probably killed somebody by that name somewheres else," the Rider butted in. "I'll have to check him on that." And he made a note of it. The judge nodded grimly.

"I guess maybe he's crazy or playing crazy," he said. "Maybe I should have him examined and sent to the insane asylum."

I sank down on the bench. No barefoot rap! No Milt Cloud murder! Lord, kid, I sure had been a sap. Them dummies had took me like Grant took Richmond.

"Well, anyways, judge, can I have me a shyster lip?" I begged. I must have been pitiful, because his face softened.

"Certainly, son, you can have an attorney," he said. "That is a privilege no man is denied. And we guardians of the law in this little city are especially jealous of a citizen's rights." I groaned when I thought how I'd been took. I turned to Blake.

"I'll give you an order on the desk sergeant," I told him. "You get my three grand and bring it to me, so's I can hire me a mouthpiece."

He just stood there and grinned up at the judge.

"Has he money?" the judge asked.

"More of his dreams, Your Honor," said Blake. "He's been raving for days about how he turned three thousand dollars over to the police when we arrested him. He's got twenty-eight dollars."

The judge frowned. "Enough of this," he said sternly. "Take him away."

Kid, I opened my mouth to squawk, but changed my mind. I was licked. Who would believe me, anyway, if I did let out a squawk about my three grand? Nobody, kid—nobody.

I just held out my arms to Grimes and tried a sickly grin. "Give me the irons, Big Boy," I said. "You win."

We walked out of the courtroom, my head down. I wasn't feeling so good, kid. All at once something caught my eye—something familiar. I looked again, and then I let out an awful squawk.

"Why, you big, lousy bum!" I shouted. Grimes just grinned and told me to shut up or he'd clout me.

So help me, kid, if that big stiff hadn't gone and stole my shoes. He was wearing them right then, and me dragging along these hobnails.

The Pelican's head sank to his chest in shame. I heard him mutter as if to himself: "No barefoot rap—no murder rap—no three grand—ten years—my fourteen-dollar shoes."

I thought I'd cheer him a bit. "You sure did put it over on them about your fence, buddy," I told him. "That sure was smart—keeping him back. Them dicks would give a lot to know his name. And so would I, for that matter. I got a lot of stuff I'd like to send over the fence, but I don't know where to go."

The Pelican brightened.

"I can send you to my fence," he said. "His name is Sam Feldman. He runs a pawnshop on East Tenth Street in Loonville, about thirty miles east of here. He'll make you a good price on good silver."

"Thank you, Pelican," I said, and got up. I walked to the head of the runway. "George!" I called loudly.

George came to the door, rubbing his eyes sleepily. "Ready to go out, Jim?" he asked. "Get what you wanted?" I nodded.

I turned around and faced the Pelican, who had risen and was eying George and me with his little, beady eyes, hostile and unfriendly now. I pulled back my coat, showing the police badge on my vest.

"We wanted that fence pretty bad, Pelican," I told him. "You big-town crooks are sure nice to us small-town dicks."

I watched the Pelican. His face turned livid with rage. His hands clenched and unclenched. He seemed about to spring, and I braced myself. Suddenly he relaxed and a smile broke over his face. It wasn't much of a smile—sort of sickly, awfully faint—but a smile just the same.

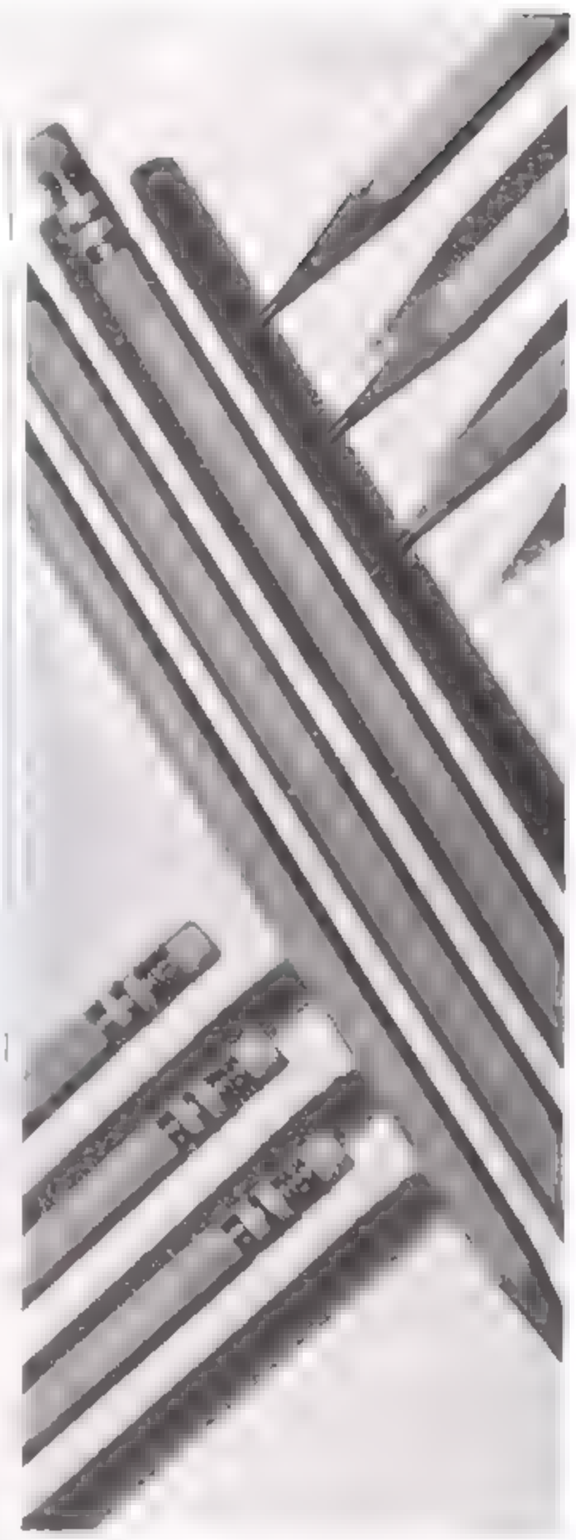
"Wait a minute, dummy," he said. He sat down on the iron bench and pulled off his trousers. He reached in his shoe and brought out a ten-dollar bill. He stuffed the bill into the trousers pocket.

Walking painfully, wearily, dragging his heavy hobnailed shoes along, he came up the runway toward me.

"Here," he said, trying to grin; "take my pants—and I guess I got off lucky at that, after bumping against you guys."

He ambled off down the runway, dragging the heavy hobs, his baggy underwear flopping about thin, pipestem legs.

"Hide your toothbrushes, guys," he hollered into the snoring cells. "They's a country dick on the prowl."



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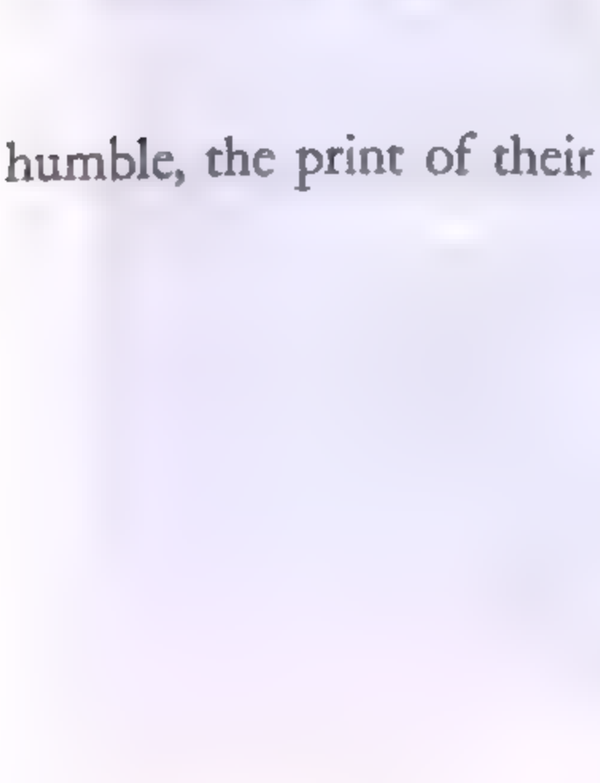
people. And pondering it, we think of a letter that Lincoln once wrote to a friend: ". . . my mother," he said, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to her."

We are told by some that such "sentimentality" today has gone out of fashion. And yet—there are thousands of men of accomplishment who would make these very words their own.

And there are thousands of mothers, teaching their children gentleness and simplicity and understanding and integrity of purpose who will find *some* day in *some* Gettysburg Address, however humble, the print of their own immortality.

There are many ways of living. McCall's has chosen to express the one which it believes comes closest to the reality of American life . . . suggesting one reason, perhaps, why it numbers among its readers 2,300,000 women.



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CRACKING OPEN THE NORTH

(Continued from Page 7)

There was something else—water which practically cut the entire North Country into an endless procession of islands. Dark, frothy-yellow at the rapids, tea-colored in the deeper recesses, one stream begins only that it may merge into another in the North; forests give off their snow meltage into lakes, lakes into streams, streams into rivers with swirling shallows and thunderous waterfalls. Water is as necessary to paper making as the pulp itself.

So the paper companies moved into the north of Canada. They built their mills. They began to harness streams. They penetrated the bush with tall steel structures and singing wires. Electric-lighted towns appeared, even before the branch lines of railroads made their appearance. But the railroads were not far behind; rising communities meant trade; each pulp mill brought with it a little city. On and on, slowly at first, then gradually snowballing, the invasion of the North began. Canada's water power has increased so enormously in the past ten years that she now ranks among the world leaders in power development per capita.

All this brought about a number of things. First of all, money began to flow into the North, and with money went a new interest in the country. Cities began to build; centers of communication. Advanced methods of travel arrived; the airplane joined this, naturally, after the war, and it became a dependable workaday method of forest surveys for the establishment of pulp areas and fire protection. Beyond this came two great pieces of knowledge: First, that the bush could be beaten, and secondly, the knowledge that mining occupied the same position as the widely advertised mouse trap. Find a better mine or a better place for industrial development and the beaten path to one's door would shortly follow, via the millions necessary to the building of a railroad. Prospectors began to branch out. Persons who had tried in vain to peddle their claims renewed their efforts. Suddenly—overnight, it seemed—the North Country began to crack.

A crevice is extending across the north of the whole Dominion now, widened more in the past three years than in all the history of Canada. No longer is the country referred to as the Frozen North; it's the Golden North, and the better etiquette is to forget the former term entirely. From Labrador across the Ungava country, into Northern Quebec, across the New North of Ontario and through the Patricia district; into Manitoba and northward into the Barren Lands and beyond, across Saskatchewan and Alberta and British Columbia and into the Yukon, the northward push is going forward like the skirmishing line of a tremendous army. The westward flow of empire in the history of the United States is puny compared with it. In fact, there is no comparison; the dramatics of the Alaskan rush were easier to describe because they were concentrated. But they were no more prevalent.

Everything in the Swing

This northward push, incidentally, is not one which merely quests for gold or other minerals, like the chase of '98. It includes agriculture and the opening up of farming districts, but it is not solely concerned with that, as was the opening of Oklahoma and the Cherokee Strip. It concerns railroad building, under almost as many hardships and privations as those of the building of the Kansas Pacific and the Union Pacific, but that, too, is a component. For there is everything in the swing to the North—manufacturing, agriculture, mines, water power, the hope of oil and coal, smelters, railroads, opening of new steamship lanes, cities—all these things are moving into a country which has been until the past few years a frontier in every sense of the word. Perhaps the best illustration of that is the fact that between The Pas, in Northern Manitoba, where the Hudson Bay Railway begins its lonely journey into the north, and the end of steel, which is now within twenty or thirty miles of the terminus at Fort Churchill, is a distance of nearly 500 miles. In that entire length of railroad there are only two public crossings, one of which is in The Pas. On the journey to the end of steel and back, I saw two horses. They had broken loose from a contractor's camp and were wandering the tracks. That's the country.

From Nature's Horn of Plenty

It is the last frontier extending across an entire continent. One finds the battle against the wilderness going on far to the east in the St. John Lake area; one finds the same conditions being met two thousand and more miles westward, with the employment of every conceivable form of device and mechanical contrivance. While the pioneer track layer of the Hudson Bay Railway crowds back the wilderness in its highly mechanical manner, the packers move on ahead of it through the snow, employing the oldest of methods in the carrying of provisions from cache to cache; stooped, their heads pressed against the tumpline, they move stolidly onward, mile upon mile, carrying the food to men who, beyond civilization, are planning the way and blazing the trail for the machinery that will follow.

The airplanes drone ceaselessly, over the forests in fire protection, winter and summer in the carrying of prospectors and mining engineers, in the private and public carrying of mail, in the hauling of freight to camps and outposts which otherwise would be cut off from civilization, from freeze-up in the fall until break-up in the spring.

Most modern of all transporting devices, these airplanes are opening up a country which might have lain undeveloped for decades. But the cargo of a thrumming air freighter may as easily be half a dozen huskies for a dog team as the tubing for that exceedingly modern prospecting device, the diamond drill.

One comes to accept the oldest and the newest quite casually in the North Country. Otherwise one would be lost in a maze of comparisons. Many a settler who could not read has earned the money by which to clear the land of a northern clay-belt farm by cutting and rossing and selling pulp wood for the manufacture of newspapers and magazines. One finds many persons who never have been on a railroad, but who fly quite as a matter of course. The Western Canada Airways, Limited, a private corporation which did not exist a few years ago, flew 4700 passengers last summer. It carried fifty-five tons of mail to prospectors and developers, and 500 tons of express. Much of this went to places that will not see a railroad for years—some of them, perhaps, never.

To gain a true picture of what is happening in Canada today, a few figures are necessary. Six years ago the Canadian National Railways, the government-owned lines, managed to scrape together for one year a net earning of $3,000,000. By last year—1928—those earnings had jumped nearly 1600 per cent, to $50,000,000, while the Canadian Pacific paid its 10 per cent dividends with an ease approaching the gracious. According to Canadians, it is only the beginning.

"Why shouldn't it be?" asked Cyril T. Young, F. R. G. S., the superintendent of development for the C. N. R., as we sat one day recently in his office at Toronto. On every side of him were mapped developments, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. "In the first place, to do things, a country must have things. Let's take just a glimpse at Canada.

"Suppose, for instance, that Germany had possessed the bulge on nickel during the war. Suppose she had it now. An addition of 2½ per cent of nickel, you know, makes rustless steel. The Sheffield statisticians say the yearly waste from rust and corrosion is $2,500,000,000. Very well; Canada, in its mines at Sudbury—the rim of a former volcano, twenty by forty miles, to say nothing of its four offsets—controls 90 per cent of the nickel in all the world.

"As for water power, we've developed 32,000,000 horse power, and that's merely a sample. We think we know how much potential water power there is in Canada, but no one's sure about it. How can there be surety when a great part of the Dominion's possessions haven't even been mapped? We do know, however, that we can continue to develop as fast as cement can be poured, steel rolled and railroads built to carry it, for long after this generation is gone, and still not reach the end of it. We've come to deal in big figures up here. The Duke-Price interests on the Saguenay River are developing more than 1,000,000 horse power for one project alone—one, incidentally, that will give Canada another bulge: The control of the aluminum market. One unit of that project is in operation." He laughed. "A mere 100,000 horse power. The rest is under construction.

"When it is done, the ships will come direct from British Guiana, loaded with bauxite, which is the base of aluminum. They will steam straight up the eastern coast to the St. Lawrence, up the St. Lawrence to the Saguenay, and thence upward, straight to the mills. The bauxite deposits are mainly British owned, either on the Gold Coast or in British Guiana, and aluminum right now is an important metal.

"There are the airplanes, for one thing, demanding more and more of it. When a die can be found to stamp automobile bodies out of it, as cork makers stamp out corks, there will not be room enough on earth for all the cheap automobiles that can be manufactured. Aluminum alloys are constantly working upward toward steel's tensile strength. Already ten aluminum railroad coaches have been constructed on steel trucks with spun wheels, and are being hauled with 30 per cent less coal. And, again, Canada can control aluminum."

From Youth to Manhood

"A nation, in fact, can control a great many things when there's white coal in profusion. To gain a true idea of water power, all one has to do is to visualize an industrial map of Canada from the east to the west. It is an incessant string of pulp and paper mills located between the Atlantic and the Prairie provinces, 132 in all, all of them running on water power, and some of those power plants developing as much as 100,000 horse power. After one finishes with the paper mills one can turn to the smelters which are dotting Canada from the Rockies to Quebec, and again it's the muskeg water that's turning out the copper, the gold, the silver and the lead and zinc to keep a nation busy with manufactures. That has had its inevitable effect. Already Canada has reached a total of $12,000,000 a day in manufacturing. She is exporting $241 per head of population, against $190 by Great Britain and $77 by the United States. You see," he concluded, "we're growing up."

Perhaps that explains it—that period of adolescence when the body seems to expand while you look at it, and the child that was shoots up into a man overnight. His voice may change once in a while from bass to tenor, and there may be an extra longness of the legs, but the child that was is gone, almost before one's vision. The comparison is a good one for Canada; it helps one to understand the dizzy swiftness with which things are being done, the

(Continued on Page 86)

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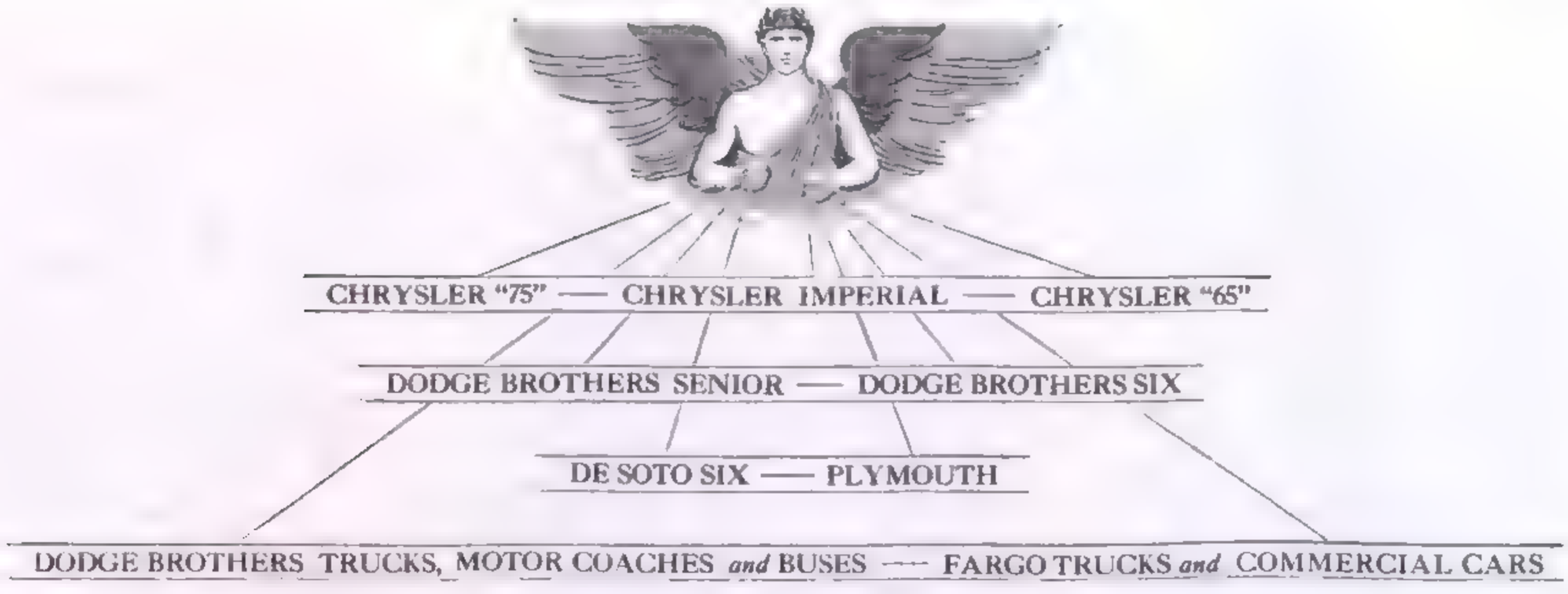
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There have been associated motor car units before.

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No other car at anywhere near its price offers Plymouth's full-size, its marked safety of control due to weatherproof hydraulic four-wheel brakes, and its characteristic Chrysler power, speed and pick-up.

To see the new Plymouth is to pronounce it beautiful beyond any car with which it may be compared. To ride in it is to recognize quickly why Plymouth is everywhere conceded today's greatest value in the lowest-priced field.

(Continued from Page 83)

casualness of tremendous projects carried out in the face of every conceivable difficulty. Less than three years ago, for instance, I stopped overnight in the bush camp of an engineer who yet must wait three months before he could see the approach of steel, denoting that his railroad job in this particular district was finished. I asked him what he would do then.

"Oh, I don't know. I'm trying to get a place up in the St. John Lake country; they're figuring on a piece of road up there. But, of course, it's not sure; the decision hasn't yet been made as to whether they'll build the line or not."

I asked about him the last time I was in Canada. He was working on a job out in the Prairie Provinces. "That road in the St. John Lake region? Oh, it's all done now and the trains are running over it."

Not only is the railroad running but a little city has risen, with its hopes in the world, its entire forgetfulness of the fact that three years ago it didn't exist, and with the tremendous responsibility which a new town feels for the building of another Queen City of the North.

Repaving the Trails

But in the blooming of the boom towns of the northern country, there is a difference between them and the mushroom villages which sprang up in the early days of development in the United States. True it is that along the Hudson Bay Railway, where a large part of a pioneer's income depends upon his closeness to the end of steel, the population of one tiny town has at one time or another been almost entirely in all the towns. But even here the boom spirit of continually rushing onward is not an outstanding thing. Instead, the new Canadian town of the present has a tendency to sprout, mushroom, spread and then grow steadily upon that expansion, instead of falling away to nothing, as was the history of many American boom camps.

The reason is, of course, that most of these towns are founded upon a specific center. In Northern Manitoba, for instance, some fifty miles north of The Pas, where the hammers pound night and day, where lots sell for $3000 today and perhaps $4000 tomorrow, and where automobiles can run all of seven miles in the daytime, but only four after dark, owing to the dangers of night driving, is the blooming metropolis of Cranberry Portage. A year ago Cranberry Portage was what its name implies—a path in the bush leading from Cranberry Lakes to Lake Athapapaskow, trodden by the Cree with his canoe over his head or with his neck muscles bulging from the pull of a tumpline upon a back pack of from 100 pounds upward. The description is not a facetious one; training from youth has given the Northern Cree a certain truck-horse quality. Three hundred pounds carried upon the back is not an unusual load. The North Country, in fact, talks somewhat proudly of Henry Dorian, an Indian, who once carried a load of 800 pounds for more than a mile. It was a bet; Dorian's opponent was to pack a load of only 600 pounds. But when the three-quarters post was reached the tumpline broke and the opponent fell with the load on top of him. It broke three of his ribs. That was a big laugh for Henry.

So all the paving that Cranberry Portage got was the pounding of moccasined feet upon a trail. Then deep in the bush a mine discovered long before was sold to the Whitney interests of New York. Somewhere about a table men gathered and discussed expenses. What would it cost to build a town at the mine, harness Island Falls for water power, develop this mineral property known as the Flin Flon, put in a smelter, build eighty-eight miles of railroad and take care of a few more odds and ends? The program figured about $20,000,000. That was a year ago.

Today Cranberry Portage is a little city. Night and day the dynamite booms as the stumps are blasted, one by one, for the new town site with its streets, its water mains, its restricted residence districts. The cement mixers grind ceaselessly. There is an airport, and the planes bring in the special stamped mail each day, landing on pontoons in the summer months, on ski when Lake Athapapaskow is frozen. And Cranberry Portage is already old, established, with its school, its civic government, its old-timers who can look back to the day when only a few tents were there.

Nor does anyone talk about the glad day when the railroad gets in. The railroad is already in and has been hauling freight for nearly five months. More than that, it extends thirty-eight miles beyond, to the Flin Flon property, where another town has been built, and even a larger one will rise when Island Falls on the Churchill River is harnessed to 70,000 horse power and the smelter begins to roast the $600,000,000 of proved ores which the district contains. What is interesting the old-timers of Cranberry Portage right now is the building of another railroad still another fifty miles beyond to the Sheritt-Gordon properties, where more millions await.

Therein lies another difference between the old-time boom camp and the new. Then millions in mines were bandied about merely as a figment of speech. Today every million that is mentioned has been catalogued and determined and set aside to cool as a piece of proved statistics. The diamond drill has looked after that.

An inquisitive thing, this diamond drill inquisitive and acquisitive. Today it follows the prospector with the surety of a timber cruiser marking out available lumber for cutting. A series of hollow tubes, jointed in five-foot lengths and ending in a tube equipped with a ring of Brazilian carbons, or black diamonds, it is bored into the ground either by steam or often by the agency of a tractor-propelled gasoline engine, taken into remote places over the snows of winter. Down and down it goes, containing on the inside a core lifter which pulls out the rock through which it is boring. Foot by foot that core is assayed. When a diamond-drilling job is done, the owners of a mine know exactly what lies beneath the values, the depths, the offshoots. The only job remaining is to take it out. And while this work goes on deep in the bush, the radio brings to workingmen the programs of the national hook-up, the airplane flies in the mail and the food, and more drill steel when necessary. But beside the cabins, hewn from the native spruce and chinked with caribou moss, the huskies howl in the gray of dawn, the snowshoes stand against the cabin walls and the toboggans await their passengers; where the modern cannot go the primitive can, and progress marches unceasingly.

A Very Nice Place

Naturally, when a firing line stretches from an ocean in the east, toward the offshoot of an ocean in the north, then back to another ocean in the west—for Canada is pushing from the Atlantic and the Pacific up toward Hudson Bay and the Arctic—one cannot simply step off a train anywhere and find a teeming boom town. In fact, for one merely crossing the continent, Canada might appear to be standing still, or at least in the pioneer stage. Or one may look out the observation window, as I observed a man doing at Kapuskasing, Ontario, and with a bored tone, ask:

"What town is this? Very nice place, what?"

For one must know the history of such communities, and the romance behind the smooth lawn of a little park which gives it the appearance of a very nice place. One must know its age and what has happened there. Kapuskasing today, it is true, is a very nice place. It is a city, set far in the north of Ontario, where once the bush gave only a grudging path to the rails of the Transcontinental. It has its hotels, its clubrooms, its harnessed waterfalls, its park, its tremendous pulp mill kicking forth 320 tons of newsprint a day. It has 6000 population, and over at one side there is a collection of shabby, tar-paper-roofed buildings set in an inclosure which once was man-proof and guarded by persons armed to kill. In this inclosure is a monument. It contains the names of many Germans who died there as prisoners of war.

For that and little more was Kapuskasing during the war. It was far north. On every side the black, silent bush stretched mile upon mile; the escaped prisoner who dared face it might live through it, but the chances were against him. There the Kapuskasing River thundered over a fall. Lakes and streams and muskeg ringed the country about; it was a camp in the bush, afar off where spies could not enter and where the soldier guard had a greater guard to aid him, the tangle of spruce and soft woods more encompassing than even the tangle of barbed wire.

Speaking in Well-Rounded Figures

There German prisoners lived and there some German prisoners died. The war ended. The soldiers went away, likewise those who had been interned. The little French Canadian village which had prospered upon the location of the camp began to dwindle. Then one day in 1922, some engineers dropped off the Transcontinental and began to spy through their transits.

"Going to spend some money here?" asked a native.

"Oh, some," said an engineer. "Twenty-five or thirty millions."

Six years is not a long time, but at the New York Times-Kimberley Clark plant in Kapuskasing they speak of one unit as the old plant.

"You see," they tell you, "we built the old sulphite mill first and then sort of took our time. This newsprint division is all new."

The apologies concern the harnessing of Spruce Falls at Kapuskasing, supplying power for the entire city and for the building of the plant, the building of a railroad fifty miles through the bush, the erection of the new plant itself, the establishment of bush camps throughout the timber limits that a supply of pulp may flow ceaselessly to the booming yards, the erection of fifty miles of steel electric-transmission towers and finally the harnessing of Smoky Falls, only 100 miles from James Bay, where thousands upon thousands of horse power flow forth to the making of reading matter for New York breakfast tables.

So it goes. Millions—everywhere millions. One becomes almost apologetic in speaking of any smaller amount. A smelter costs so many millions. A railroad costs a million for twenty or twenty-five miles. Someone mentions a waterfall and the cost of harnessing it is easily computed in the millions. One goes back to the million or more horsepower that is being developed by the Duke-Price interests on the Saguenay River in Quebec, and blinks slightly. For the cost there is $100,000,000.

Perhaps the mention of that much money does not complete the picture. Perhaps, however, the fact that this project is causing the building of a complete, made-to-order city of 25,000 population comes nearer it. Or that the work is still going on after four or five years—that, after all, is an excellent comparison for Canada. But perhaps the best is the fact that it means approximately three-fifths of the cost of the Boulder Dam, which has kept the West and Congress squabbling for years. But therein lies a difference. The Boulder Dam, with its cost of $165,000,000, is a project carried forth by the power of the United States. The $100,000,000 that is being spent at Isle Maligne, Chicoutimi, Saguenay, Arvida and other spots on the Saguenay project is provided by private interests, and at a spot which once was believed to be the frigid and friendless North.

Nor are all these things done without hardships which parallel the dangers existent even in the days of the opening of the old West. True, there are no bad men, for the police of Canada, mounted or provincial, have a habit of making bad men into good men. The Indians are either grinning, willing Crees or equally grinning, hard-working Ojibways. But there are other dangers equally vicious; there is the danger of the bush which can swallow a wanderer even within a quarter mile of the railroad track. There are the dangers of great distances, of loneliness, of illness far from doctors. There are the flies, humming incessantly in the deep bush when summer comes, the crash of the rapids upon an overloaded canoe, the sweep of wind in the winter, with its swish of snow, powdery from the frigidity of fifty below.

But it is accepted. A man dies. Well, he is gone, and another takes his place. A group of engineers, lost, half starved, stagger into camp. They're there—why waste good conversation on talking about what's already happened? A prospector disappears. Maybe he'll show up again. Maybe he won't. There is a far bigger thing than individual loss or individual suffering; it is aggregate success and national well-being. Even for those who experience those hardships, there is a casual attitude that is hard to assimilate, especially if one does not understand the viewpoint of him who is cracking open the North.

During the last trip which this writer made into Canada, a plane which was carrying out some prospectors from north of Churchill on Hudson Bay, was cracked up in the bay, owing to the breaking of a pontoon. They'd had a tough time, those prospectors. Joe Rutherford had died somewhere along the trail. Tom-Two Bits—Cowan was suffering the agonies of frozen feet, although this was early October.

Out from civilization came Captain H. A. Oaks, of the Northern Aerial Mineral Explorations, Limited, to bring back the occupants of the wrecked plane. And while this was happening a tug tossed upon the slate-colored waters of Hudson Bay, lost, with twenty-seven men aboard, and with every indication that it would not reach harbor.

Lost and Found

From Deer Lake, then far ahead of the end of steel on the Hudson Bay Railway, from Cormorant Lake, near The Pas, from The Pas itself and Cranberry Portage, planes took off in answer to the call of the radio, heading into the North upon a journey of rescue. Down the roaring Nelson and out over the bay they went, searching the waters; the tug was too small for the job it had tackled; there might be wholesale deaths.

The other day I got a letter from one of the prospectors who was aboard the rescue plane piloted by Captain Oaks. The letter said:

I took Cowan to the Toronto General Hospital. He wrote me from there a few days ago, stating he lost both legs; the right one above the knee, and the left just below the knee. Poor Joe is somewhere in the frozen Barrens; we could not find his body.

On my way out from Churchill with Captain Oaks I nearly lost my eyesight looking for the government tug which, it was feared, had come to grief somewhere out on the Bay. I had a pair of binoculars, and as we flew down the coast I kept a sharp lookout for the tug or some of her wreckage. Just before reaching Port Nelson we sighted what we believed to be the tug. Captain Oaks turned the plane and flew several miles toward her. However, it was out a long ways, night was coming on, and we had to find a landing place up the Nelson River before darkness overtook us. The next morning we circled the first radio station we came to on the steel and dropped a message telling them we had sighted the tug on her way to Port Nelson. I wasn't any too positive about it and often wondered if Captain Oaks was right in reporting. Was he?

Yes, Mr. Reed, that was the tug. And it came safely into harbor.

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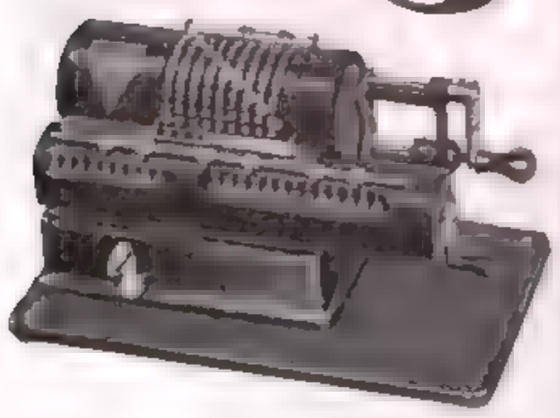

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TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

(Continued from Page 19)

this ignorant Brahman! I open to ye a law that is beyond the law of the Brahmans, beyond the law of all the castes—even I who was chained in the castehood of a Kshatriya before I found enlightenment!"

"Death! Death!" shrieked the Brahman. "The curse of Shiv the Destroyer upon all who assist not to slay this bringer of misfortune!"

Vinitamati found himself violently jostled in the rush of that crowd howling in its easily evoked superstitious frenzy. Through the uproar he heard Indradatta's shout, saw him fight his way through the mob with a suddenly unsheathed sword flashing above his head.

"Vinitamati! Kshatriyas all! Rescue! Rescue! A Kshatriya is attacked!"

Whipping out his own sword, Vinitamati forced his way behind his friend, stood with him in front of the man of the yellow robe while the maddened mob checked before their weapons.

"Back, dogs!" Indradatta shouted, youthfully handsome like the god of war himself, as he made a whirling circle with his sword. "Back, or I slay ye all! Who are ye to touch a Kshatriya? Back, or ye perish even to your wives and little ones!"

The crowd shrank away from him. Of a truth, madness was it to mishandle a Kshatriya. Why had this wanderer not said before that he was of the caste of warriors who would, as all men knew, never cease from slaying if the hair of one of them were but touched by the lowly born? Nearly had they been led into a great evil. Let the Brahmans and the Kshatriyas settle their quarrels between them. They were no good thing for humble villagers like themselves to meddle with. Even the Brahman had been suddenly silenced, had slunk away. They could not do better than follow his example. No, they knew naught of a crowd or tumult. They were but honest poor people who happened to be passing. Was there some disturbance? Nay, then were it better for guiltless folk such as themselves to go speedily to their homes.

The mob had melted—vanished. Vinitamati saw that with the man in the patchwork yellow robe was a youth similarly garbed who held a begging bowl in his hand and was evidently the preacher's chela. The young disciple was still trembling with fright—evidently, again, he was but of low caste—but his master's calm serenity was unimpaired. Indradatta turned to him.

"Now, O holy one"—he assumed politely that this stranger of his caste was one of those who had acquired sanctity by penance and solitary meditation—"mayest thou, as thou wilt, go or stay in peace. Not in this village do Brahmans dare to work evil upon Kshatriyas."

The stranger smiled at him benignly, looked at the handsome lad with eyes that seemed as though they could read the soul. Somewhat surprisingly, he did not thank them for their rescue.

"Doubtless by thy action hast thou gained merit that will advance thee in thy next life, young warrior"—magically pleasant was his deep voice—"yet by that very action hast thou bound thyself more firmly to the Wheel of Things." The eyes under the serene brow probed him. "O thou who goest bravely to find a kingdom, follow me and I will open to thee a kingdom beside which all other kingdoms are but shadows."

Vinitamati was pierced by a pang of apprehension. Was this stranger going to separate them at the outset of their quest? To Indradatta alone did he address himself. Queerly persuasive was that calm passionless voice, profoundly compelling the personality which seemed to reduce him to a mere nothingness. What kingdom was this of which he spoke?

Indradatta was skeptical but courteous. These ascetics were to be humored.

"How shall a man attain that kingdom, O holy one?"

The stranger still smiled benignly.

"By putting off those weapons with which thou thinkest to win happiness, young warrior. By donning a robe such as this, pieced from the rags that all reject. By having no roof over thee save a tree, and that in a graveyard, nor sleeping under that tree more than once. By taking no life, even in sacrifice or by carelessness. By a virtue so strict that the very thought of sin cannot enter. By conquering all desire, even the desire to be thought meritorious. So shall thy feet be set upon the first path of the Eightfold Path. So shalt thou begin to follow the way—the way of escape from the misery of repeated birth. So shalt thou attain that kingdom beyond price where all are free."

Of a surety the man was mad! Nevertheless, Vinitamati glanced uneasily at his friend, anxious lest he should be seduced by the magics this holy one doubtless had at his command. He was relieved at Indradatta's answer, still courteous, as, indeed, became the speech of one Kshatriya to another.

"Alas, O holy one, not now may I follow thy way. With my brother Vinitamati here I go forth into the world to win warlike fame and haply, indeed, a kingdom, as a Kshatriya should, being poor but of pure caste. Give us then thy blessing, O holy one, that our road be auspicious to us."

The stranger smiled again his fascinating mild smile.

"I would pity thee, young man, were not pity itself an enslavement to the wheel, as desire also is enslavement—even the desire that one like thee should find the way. Therefore my blessing be upon ye both." He looked from Indradatta to Vinitamati with those disconcertingly penetrative eyes. "That which is written is written."

He lifted his hand in a gesture of benediction, turned away from them to seat himself under the bodhi tree, where the arm-uplifted ascetic seemed unaware that anything had occurred around him.

Indradatta smiled to his friend.

"Let us now hasten, Vinitamati, for we have far to go upon the road."

The disciple overtook them, begging bowl in hand.

"Give alms, O Kshatriyas," he said. "Great merit will ye acquire from alms given to my master."

Indradatta and Vinitamati each found a trifling copper piece to drop into the bowl.

"Thy master said he was a Kshatriya," said Vinitamati. "Is it indeed so? What name does he bear among Kshatriyas?"

"Among Kshatriyas was he called Siddhattha Gautama, a raja's son," replied the disciple. "That was before he found the way. Now is he"—his voice dropped in the exaggerated reverence with which all these chelas mentioned the master for whom they begged—"the Buddha—the Enlightened One."

The appellation meant nothing to them. They went on their way through the street broiling in the sun, passed through the gate in the stockade where the drivers of mutually obstructive bullock carts cursed one another in fluent malediction through the dust, passed out upon the deeply rutted track which led between the fields and the water wells to the next village and the great world beyond.

Indradatta was silent as they walked, their weapons clinking upon them.

"Glad I am we had that holy one's blessing, Vinitamati," he said at last. "Assuredly of great sanctity was he. Meseemeth yet I have his voice in my ears."

"Auspicious shall it be to us, brother," answered Vinitamati. "Sawst thou not he smiled when he said 'That which is written is written'? Of a surety he foresaw our fates. Raja over a great kingdom shalt thou be, brother, and I shall share thy glory and thy fortune."

Indradatta laughed. "And he would that I should wear a patched robe and live in a graveyard! A fine kingdom!"

Vinitamati laughed also. Verily these holy men were all mad. And very good it was to be young and a Kshatriya marching forth to the conquest of the world.

Ten years had elapsed since that morning when, poor and friendless in all but hope, they had quitted their native village. Verily had that blessing been auspicious to them. Ten years of almost incessant warfare had they shared together, fighting in the service now of this raja, now of that, across a land devastated by the perpetual internecine strife of that anarchic age. Together had they risen ever to higher and yet higher distinction, Indradatta always, as by natural right, a little in advance. Now for a year past, linked in that mutually devoted brotherhood where Vinitamati ever eagerly seconded the glory of the brilliant friend who surely must one day become a king, Indradatta had been general over all the armies of the great Maharaja Chandraprabha and Vinitamati had been his chief lieutenant.

The sun was still high, a furnace heat through the thick dust cloud which hung over the battlefield, as the victorious host rallied to its far-resounding horns and trumpets, returning from the pursuit which had reddened their weapon arms to the shoulder. The armored elephants rolled shufflingly out of the murk, waving their trunks as if they shared the triumph of the yelling warriors upon them. The Kshatriya cavalry came back at full gallop of the horses, bounding over the strewn figures that here and there strove ineffectively to rise, ranked themselves once more in disciplined array. Driblets of Sudra foot soldiers, terrorized by Kshatriya officers, reluctantly rejoined their standards, laden with that plunder for which alone they had attached themselves in hordes to this ever-successful army. Unheeded in that exultant clamor, came awful piercing shrieks from the smoke-vomiting conflagration of a small village outside the walls of the great city whose raja that day had been defeated and slain.

Vinitamati clung to the leathern side of his bell-jangling war chariot, racing back at the head of that mass of chariots, which at the appointed moment he had led to the decisive flank charge whereby the enemy resistance had been annihilated. Behind him, his Kshatriya warriors vociferated in the wild enthusiasm of victory, crying his name, crying the name of Indradatta. He smiled to himself at those cries. Soon would he test their sincerity. Thrillingly was this the moment he had foreseen even yesterday, when Indradatta had imparted to him his plans for the imminent battle. Long enough had he waited, impatient to set upon a throne that manifestly Vishnu-favored comrade with whose splendid destiny his own ambition had ever been interwoven.

This great victory, precisely as he had anticipated, was the supreme opportunity. Often already had he urged Indradatta to seize, by force or craft, one of the rajaships facile of achievement in those troubled times. Always Indradatta, alleging some exaggerated scruple of his Kshatriya honor, had refused. Always it had happened that some plighted fidelity stood in the way. Indradatta had but smiled affectionately, had assured him of his unshakable belief in a destined hour when with unstained renown he might acquire that kingdom dreamed of from their boyhood, where he would share glory and fortune with his brother in arms.

Now, however, was Vinitamati exasperatedly determined to wait no longer. What Indradatta would not do for himself he would do for him. For weeks now he had planned and schemed in preparation for the aftermath of the next great battle Indradatta's military skill should win. Already had he secretly approached the

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principal chieftains, made certain of their support. All that was needed was the propitious moment—this moment that had now arrived. He exulted within himself. Greater than he as a warrior might Indradatta be, but in shrewd intrigue none could rival him, Vinitamati. Even for some absurd refusal on the part of Indradatta had he craftily prepared.

He yelled to his trumpeter to sound the halt. The great mass of chariots wheeled into position, came to a standstill in the line of masses whose thickset weapons glinted in the dusty sunshine. They were only just in time. From the assembled host arose a vast tumultuous acclamation: "Indradatta! Indradatta! Indradatta comes! Indradatta comes!"

Vinitamati stood erect in his chariot, waved his spear high in the air, shouted vehemently, in premeditated audacity: "Indradatta! Indradatta! Great is Indradatta, the favored of Vishnu! Not Chandraprabha but Indradatta shall be raja over this conquered land!" He repeated it with all the force of his lungs, startlingly challenging the fidelity of this royal army: "Raja over us shall be Indradatta!"

There was a moment of hesitation, and then the cry was reiterated deafeningly from thousands of throats: "Great is Indradatta, favored of Vishnu! Raja shall be Indradatta! No other than Indradatta shall be raja!" Intoxicated by this last great victory of many victories, the Kshatriya warriors seized upon the suggestion, madly flourished their weapons, insisted upon this regal elevation of the general who so often and so gloriously had proved his invincibility.

Black-bearded under his gold-decked turban, his armor dented from many blows, Indradatta sat on the slowly advancing elephant he mounted only when the battle was won. At a word from him, the mahout halted the great beast, turned it so that it faced those frenziedly shouting warriors. Vinitamati repeated his cry as he looked toward his friend. Surely Indradatta could not refuse this kingdom spontaneously thrust upon him by his enthusiastic army! Well had he schemed! "Raja shall be Indradatta!"

Indradatta rose in the howdah. Dominating the clamor came that vibrant voice which could always be heard over the smithy din of conflict, over the thunder of the charge.

"Silence!" he cried formidably. "In the name of Chandraprabha the King have we fought and conquered, O Kshatriyas! His bread and salt have we eaten. What manner of base Kshatriya would be false to his oath? Let him step forward that I may slay him!"

The shouting ceased as he spoke thus sternly. In an abashed silence the warriors watched his elephant turn and shuffle off toward his tent.

Vinitamati dissembled his discomfiture, laughed to the foemen about him.

"Nevertheless, yet shall he be raja over us! Is he not more worthy of rajaship, O Kshatriyas, than that pot-bellied king who sits among his women while we win battles for him? Raja over us shall Indradatta be, and the whole world will we conquer!"

They cried about him in fierce assent. Raja should Indradatta be, if they had to make him such by force.

A little later Vinitamati stood in the tent whither Indradatta had summoned him. They were alone, the other officers dismissed. The two friends looked at each other, eyes into eyes. Much had they changed since as slim striplings they had set forth together on their quest for warlike fame. Now were they burly of body, powerful of limb, their visages hardened by a decade of grim experience. Yet still unbreakable was the bond between them. Vinitamati was intimately, pleasantly, sure of it despite the anger in Indradatta's face.

"Ill done of thee, Vinitamati, was thy stirring up of the warriors to hail me raja. Though it was done in love for me as between brothers, yet was it unworthy of thee and me. To rajaship may the gods indeed bring me, as ever I have aspired, and that now soon if the omens of the Brahman spoke truth. But not by breaking my fealty, shameful to a Kshatriya, will I achieve it. Sworn servants of Chandraprabha the King are we all, and at his feet shall be laid the victory, as our honor commands."

Vinitamati smiled at him, covering his contempt for this absurd punctiliousness. If he himself had such a chance to become a raja! Well was it for Indradatta that he had a faithful friend to plot and work for him, to force him willy-nilly to the fulfillment of the ambition of both their lives! Well was it also that he had made doubly sure—though, indeed, it must now cost him that thousand pieces of gold he would fain have spared.

"Verily was it done in love for thee, brother. Thou spakest of fealty between thee and Chandraprabha. Thinkst thou that Chandraprabha loves thee for thy victories? Thinkst thou he can endure a servant whose glory already is greater than his own?" He cried sharply to the Kshatriya sentry outside the tent. The man entered, salaamed, looked from one to the other of the generals for his order. "Bring hither the physician whom our lord the king sent yesterday to my lord Indradatta—him whom I bade the captain of the guard bind in chains!" The Kshatriya departed on his errand. "Wait but a little, brother, and thou shalt judge whether what I did was well done."

Even while still Vinitamati refused more explicit explanations, the guards entered, dragging with them a heavily fettered man, who went down on his knees in supplication.

Vinitamati whipped out his dagger, thrust it against the throat of the prisoner, spoke in harsh violence: "Now, wretch, confess, or thou shalt scream for easy death! What commands did Chandraprabha the King lay upon thee? Speak, for outside the torturers await thee!"

The man's eyes bulged in his terror. He groveled. "Spare me, mighty warrior! Spare me and I will tell all! To poison my lord Indradatta when he should have won his victory did Chandraprabha the King send me hither!"

Vinitamati turned to his friend. "Thou hast heard, brother? What bond of fealty is there now between thee and Chandraprabha?"

Indradatta's face was suddenly hard. "None, brother. Well hast thou done." He pondered a moment. "Even now they prepare the victory sacrifice to Vishnu. Let this wretch be carried in a chariot through the camp, and let him to all the army make loud confession of the command laid upon him by Chandraprabha, breaking the bonds of faith between the king and me. Then at the Vishnu sacrifice shall the heralds proclaim me, Indradatta, raja not only of this conquered land but also of the realm of Chandraprabha, which tomorrow I lead the army to attack! In Chandraprabha's city will I celebrate the rites of elevation to the rajaship!"

Vinitamati's heart leaped within him. Well had he wrought! He knelt suddenly, embraced his comrade's feet.

"I go to obey thy commands, brother. Yet let me be the first to hail thee, raja and maharaja, as in our boyhood we swore together!"

Indradatta raised him, clasped him affectionately in his arms. "Thanks to thee, brother, am I at last come honorably to the kingship thou hast desired for me more ardently even than I myself desired it. And ever, as our oath was, shalt thou share my glory and my power."

The abject prisoner raised his voice tremblingly from between his guards: "And I, O lord of mercy—shall not my life be spared when to the army I have made confession according to thy omnipotent decree?"

Indradatta glared at him, in disgust for that treachery of which this wretch had vilely made himself the agent. Ere he could utter the doom evident in his face Vinitamati interposed. For a moment the thought had leaped in him that by permitting the death of this creature, whose part was played, he might save those thousand gold pieces he had promised. But in his despair that pretended physician would then surely reveal the cheat for which Vinitamati had bribed him. It was too great a risk to take.

"Brother," he said, "grant me now the first boon of thy rajaship. Grant me this man's life, that he may depart freely when to the army he has made confession." Better would it be to have him assassinated on the road, guarding thus effectively against the possibility of future betrayal. "Verily has he done thee and me a service this day!"

Indradatta relented. "It shall be as thou desirest, brother. Free shall he go when to all men he has made plain that I broke not fealty with Chandraprabha."

They were at the Vishnu sacrifice. Vinitamati stood proudly with Indradatta in the howdah of the regally caparisoned elephant. In front of them, the ground outside the newly conquered city was filled with the thousands of Kshatriya warriors, with the hordes of humble Sudra soldiery. Already, led through the army on a chariot, the pretended physician of King Chandraprabha had shouted his confession, arousing everywhere on his passage a yelling, furious resentment, a universal cry for vengeance upon the monarch who would have assassinated their adored general. Already the heralds had proclaimed Indradatta raja and maharaja not only of this conquered realm but of the realm of Chandraprabha they would march tomorrow to attack. Already the army had acclaimed him in deafening enthusiasm: "Indradatta! Indradatta the raja! Great is Indradatta the raja!" Now were they all assembled for the sacrifice about to begin, and the Brahman priests were busy at the altar preparing it for the animal victims, doubled in number by order of the new king.

There was a murmurous commotion among the men clustered around the royal elephant. Vinitamati glanced down from the howdah, saw striding down the road from the surrendered city a man in a patched yellow robe, with no caste mark upon his serene brow. Several similarly clad disciples followed him. It was that preacher they had rescued on that remote day they had left their native village—the preacher whose fame and whose converts were now widespread over the land. He pointed him out to Indradatta.

"Behold, brother, the holy one who gave us his blessing when as lads we set forth together!"

Indradatta also recognized him, called to the preacher to approach.

"Auspicious was thy blessing, O holy one!" he cried to him from the elephant. "Ask what thou wilt of me and it shall be given thee!"

The wanderer halted under the howdah, looked up at him with that countenance still ineffably benign.

"No desire have I, O Kshatriya, and therefore nothing is there I may ask of thee. Yet I remember that once I gave thee an occasion to acquire merit. Again I offer thee what thou didst then refuse. Great in the dazzled eyes of men hast thou become, and yet hast thou by those glorious actions but bound thyself more firmly to the Wheel of Things. The thought of thee has dwelt with me, O Kshatriya, and I would free thee from that doom. Once again for thee I turn the Wheel of the Law. Step down from thy elephant and the illusion of thy glory. See!" He indicated one of his disciples who carried a patchwork yellow robe and a second begging bowl. "I bring thee the robe of my order. Put it on, O Kshatriya, take up the begging bowl and renounce those false desires which chain thee to the misery of being. Set thy feet upon the way! Set thy feet upon the first path of the Eightfold Path! So shalt thou also attain to enlightenment!"

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Vinitamati laughed. Verily, the holy one was mad, even as were all these ascetics.

Indradatta, however, answered courteously, as became one Kshatriya to another: "Not now may I enter upon thy way, O holy one. Even now I have been elevated to the rajaship over this land and the land of Chandraprabha, and tomorrow with my army I set forth to conquer my kingdom. Therefore, if I did thee once a service, give me now thy blessing, O holy one, and welcome shalt thou be in the city where I reign!"

The wanderer looked up at him with eyes penetrating as of old. "That which is written, O Kshatriya! My blessing do I give thee! Moreover, indeed, in thy city will I come to visit thee."

He passed on—was lost in the swarming soldiery.

There was a great shout as the first of the sacred cattle was sacrificed on the altar. The entire army cried to Vishnu, specially protective of Kshatriyas—cried to him to bless Indradatta his favored one, who now led them to yet more glorious conquests assuredly rich with booty.

Indradatta smiled to Vinitamati. "Auspicious, indeed, to us was that holy one, brother. Of a surety, auspicious again is it that he blesses us again this day."

They were in the city of Chandraprabha, sanguinarily deposed and slain. A huge emerald glittering in his turban, swathed in magnificent robes, Indradatta sat with Vinitamati, chief over his armies. Empty now was that gorgeous intricately carved and painted apartment which an hour previously had been filled with a crowd of tributary rajas come to make abasement before him. Though not yet had he performed the elaborate Brahman-conducted rites which would authenticate his royalty as maharaja, yet effectively Indradatta was already ruler over a kingdom splendidly large among the petty and always precarious kingdoms of Aryavarta.

He brooded now upon the many novel problems of his kingship—insubordinate vassals to chastise, his own Kshatriya chieftains to reward, swarms of greedy Brahmans to placate. Moreover, there was famine in the land, and the Sudra cultivators were dying in thousands upon their burnt-up fields, were crowding into the city, an everywhere repeated horror of gaunt specters holding up ghastly big-headed babies in appeal to him. Intrinsically unimportant though was their suffering, yet was their survival necessary if was to be restored the prosperity of a realm ultimately dependent upon their agricultural labors. He sat in silence, thinking upon these things, while the daylight vanished in the suddenness of night and the slaves lit the torches bracketed upon the walls.

Vinitamati sat also in silence. He frowned ill-temperedly. Their last words had been significant of the gulf lately between them. Indradatta was no longer merely his comrade in arms; he was also the king, endowed with despotic autocracy. Authoritatively he had just quashed Vinitamati's pleasantly suggested proposal to acquire a store of grain by raiding a kingdom to the south where notoriously there was no famine. His realm needed peace, he had said, curtly cutting short Vinitamati's arguments. Vinitamati brooded bitterly over that rankling snub. Had not he, and no other, made Indradatta raja, tricking the absurd scruples which would have kept him still but general over Chandraprabha's armies? And this was his reward—to be haughtily silenced as though he were of no account! It was of a piece with all the deceptions of that now-achieved grandeur. Though Indradatta had faithfully granted him, as they had sworn, the generalship of all his armies, with great revenues and a palace full of beautiful wives, yet thus realized ambition seemed to him but a zestless emptiness. There was nothing more to strive for. Indradatta was king. He forever would be but Indradatta's subordinate, to be humiliated at will. If he had schemed on his own behalf and not on that of his friend ——

Indradatta glanced up from his meditation. "Brother," he said, "I bade that auspicious holy one come hither to me. I had forgotten him. It may be that he waits in the antechamber. Bring him to me if so it be. Ever he walks up and down the land, and yet farther go the disciples he sends out two and two, if the saying of men be true. Haply in his wisdom he may have good counsel to give me."

Again hostility leaped up in Vinitamati. Though Indradatta still smoothly called him brother, yet did he now regard him as no more than a servant to do his bidding! Nevertheless, he obeyed. Frowningly he rose, went to draw the curtain over the doorway to the crowded antechamber, called sharply for one Gautama the Wanderer.

The preacher sat in his patchwork yellow robe, lost, it seemed, in a profundity of thought where he was serenely indifferent to the babble of voices around him. At the summons he arose with his familiar benign smile, followed Vinitamati into the presence of Indradatta. The torchlight illumined his mild middle-aged countenance as he stood, neither proudly nor humbly, before the Kshatriya who was now a monarch.

"Greeting, O Indradatta!" he said, in his curiously pleasant, passionless voice. "Much is fulfilled since first we met on the dusty road of this existence. Thou hast achieved thy desire. Raja and maharaja, art thou now happy?"

Had he been raja, thought Vinitamati, he would have severely chastised that presumptuous insolence. Indradatta but smiled.

"Auspicious was thy blessing, O holy one. Glory and power are now mine. Nevertheless would I have thy counsel." So, thought Vinitamati bitterly, to my counsel he will not listen! He prefers the counsel even of this wandering mendicant, this notorious sitter in graveyards, who is surely mad! "Much suffering is there in the land and my people die."

The wanderer regarded him with those quiet eyes which seemed to read the secrets of the soul.

"Maharaja, great is thy power, yet canst thou not free thy people from suffering or from death. They exist, therefore they suffer. They live and in their blindness crave only to live in the interwoven illusion of living; therefore they must die, to be again reborn into suffering and again to die. No monarch is there who can free them from the Wheel of Things, cause giving rise to cause. Of themselves, they must find the road of escape, the road to that enlightenment which is freedom from the tyranny of existence after existence. . . . Yet still, O maharaja, thou hast not answered me. Art thou now happy?"

Indradatta looked him in the eyes. "Yea, O holy one," he replied stoutly, "I am happy. Why should I not be happy?"

The wanderer smiled. "Then hast thou no more desire, O maharaja? Dost thou indeed desire nothing? Search thy heart, maharaja, and speak truth!"

Vinitamati with difficulty restrained his indignation. Unheard of was it that a wandering beggar should thus catechize a king! Yet Indradatta seemed to take pleasure in talk with him.

"Verily have I desires, as all men have, O holy one. Without desire, how should a man live?"

"There thou speakest truth greater than thou knowest, maharaja. Name to me the chiefest of thy desires, that I may counsel thee as thou askest of me."

"I would have my realm great and prosperous, O holy one."

"Thy realm?" The wanderer spoke with the faintest touch of sarcasm. "What of this realm is thine, maharaja? It exists for thee only in thy thought of it. If thou at this moment shouldst fall dead, what would remain of it for thee? Thou art but its servant—the servant of the illusion thou hast woven about thyself. Yet mayest thou

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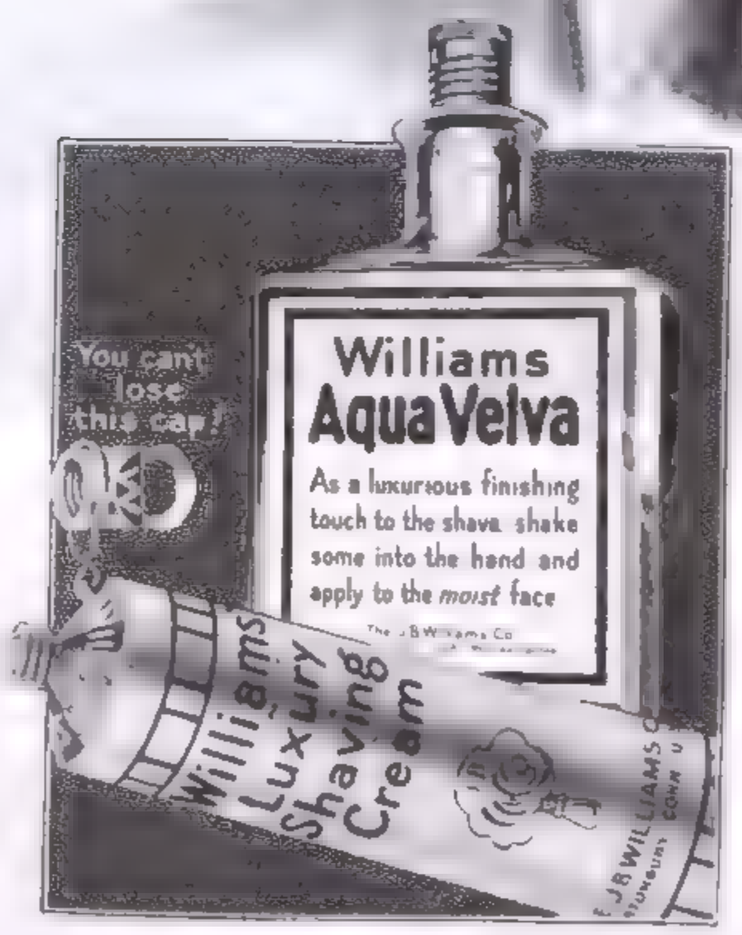
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(Continued from Page 92

in that illusion do somewhat of good. Doubtless because of thy merits in past lives is it now given thee to command and be obeyed. Therefore canst thou perforce bring thy subjects nearer to the way. Thou canst decree that castes be no longer observed, since all men are equal before the great necessity of escape from suffering. Thou canst forbid the taking of life, even in sacrifice or by carelessness, for every life prematurely cut short, though it be but that of an insect, thwarts a soul in an ordained cycle of existence and binds the killer more firmly to the ever-rolling Wheel of Being. These things mayest thou do, maharaja"—was ever counsel more mad? thought Vinitamati, in bitter scorn. To attempt either would instantly league every Brahman in Aryavarta in fanatical revolt - "if, indeed, the good of thy people is thy chiefest desire."

Indradatta hesitated a moment, fidgeting his black beard. "Nay, O holy one, who readest the hearts of men. Since to thee it seems a man may speak only truth, my chiefest desire is that she whom lately I wedded, even Madanalekha, daughter of Chandraprabha that was king, should forget the death of her father and love me as I love her." "Ha," thought Vinitamati, "no longer is our friendship his chiefest desire!" Yet, indeed, might a man become intoxicated with the beauty of Madanalekha. His own lovely wives had seemed plain to him after he had seen her, shining through a magnificence of jewels, in the bridal rites which had united her to her father's slayer. "For this was it that I summoned thee, that thou shouldst give thy auspicious blessing upon this marriage. Sick is she now in the palace, and for two days has she forbidden her door to me. Happiness is gone from me, since I see her not. Slender as a young sapling is she, and her face is like a lotus that opens on a pool in moonlight."

"Enough," said the wanderer. "She is a woman whom thou lovest. Verily art thou enchained, O maharaja, for all thy power. Yet that which is written is written. Listen, O maharaja, while for thee I turn again the Wheel of the Law. Listen, while to thee who art in need I reveal Dharma—the Way of Enlightenment, the Eightfold Path of escape from the misery of being."

Indradatta smiled to him. "I desire not escape, O holy one!" he said. "I desire only to live in the felicity of existence with my beloved."

"Thou desirest the illusion that enchains thee. Listen, O maharaja, who art but a man as other men, for I walk not this way again. Listen to the Four Truths! The happiest life is yet but suffering—and what is the truth of suffering? It is the fivefold clinging to the earth which is suffering."

In his subtly persuasive eloquence, he began to expound the nihilistic metaphysical doctrines he had now been preaching up and down the land for a score of years, the doctrines that appealed to the inborn pessimism of a race superstitiously prisoned in its miseries, so that already his converts were numbered by thousands, and the disciples of his *Sangha*, or order, all of them mendicants in the patchwork yellow robe of rags that none desired, journeyed far and wide, preaching the new gospel that heretically recognized no castes. It was a symptom of that strange intellectual ferment characteristic of the sixth century B.C., when independently Confucius taught in China and Pythagoras in Greece. Two hundred and fifty years later that religion would find its Constantine in the great King Asoka and for a thousand years would dominate India. It would extend its sway into China and would permeate the Neo-Greek philosophies of Alexandria in a preparation for Christianity introducing a concept of humanitarianism novel to the world.

Though a militant revival of the Brahmanism it had thrust into the background would eventually utterly extirpate it from the land of its origin, yet would it still continue to be the religion for almost a third of the population of the globe, even if a religion grotesquely corrupted from the abstract principles of its founder. As preached by him whom his disciples called—though he never so called himself—the Buddha, it was a gospel of utter renunciation, of the annihilation of all desire in a passionless quiescence which divorced itself from the illusion-chained will to live of this dream of life.

To these two Kshatriyas he preached it now, with the deeply compelling eloquence of his magnetic personality, as for thirty years more, until his death at fourscore, he would continue to preach it, a beggar who had voluntarily renounced his earthly princedom. Liberation was to be reached only by the Eightfold Path long ago revealed to him under the bodhi tree—Right Belief, Right Aspiration, Right Speech, Right Living, Right Mode of Livelihood, Right Effort, Right Recollectedness, Right Rapture. Only by the uttermost humility, the utmost selflessness, a mendicant who no longer participated in the labors by which men renew existence, could the mystic meanings of that Eightfold Path be understood, could be reached that ecstatic enlightenment which gave release from the otherwise inexorable millions of births yet to come.

Vinitamati listened impatiently. Was it possible that Indradatta could give such polite attention to these incomprehensible ravings of a crazy ascetic? He, at any rate, could no longer waste his time. In his palace his new wives awaited him, voluptuously languorous for his coming. He rose from his seat, went to the door with no farewell. As he plucked aside the curtain he heard the voice of Indradatta:

"It may be as thou sayest, O holy one. Yet unenlightened am I still and I cannot but desire many things. Chiefest of all, perhaps "

Vinitamati dropped the curtain and passed on. He emerged at length into an inner courtyard half shadowed in the whitely brilliant moonlight. At this hour it was empty of the servants and retainers that during the day loafed everywhere about the palace. As he crossed it a flower fell suddenly at his feet. He stopped, picked it up, glanced in surprise to the half-open latticed window above him. A seductive silvery laugh came from it. The window opened a little more. He caught a glimpse of a face illumined in the moonlight—a startlingly beautiful young face—the face of Madanalekha, Chandraprabha's daughter, Indradatta's bride!

His heart thudded queerly in his breast as he stood, hesitating, looking up to her. The little laugh was repeated, tauntingly, significantly, and the window closed. What next? Many were the daringly amorous exploits in which from boyhood he had risked his life; familiar to him was every variation of intrigue in this land of feminine intrigue, where, if purdah seclusion was not so strict as, much later, Moslem conquerors would make it, still great folk kept their wives jealously guarded.

With experienced expectation, he glanced to the dark shadows of the courtyard. Yes, there could just be discerned the shrouded figure of an old woman! It was the usual procedure. Automatically, almost, he turned abruptly back to that shadowed doorway. As he did so his conscience leaped up in him. This was Indradatta's wife—the wife of his friend! His heart pounded violently. Bah! That friendship was finished. Indradatta himself had destroyed it, despising his counsel, treating him as of no account! This would be appropriate revenge for the slights he had had to suffer. And fascinatingly fair above all women was Madanalekha. The confusedly complex thought was a swift convulsion in him as, his limbs oddly trembling, he reached the old woman, who had beckoned him with a discreet gesture.

"Two nights have I awaited thy passing, O my lord!" she whispered. "Even as my mistress bade me, O thou fortunate! Happy art thou, O handsome one, whom a queen has observed with eyes of love! Measured by her sighs has been the time of waiting for thee. Safe is it now, for she feigns sickness and has forbidden her door to the king. Haste thee then, my lord, and forget not thy slave in thy generosity! Come!"

She pushed open a small door, revealed a steep and narrow stairway. He stepped quickly within and the door closed behind them. He groped for the stairs in the darkness. Indradatta? Now would he be equal with his new-made king who slighted him! Moreover, he would have been a fool to refuse this opportunity. Not, as did Indradatta, did he permit ridiculous scruples to come between him and his desires! The very suddenness of this intrigue was an intoxication.

In the luxurious little private apartment lit by silver lamps he sat on a cushioned divan, gazed ardently at Madanalekha. A marvel, indeed, of beauty was she, bewitching in her precocious womanhood, the dusky perfection of her little face overshadowed by her dusky hair, her eyes large and swimmingly lustrous under the long lashes darkened with kohl. She laughed cruelly.

"It is as I have said, O Vinitamati. To him who shall slay Indradatta, even as he slew my father Chandraprabha, will I yield my love—and to him only."

He took a deep breath, inhaled yet more of the sensuous, druglike perfume curling heavily from a brazier. To slay Indradatta! She could not mean it! Not thus should she make sport with him! He jumped up from the divan, advanced toward her. She moved back from him, held up her little henna-reddened hand.

"Wouldst thou have me shriek for the palace guards, Vinitamati? I jest not! One cry—and Indradatta shall witness the fidelity of his friend!" She laughed again, feline in her cruelty. "Better is it to do my bidding, Vinitamati!"

The sweat pearled on his brow. Atrocious was the alternative she offered him. She had but to cry out, and assuredly would he be dragged before Indradatta—Indradatta, who could be terrible in his angers! Already was his conduct beyond excuse, his mere presence here his death warrant if he were discovered.

She smiled at him amorously, her great eyes softly aglow, her mouth an exquisite parting.

"No desire, then, hast thou, Vinitamati, thyself to become raja—raja and my beloved?" Her voice was a magic of allurement.

Himself to be raja! The thought was electrically vivid through him like a lightning flash, revelatory of an unsuspected dark unknown in himself. Why not? Why not? Who was it but he who had forced Indradatta into this royalty—Indradatta, who now shamefully slighted him; Indradatta, who now would surely slay him if this woman but uttered the treacherous cry she threatened? If he had not played that cunning trick of the pretended poisoner, overcoming his fantastic scruples, still would Indradatta have been merely the servant of this princess' father. It was he who had brought it all about—he who had willed it, had willed it from the very beginning when they were but boys together.

And suddenly, in that strange drug-stimulated clarity of his mind, he saw that it was his own intense ambition which had ever been the spur in him—saw that in reality he had ever craved to be himself a king, that his zeal for Indradatta had been but a vicarious satisfaction of that desire cowed by his comrade's fancied superiority. Now was that illusion dispelled. Indradatta the king was his creation. He had made him king. He could unmake him. He would unmake him—would take what to himself was due. In that sudden fever of his brain he saw as in a vision a palace intrigue, a palace assassination; saw himself throned as maharaja, his Kshatriya warriors vociferously acclaiming him, this wondrously beautiful woman adoring him.

Madanalekha watched his face. "Art thou afraid?" she asked.

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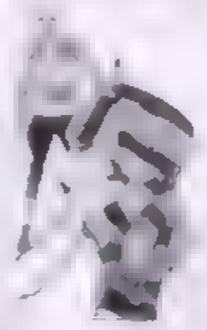
One who knows



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(Continued from Page 95)

He laughed suddenly, brutally. "Afraid? With my own hands will I slay this dreaming fool who is unworthy of thee and of the kingdom he would never have possessed had I not tricked him into it!"

"Indeed, Vinitamati!" It was, startlingly, the voice of Indradatta. They both jerked round, appalled, to see him standing in the doorway, the serene-visaged wanderer in the yellow robe behind him. Beyond the door were several of that Kshatriya bodyguard which followed him wherever he went. He spoke grimly. "So thou didst trick me into my kingdom?"

Vinitamati gasped. No hope had he of mercy. Yet, before his fate came upon him, he would at least destroy Indradatta's fatuous complacency in his boasted Kshatriya honor. It would be a last revenge in that bitter hatred which now filled him.

"Even so, Indradatta!" He exulted in the mockery of his voice. "Rememberest thou that physician who came to thee from Chandraprabha? No physician was he, but one whom I bribed with a thousand pieces of gold to make a false confession before thee!" He laughed desperately. "So did I make thee break thy fealty, Indradatta, tricking thee into thy kingdom!"

"And now wouldst thou take that wrongfully got kingdom from me—even as thou hast already taken my wife?" Indradatta spoke through his clenched teeth, his hand on the hilt of his sword.

Vinitamati meditated a leap at him, weapon in hand. It would be hopeless. Too close was that Kshatriya bodyguard. He stood in sullen silence

Near him, Madanalekha cowered in terror, not daring even to throw herself at the feet of her lord.

Indradatta turned to the wanderer. "O holy one," he said, in that strained hard voice, "as thou knowest, I said to thee that perhaps my chiefest desire was that ever there might be friendship between me and Vinitamati. Thou didst smile and ask me whether a man might step into the same river twice, since forever the river water is in flow. Moreover, I made request to thee that thou shouldst give thy auspicious blessing to this woman who, as I thought, was sick. Again thou didst smile, saying that I asked thy blessing upon the human love that held me in the bonds of illusion. Wisdom didst thou speak, O holy one. But behold, the bonds of illusion are broken!"

Vinitamati burst out at him exasperatedly: "Preach not, Indradatta! Pronounce my doom and let us make an end!"

Indradatta looked at him sternly. "Not mine but thine the guilt that wrongfully acquired this kingdom, Vinitamati. Therefore shall it rest upon thee for thy punishment. Tomorrow shall the heralds make proclamation in the city that to Vinitamati does Indradatta freely renounce his throne. Moreover, this woman do I leave to thee that thy evil desires and hers may be in consortship, and haply through her may Chandraprabha avenge himself upon thee for the death thou didst bring upon him."

He turned again to the wanderer. "Wisdom, indeed, was in thy words, O enlightened one. Life is but suffering, and love and friendship, power and glory, turn but to ashes in the mouth. I enter upon thy way. With thee will I wear the yellow robe. With thee will I take the begging bowl, so that thou leadest me to that enlightenment wherein I shall escape the misery of yet another birth."

The wanderer smiled at him. "That which is written is written, my son. Haply, in some previous birth of the endless spiral of births, the lives of ye three were interwoven. Haply thou didst offend against these two in some manner which is now redressed. Yet henceforth shalt thou be freed from the succession of births. So was it written from the first. Of a surety shalt thou find that bliss of Nirvana whereto my way shall lead thee. . . . Follow me!"

They went together from the apartment, left Vinitamati and the queen staring at each other. Madanalekha laughed suddenly.

"Mad are they both!" she said.

Vinitamati answered nothing. He wondered what treachery she would prepare for him whom now she knew to have been responsible for her father's death. Perhaps would it be better to slay her at once. Nevertheless, intoxicatingly beautiful was she—yet more beautiful as she smiled at him! He was held impotent in that craving for her. Surely she would not dare to work harm upon him, splendid maharaja of this kingdom of his desire!

A VISITOR ON BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 25)

changes in their immigration laws since the World War and have done so as a domestic regulation, regardless of international treaties

No job hunter can go to England today, because no visa will be granted by any British consulate unless prearrangement has been made with the Minister of Labor. A young American girl was recently deported from England when she sought to secure a position as a clerk after arriving as a tourist. That did not mean that England was severe or inhospitable. It meant simply that England was taking care of its own labor conditions, which have been none too good since the war. Aliens arriving in France must promptly furnish the police with their intended addresses of destination. They are kept under a kind of surveillance to make sure that they are bona fide tourists, and not of the laboring class. Immigration regulations have long been considered as purely domestic affairs, human conscience according to each nation a perfect right to control its population quite apart from treaty obligations.

Joint Stewardship

Peculiar, indeed, have been the liberal views shared on both sides of the Canadian border for more than 100 years. Our neighbors to the north being mainly of the same stock of people as ourselves, there has never been but one mind on matters of immigration. Even when the Treaty of 1842 was made—known as the Webster-Ashburton Boundary Treaty—Queen Victoria and the President of the United States agreed to support jointly a flotilla of warships to patrol the coasts of Africa and prevent the smuggling of slaves to North America. Thus a sort of joint stewardship of population control for North America was established by the two governments and, oddly enough, was placed in the latest treaty between them relating to the boundary. Each border post on the line bears the inscription Treaty of 1842. Our border patrolmen work together with the Canadian authorities in a perfect and unfailing spirit of coöperation.

Credit should be given Chairman Johnson for having been the first to foresee the lurking evils of letting too many unwanted Europeans into the United States as "visitors," or "nonimmigrants," under his own bill. More than a year ago he publicly declared that the proportion of exemptions to the quota immigrants had risen to a dangerous height, and long before the ruling by the circuit court of appeals he began working upon amendments by which the act which bears his name might be strengthened.

Untouched by the Quota

Mention has already been made in this article of the fact that while the Johnson Bill limits quota immigrants to 164,000 a year, there were more than 500,000 immigrants lawfully admitted in the fiscal year last reported. Analysis of the figures furnishes an explanation. There was a total of 99,632 nonimmigrants and a total of 247,768 nonquota immigrants, neither of which is chargeable to the quotas. These make a total of 347,400 of the exempt classes, or more than twice as many as were admitted under the quota regulations, who, as it just happened, failed to fill the maximum, reaching only 153,231 last year.

Under the nonquota immigrants were included 123,362 natives of nonquota countries, meaning Canada, Mexico, Newfoundland, Central and South American countries; and 94,502 residing aliens returning from a temporary trip abroad, and also lesser numbers of ministers of religious denominations, college professors, students and others exempt from the quotas. In fact, the exemptions have always outnumbered the quota maximum two to one since the quota laws have been in effect. When the smuggled aliens are added to the lawfully admitted, therefore, close students of immigration have not been much surprised to see the total influx of foreigners annually approach the enormous net immigration of prewar times. The quota laws are not perfect, but they have marked a long-delayed step forward in the matter of immigration control, and from a close study of the personnel of the present Congress one must conclude that there will be ample strength to cope with the antirestrictionists, who have always opposed curtailment of immigration

Representative John C. Box, of Texas, lately made whip of the Democrats in the House, is one of the most uncompromising leaders in Congress in the matter of saving America for the Americans. He is a member of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, and was one of the first members of Congress to introduce an immigrant quota law. He is the author of a bill now pending to extend the present quota law to countries of North America, Central America and South America. To the mind of Mr. Box there is but one way to restrict immigration and that is to restrict immigration. He has no sympathy with sob stuff, no patience with hypocrisy. Down in Texas he was a judge before they made him a congressman. Enforcing law is with him a passion, a religion. He doesn't mince words. Take this, for instance:

> The most dangerous phase of the present situation as to immigration legislation is the fact that hyphenated and alien people have become so numerous and so politically powerful in the United States that both political parties are catering to them.

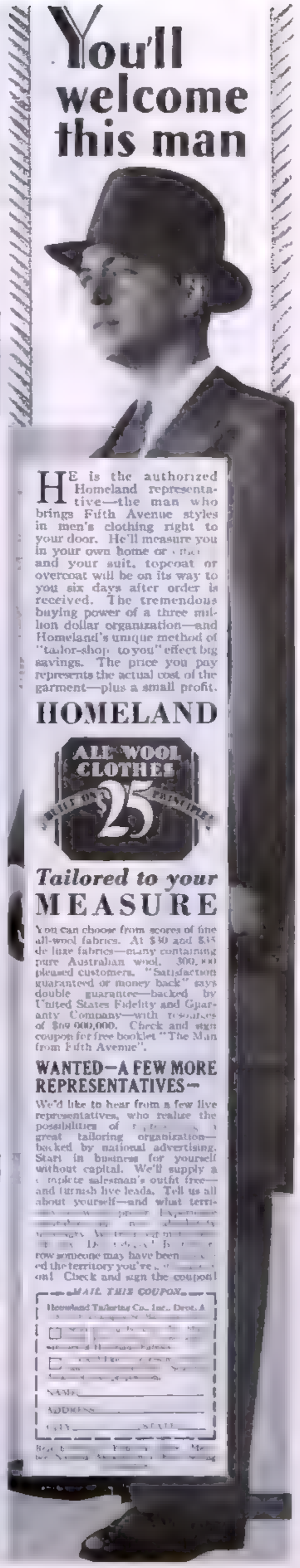
When asked if he might be quoted as saying that, the dynamic statesman from the Southwest expressed his emphatic satisfaction at being so quoted; then added: "And you may say further that I will back my statement wherever it may be challenged."

Small Resistance to the Flood

Representative Box is particularly concerned about keeping back the hordes of Mexican peons and half-breed Indians now known to be coming by thousands across the southern border. More than 60,000 were admitted lawfully last year, despite the rigid rules for inspection and the granting of visas insisted upon by the State and Labor Departments. Mr. Box had just returned from Texas when interviewed in the House Office Building at Washington.

"Yes," said he, "smuggling of Mexicans into the United States is going right on with very little obstruction as yet offered by this country. The border patrol is utterly inadequate to the task, however vigilant and patriotic its individual members may be.

"We have never tackled the job of keeping out the Mexican undesirables with a full recognition of the enormity of the influx or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a realization of the calamity it means for our nation in the end. We have listened too long to the land exploiters who want cheap labor from Mexico in utter disregard of the country's welfare. These big landowners are rich. They have bought up thousands of acres of land in Texas and other Southwestern states. Thus entrenched on a vast scale, they can, by bringing over Mexican peons, many of them diseased and nearly all illiterate, with no incentive to social or moral uplift, do more to add to the distress of the genuine American farmer by overproduction than all other agencies combined.

'And now they tell us that this Congress or an extra session of Congress will have to do something for the relief of the farmers.

"I want to say now that conditions arising out of overproduction by these professional farmers of the Southwest, operating with thousands of the most undesirable class of peon labor from Mexico, should be studied with solemn concern by congressmen before any monetary dole is voted for the relief of farmers generally. These professional farmers are the ones who create the evil of overproduction, and this evil is at the bottom of American agricultural depression today. If Congress should ever be prevailed upon to grant financial recompense for losses due to a surplus crop, these professional farmers who are flooding the country with cheap labor from Mexico and wantonly laying a mine for the ultimate annihilation of our social and ethnological structure as a nation would be the chief beneficiaries of such relief enactments."

Will History Repeat?

"The day may come," continued Mr. Box, "when the American race will no longer be in supremacy here. Just as the powerful Roman army was gradually superseded by weaker aliens, so may the national life of America be sapped out by this invasion of shiftless, inferior, diseased and sordid humanity from over the Rio Grande. Ah, these exploiters tell us that we are safe so long as we are in the lead—so long as we are masters of our imported peons. Yes, but we may not always be their masters. Some day the Mexican will hold the directing position. Our standards of life are already falling before the invasion of so-called seasonal labor and smuggled half-breeds. Our leadership may die out; our ideals may be stamped out. It may be the same story that Gibbon wrote of Rome. Sounds pessimistic, I know, but I have thousands of letters from as good Americans as ever lived which uphold my view of the situation."

Mr. Box at random spread from a great mass of files a few such letters. One of these came from the head of a large merchant firm in Austin, Texas. He wrote in part as follows:

As a business man of long experience—more than forty years—and chamber-of-commerce connection for many years, I desire to express myself as vigorously as I may. I very deeply resent the propaganda conveying the idea that the best business interests and higher-class business men desire a liberal immigration of Mexicans. . . .

They ruin the country in more ways than one. Mexican cheap labor of every character has already driven out practically all negro labor in Southwestern Texas; hundreds of business establishments are employing Mexican girls and boys at such a low wage that even a self-respecting Mexican cannot suitably live. They have displaced our American cheaper class of labor almost entirely.

Again, their standards of living are so low that no merchant of standing wishes their patronage, as he cannot afford to carry the low quality of merchandise asked for. It is a criminal offense to give them the places belonging to our own American boys and girls. Everyone now knows that there is a most terrible amount of unemployment now prevailing, and our own people are suffering from lack of work

Mr. Box said that he will oppose any further hearings upon his bill in the committee and move for its speedy and favorable consideration. But he admits that his own measure cannot well be reported to the House until the national-origins clause is disposed of, meaning the provision already in the Johnson Bill, but postponed for the past two years by joint action of Senate and House, because of the alleged uncertainty of calculations made for computing the immigrant quotas on a basis of the origin of the American people. This provision was tacked on to the Johnson Bill by Senator David A. Reed, of Pennsylvania, in 1924. By its terms, the permanent American plan of controlling immigration would begin July 1, 1927.

"For each fiscal year thereafter," it reads, "the annual quota of any nationality shall be a number which bears the same ratio to 150,000 as the number of inhabitants in continental United States in 1920 having that national origin bears to the number of inhabitants in continental United States in 1920, but the minimum quota of any nationality shall be 100." In other words, there would be a flat total of 150,000 aliens admitted annually to the United States, and they would be prorated to the geographical areas of the world according to the origin of the American people.

It was computed by an interdepartmental committee that England would get the lion's share of American immigration by such a plan. Her present quota of 34,000 would leap to 65,000. The German quota of 51,000 under the Johnson Bill would drop to 24,908. The Irish Free State, which last year sent more immigrants here than did Great Britain, would see its quota drop from 28,000 to 17,000. Naturally a great rumpus was raised over any such proposal, particularly by the German and Irish classes, and the national-origins plan was postponed for a year in 1927, and again in 1928, upon the recommendation of the President and his claim that the interdepartmental committee had never been able to trace definitely the origin of the American people with a view to computing the quotas. But there were some experts on population who believed that the task had been accomplished satisfactorily, and that instead of postponing the national-origins clause, it should have been adopted, or at least put to a vote.

A Storm Approaching

Chairman Johnson of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization has been advised by friends of the national-origins clause that they will insist upon a vote in Congress before this plan of limiting aliens shall be tossed into the political discard at Washington. If there should develop sufficient strength among the present congressmen to insist upon the clause remaining in the Johnson Bill, then the President will have to proclaim the quotas already arrived at by the computers, and this would have to be done by the first of next April. That there will be a fight over this national-origins plan before it is thrown out or allowed to be postponed for a third time is the belief of many congressmen with whom the writer of this article has recently talked. The point is raised that it is already in the law, only held in suspense by postponement, and must be got rid of by repeal or otherwise before any other measure like the Box Bill can be passed.

Such are the complications of the immigration situation now before Congress. Pressure from the American Federation of Labor, however, is bringing the "visitor for business" problem to the fore. "We believe," says its declaration, formally adopted in convention at New Orleans recently, "the restriction against the entry of aliens into the United States should be

(Continued on Page 100)

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This vault serves well because it is made well. More than a quarter of a century of service confirms the correctness of its design and the soundness of its construction.

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(Continued from Page 98)

more rigid in character, though tempered with humane considerations and applicable to all aliens." In attacking General Order 86 of the Labor Department the labor delegates declared that under it 20,000 or more residents of Windsor, Ontario, Canada, daily cross the boundary to work in the factories of Detroit. Upon this point the declaration of the labor convention says:

> We must insist that no rule, order, proclamation, practice or procedure be permitted by any department of the Government that will evade, avoid or make more difficult the enforcement of the immigration laws, and that every precaution be taken and all possible support be rendered in the enforcement of these laws.

Secretary of Labor Davis explains in some detail how the General Order giving Canadians permits to pass and repass the border came to be issued. He tells Chairman Hiram Johnson of the Senate Committee and Chairman Albert Johnson of the House Committee on Immigration in a joint letter that these Canadians were not subject to any quota laws, and that they would probably have all been admissible under the selective tests, had they applied for immigrant entry into this country. But living so near the Canadian boundary, they preferred not to submit themselves for entry as immigrants. Thus they were escaping the eight-dollar head tax which all immigrants are expected to pay, and their coming and going each day was making difficult the far greater responsibility of weeding out Europeans who were eluding the American immigration regulations at border cities like Detroit and Buffalo. If the native Canadians had paid the head tax and accepted a pass—and many of them did—it would be a much lighter task to detect the unwanted Europeans who were subject to our quota limitations. Things ran along smoothly and the American and Canadian officials believed they had ironed out just another point of disputation—which they have always successfully accomplished in the past—until the court action was taken at Buffalo.

Shades of John Jay and Lord Grenville! When those two learned gentlemen of a more salubrious and less strenuous age put on their snowy wigs and flowing coat tails and shining knee buckles, and sat down to ponder over peace terms for John Bull and Brother Jonathan, what a mess they did make of it in the light of subsequent happenings! John Jay was our first Chief Justice, and is credited with having possessed a wondrously analytical mind. But no sooner did he get back from crossing legs with Lord Grenville under John Bull's mahogany and lay that famous document called the Jay Treaty before President Washington and the American Congress, than did he become the target of political sharpshooters who in that glorious day called themselves Democratic Republicans.

When We Were Less Attractive

So that we poor worked-to-death mortals struggling through "the fatness of these pursy times" may get the unhappy background, it might be well to go into particulars. In 1794 much trouble arose for the emancipated American people out of the way Great Britain was said to be cutting up. She was denounced for making away with American slaves without paying for them. She was assailed for impressing American sailors upon her ships. Our old mother country justified her acts by saying that some American states had legalized the nonpayment of personal debts to individual Britishers. Anyhow there was plenty of bad feeling on both sides, and President Washington sent his first Chief Justice over to patch things up a bit.

As a result of that conference between John Jay and Lord Grenville, a document was signed up which caused much trouble for Judge Jay in that day and time, and occasional embarrassment for the American Republic ever since. It took the Senate two years to ratify it. The House of Representatives insisted that as long as it had the power of originating expenditure measures, it, too, must have something to say about the Jay Treaty, or it would never appropriate a cent for its enforcement. Finally, the document was ratified with reservations, in 1796, as a Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation. One of its contracting declarations—Article III—provides:

> It is agreed that it—the Canadian boundary—shall at all times be free to His Majesty's subjects and to the citizens of the United States, and also to the Indians dwelling on either side of the said boundary line, freely to pass and repass by land or inland navigation, into the respective territories and countries of the two parties, on the continent of America the country within the limits of the Hudson's Bay Company only excepted—and to navigate all the lakes, rivers and waters thereof, and freely to carry on trade and commerce with each other.

Carry in mind that in John Jay's and Lord Grenville's day there was little doing in immigration; that there were few jobs in this North American country save the planting of Indian corn and facing the tomahawk and panther; and that quota laws against undesirables from the four corners of the earth were not even foretold, and you will get a fair idea of the difference between "carrying on trade and commerce" of that day and the mighty rush of Europeans for the American fat pay envelope of this generation. The different angle just developed. Nobody in particular is responsible for it. Anyhow the Jay Treaty has from time to time puzzled wise heads and judges of law on both sides of the boundary in many ways.

The Land of Their Fathers

Two years ago an Iroquois Indian named Paul Diabo went to court to test his right to cross and recross the Canadian border. He was a structural iron worker and had been arrested while working on the new Delaware River bridge at Philadelphia, charged with having entered the United States without inspection. The Federal district court judge at Philadelphia ruled that under the Jay Treaty as quoted above this Indian had a perfect right to come and go, and not be pestered by our immigration laws, so long as he was behaving himself and joining in the great work of building bridges and skyscrapers where his ancestors once roamed the forest.

There was a colorful dash of romance about the case, and, indeed, it did seem fair to consider that there was something different in the case of a North American Indian. His forefathers had once owned the land through which the Canadian boundary was flung. They were a sort of *imperium in imperio*—a sovereignty within a sovereignty—and the district court which allowed Paul Diabo to go free was promptly upheld by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. Meantime Congress had passed a law extending freedom to all North American Indians in Canada to pass over the boundary at will, immune from all immigration regulations. There are 104,000 of these Indians in Canada, but our immigration records show that only four of them were recorded as having been formally admitted to the United States during the last fiscal year, which was the first year after they gained such exemption.

On the contrary, hundreds of alien white men have applied for admittance to the United States since the circuit court of appeals ruled that they, too, may enjoy such immunity. The United States Labor Department claims that the Treaty of Ghent, following the War of 1812, abrogated the white man's right so to pass and repass the boundary, but did not take away the Indian's right. That is one of the arguments that will be laid before the United States Supreme Court when it undertakes to decide whether a job hunter is a "visitor on business" or an invader. The case will be watched with good nature but profound interest on both sides of our northern boundary.

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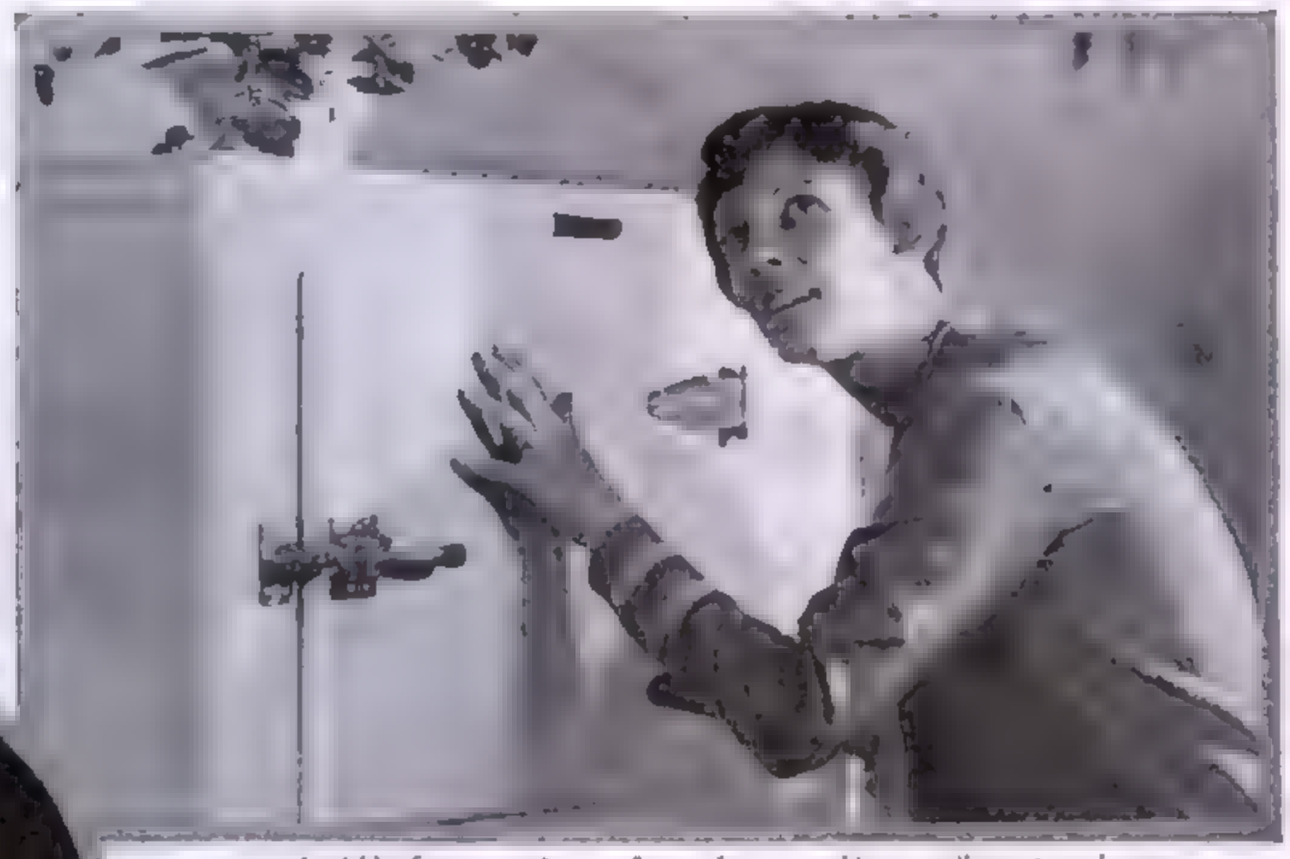
NOISELESS

No moving parts to vibrate, to wear, to need oil, to cause trouble

A tiny gas flame takes the place of moving mechanism



A trickle of water; a tiny gas flame—but no machinery to vibrate, to make noise.

YOU can operate a sensitive radio set near the Electrolux without getting the slightest hum of interference. You can stand a dime on edge atop its solid immovable surface. You can put your ear down close and you won't hear the slightest sound — not merely when the box is new, but as long as you have it.

There's no machinery at all to this refrigerator; not a single moving part. No motor, no compressor, no flywheel, no belt, no pump. And none of the adjustments and replacements that go with such parts.

In their place is just a tiny gas flame, a trickle of water and a simple freezing liquid. Once you light the little flame, your part ends.

There is not a thing to renew or replace, ever, unless it be the inexpensive little gas burner after years of use. Even the refrigerating liquid is hermetically sealed for the life of the unit. It will never leak or need replacement. No one has yet been able to find any good reason why this refrigerator should ever wear out, any more than a kitchen sink.

The unique freezing principle of the Electrolux was discovered in 1922 at the Royal University of Technology, Stockholm, Sweden. This discovery marked the end of a fifty-year search. Scientists had known that it was theoretically possible to construct an automatic refrigerator that was non-mechanical. But until 1922 they failed to solve the problem of such an ideal system. For six years after its discovery, the Electrolux was tested, improved, perfected. Finally it was ready. But before it was generally introduced the refrigerator was gone over with microscopic thoroughness by architects and engineers, by national and local testing bureaus, by women's institutes, by leading public utilities. In each case the result was the same — complete and enthusiastic approval.

Today Electrolux is a sensation, an assured success. Today it is operating perfectly in tens of thousands of homes and is being installed in the finest, newest apartment buildings all over the country.

When you stop at the display rooms of your gas company or other Electrolux distributor, you will see this remarkable product for yourself. You will find many interesting sizes and models, among them the Combination Electrolux Refrigerator and Gas range, the Table Top Electrolux and the Kitchenette model, all in a choice of white or two beautiful color combinations—Crystal Green and Silver Grey. These color harmonies are obtained by a new and exclusive "veiling" process that is distinctly modern and lovely.

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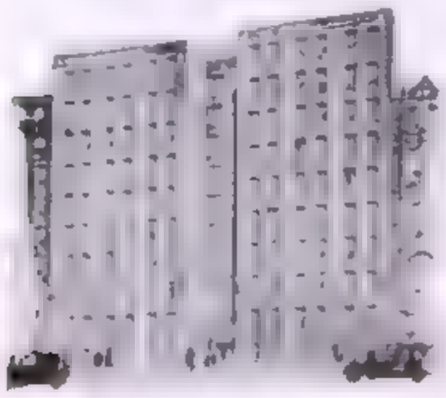
Delicious ice cream . . . it's quickly and easily made with a Sparklets siphon and an Electrolux.



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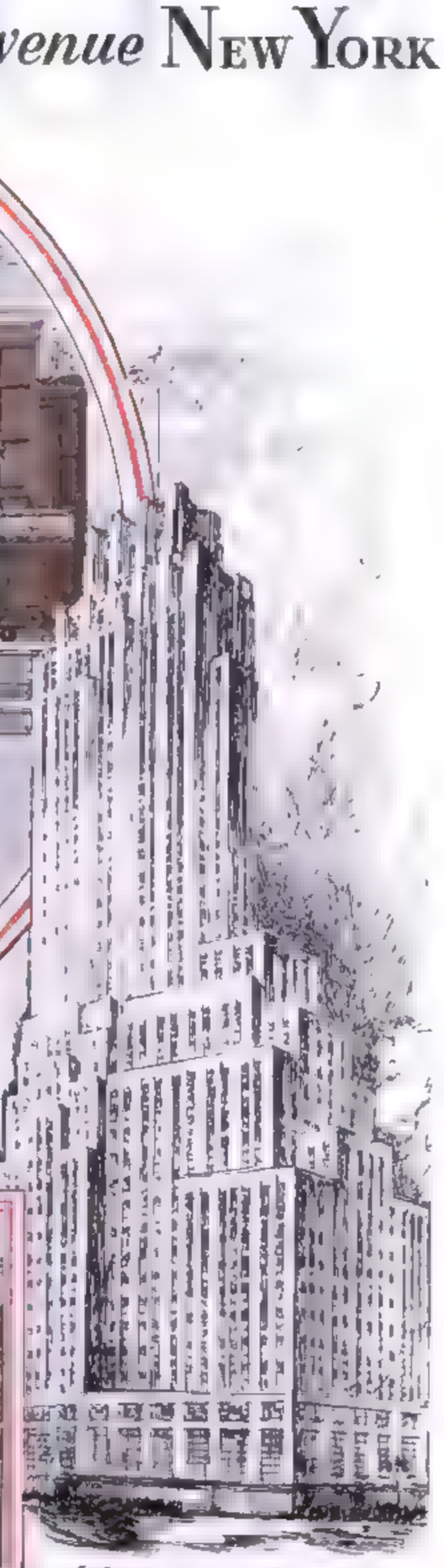

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"Inasmuch as our entire chain of stores has been equipped with your fixtures, it was natural for us to turn to you when it came to the designing of our new store at 5th Avenue and 43rd Street, as well as for the equipment itself.

"We have no hesitancy in stating that your type of equipment is the most economical we can purchase, due to its flexibility, making it easy to arrange and rearrange our various stores to suit changing conditions.

"Your equipment has helped materially in increasing our business. It helps to keep our stock clean and orderly. It is the most ideal type of equipment for the modern retail store and this fact, coupled with the splendid work done by your Designing Department, makes a combination that we believe no merchant should overlook who is planning to equip a new store or remodel an old one."

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YALLER DOG

(Continued from Page 9)

"Moses Cohen," intoned the clerk, "if you desire to challenge any individual juror you must do so now, and before he is sworn."

II

THOSE who are unfamiliar with the curious ways of that variety of *Pithecanthropus erectus* known as the criminal lawyer might assume that Mr. Tutt, on being thus relieved from attendance upon the court, would have at once hied him to his office. Yet nothing would be further from the fact. It is true that on leaving he walked downstairs to the basement and telephoned to his gifted and ubiquitous assistant, Mr. Bonnie Doon, but he immediately thereafter reascended to the corridor, where, having lit a fresh stogy and concealed himself behind a pillar, he proceeded to give such members of the jury as had remained outside the court room the once-over.

Since to those uninitiated in the esoteric mysteries of the art of skullduggery the significance of Mr. Tutt's legal antics up to that moment may not be entirely apparent, it should be explained that the crafty old dodger, realizing that his client was in a dangerous position, had already, by virtue of his controversy with O'Brien before Judge Tompkins, succeeded in implanting in the minds of the assembled talesmen fourteen highly important points; five of which were that first, the district attorney was an offensive and merciless brute, the calories of whose daily diet were derived solely from the flesh and blood of human beings; second, that his chief and only witness was a moron and a liar; third, that the unfortunate defendant, Menken, was an innocent boy unjustly indicted for burglary, when his only offense had been to step inside a door to get out of the cold; fourth, that the judge thought less than nothing of O'Brien, as was evidenced by his having already kicked him in his legal pants before their very eyes; and fifth, that old man Tutt was a gentleman, a scholar, an Elk, and a greater, if not a bigger, lawyer than William Howard Taft or Charles Evans Hughes—in which Judge Tompkins agreed with them.

Inside, O'Brien and the colored lawyers were engaged in selecting a jury to try Mr. Moses Cohen, and every few moments the door would open to allow some rejected talesman indignantly to emerge. To these and to their waiting brethren Mr. Tutt now gave his careful attention; being in due time rewarded by seeing a fat man, with several chins and a pompadour, pat a little girl on the top of her head, another slip money into the hand of an old woman who stood outside the detention room for witnesses, and a third, who looked like the celebrated Mr. Pipp, most surprisingly puff out his cheeks and make a terrible ass of himself over a small and very soiled baby, who may have been subpœnaed as a character witness. The identity of these three and others who gave similar evidences of being possessed of more than the ordinary amount of the milk of human kindness, Mr. Tutt likewise carefully noted; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Then, the jurors who were to try Mr. Cohen having been duly selected and sworn, and all others having been excused until two o'clock, he approached the octogenarian warden of the outer door of the court room, and ceremoniously offered him what he called a "cigar."

"Brother Herlihy," he asked casually, "what sort of a cop is this Grady who arrested my client, Gussie Menken?"

Brother Herlihy placed the stogy in his waistcoat pocket. "Grady?" he wheezed hoarsely. "Grady? He's a skunk!"

III

"EVERYBODY inside! The judge is on the bench!"

Mr. Tutt joined the rush and took his seat at the counsel table as Gussie Menken was brought to the bar. O'Brien did not look at either of them. Moses Cohen had been acquitted and in consequence the attorney was madder than ever.

As the jurors answered to their names and took their seats in the box, Mr. Tutt observed with satisfaction that among those present were the two weaklings who had patted the little girl and entertained the baby.

"Proceed, Mr. District Attorney."

O'Brien arose. Erasing from his freckled features every sign of his earlier irascibility, he bowed obsequiously to the court, smiled at the two rows of clerks, insurance agents and delicatessen men before him, and began:

"If the court please, Mr. Foreman and gentlemen. This is a very simple case and I shall be brief, for I know that you are very busy men. The defendant, Augustus Menken, otherwise known as"—he paused and glanced at the indictment—"Gas-house Gussie, is indicted for the crime of burglary in the first degree—that is to say, for having with intent to commit a crime therein—to wit, the crime of larceny—entered a dwelling house in the nighttime. Under Section 406 of our Code of Criminal Procedure, since he did commit a crime there—several crimes, in fact—he is further indicted—in addition to counts for burglary in the second and third degrees—with grand larceny in the first and second degrees, carrying a dangerous weapon, and illegal entry. . . . It appears that this young man, who is one of a gang ——"

"I object!" Mr. Tutt's form shot toward the ceiling. "The district attorney knows perfectly well that any such statement is grossly improper and prejudicial ——"

"Objection sustained."

Mr. Tutt sank back.

"Well," went on O'Brien, "this young man lives down by the gas houses. You all know what a tough neighborhood it is."

"Leave out the toughness of the neighborhood, Mr. O'Brien!" warned the judge. "Tell us what you propose to prove."

"I propose to prove that this defendant broke into the store and dwelling house of Mr. Jacob Grossman about eleven o'clock one night, for the purpose of stealing whatever he could find, when he was caught red-handed hiding behind one of the counters in the store by Officer Grady, whom he assaulted while endeavoring to make his escape. That is all there is to this case!"

He sat down.

"State your defense, Mr. Tutt," directed Judge Tompkins.

"Our defense is that we didn't do anything of the kind and that that is not all there is to this case," he said quietly.

O'Brien gave a grunt and looked meaningly at the jury.

"Officer Grady. Come up here!"

From the center of the room arose a burly figure in blue, something over six feet in height and proportionately broad, with a close-cropped brachycephalic head narrowing to a point at the top, an undershot jaw and a pansy face—physically a fine figure of a man.

"What is your name?" asked O'Brien after the witness had been sworn.

"Patrick J. Grady," answered the officer, endeavoring to fit his bulk into the witness chair.

"Tell the jury how you came to arrest this defendant."

Grady fumbled with his gloves and looked fixedly at the ceiling.

"On the evening of October sixteent'," he began, "at about 10:30 o'clock, while proceeding along Avenue A, I observed the door of Mr. Grossman's store to be ajar. Entering the store in the dark, I found the defendant concealed behind a barrel under the counter, with some goods beside him on the floor. I ordered him to surrender, but he resisted arrest and I was obliged to subdue him."

"Did he make any explanation of what he was doing there?"

"No, sir. No explanation whatever."

O'Brien turned with a leer to Mr. Tutt. "Your witness," he said.

"Cross-examine," directed the court.

Mr. Tutt arose and smiled ingratiatingly at Mr. Grady.

"Mr. O'Brien mentioned something about this being a tough neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir—very."

"Mostly very poor people?"

"Almost entirely."

"Tenements, crowded streets, pushcarts, children swarming over the sidewalks, babies on fire escapes, folks standing around, lots of arguments—that sort of thing?"

"Yes, sir; they're always starting something down there."

"Lots of kids?"

"Sure, it's lousy—I beg yeronner's pardon—any number of 'em."

"No parks nor playgrounds near there?"

"No."

"Makes it bad, doesn't it? I know they must of given you a peck o' trouble."

"I'll say they do!" agreed Grady. "There's always a gang playing baseball or shinny or nigger baby. They're after smashing windows all the time. You can't stop 'em. As fast as I drive 'em off one street they go to another."

"Do they throw snowballs?"

"Anything they can lay their hands on."

"Throw 'em at you sometimes, officer?" Mr. Tutt's voice was a crooning lullaby.

"I'll say so!"

"On the whole, it's a hard beat?"

"Yes, sir. A hard beat."

For several seconds the old lawyer regarded the muscular representative of the law.

"You swore to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Have you told the whole truth?" he inquired significantly.

"The whole truth."

"You have told us everything that seemed to you of importance in connection with the arrest?"

"Everything I could think of."

Mr. Tutt stroked his chin. "You're a pretty efficient officer, Grady?"

Mr. Grady modestly lowered his head. "I try to be."

"If you think a man is guilty you do all you can to try to have him convicted?"

"I try an' do my duty."

"Do you regard it as your duty to clear the neighborhood to which you are assigned of undesirable characters?"

Grady hesitated. He was not going to let himself into any trap. "Not unless they commit some crime."

"Exactly." Mr. Tutt congratulated him. "Live and let live. That is your attitude, eh, Grady? And because you think the defendant here did commit a crime, you rather regretfully regard it as your duty to see that he is convicted for it, and is properly punished. Is that it?"

Grady tried to look benign. "I wouldn't want to be too hard on him; he's only a young feller."

"What do you think ought to be done with him?"

"If I had my way I'd send him to the reformatory."

"H'm. That is very charitable, after his unprovoked assault upon you. So you think the reformatory would be a good place for him?"

"It's better than bumming around the streets and making trouble."

"Have you ever been in the reformatory, officer?" asked Mr. Tutt sharply.

Grady turned the color of Concord grapes. "Wha'd'yer mean, have I been in the reformatory?" he roared.

"Come, come, officer! I didn't mean to suggest that you had ever been sent to jail. I merely intended to inquire if you had ever taken the trouble to familiarize

(Continued on Page 105)

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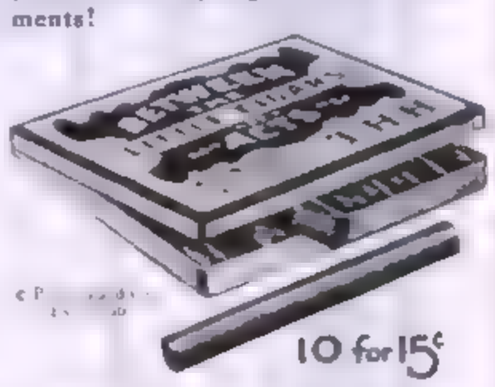

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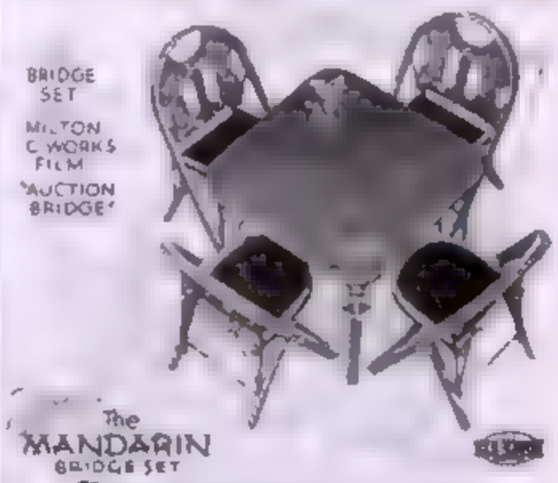

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(Continued from Page 103)

yourself with the life of the inmate of a reformatory. . . . The question is of no importance. By the way, you say the defendant assaulted you?"

"He certainly did."

"What with?"

"His fists."

"Did he inflict bodily injury upon you?"

"As much as he could."

Mr. Tutt squinted at Mr. Pipp and coughed.

"Will you be good enough to stand up, officer?"

Officer Grady arose—two hundred pounds of beef, muscle and bone. Rather proudly he inflated his chest.

"Now, Gussie," said the old lawyer, "will you also arise, please?"

The defendant, an anæmic-looking, undernourished youth with pale blue eyes, yellow freckled skin, wide mouth, and a pineapple haircut which allowed a blond scalp lock to fall over one temple, got upon his feet. In appearance he was neither unprepossessing nor vicious. A common or garden boy. He could not have been more than five feet six in height. Mr. Tutt allowed the jury to compare the two antagonists and then directed them to sit down.

"When the defendant assaulted you, officer," he continued, "you had on an overcoat and a cap, did you not? And also were armed with a night stick and a revolver?"

Grady moved uneasily. "According to regulations."

"H'm. And you say that although when you came upon the defendant he was crouched down behind a barrel under a counter, he committed an assault upon you—an assault, according to the indictment, with a dangerous weapon. Have you any mark or scar to show where he assaulted you?"

"I was black and blue at the time."

"Indeed! You say you had to subdue him. With what did you subdue him?"

"My stick."

Mr. Tutt lifted the scalp lock that hung over his client's temple, disclosing a long red scar.

"Is that how you did it?"

The jury were scowling at the subduer. Grady squirmed in his chair.

"I object to this!" interrupted O'Brien. "The witness admits he was obliged to use his night stick. How did he know but that his assailant might shoot him in the dark?"

Mr. Tutt let his hand slide from the boy's head to his shoulder and allowed it to stay there.

"My client is indicted for assault in this affair. Certainly I should be entitled to show that it was the other way round! By the way, where is the dangerous weapon with which you say he assaulted you? Have you got it?"

Officer Grady clumsily removed from the pocket of his uniform a manila envelope, the contents of which he emptied on the table before the jury—a small penknife, a pipe, a key, and three copper cents.

"A knife is a dangerous weapon," he commented.

"Did he attempt to use it on you?"

"I haven't testified he tried to use it on me. He didn't get the chance."

"That is what I thought," said Mr. Tutt mildly. "You explained all that to Mr. O'Brien?"

"I told him all about it."

Mr. Tutt glanced sideways at the fat juror with the pompadour.

"I suppose 'assault with a dangerous weapon' hath to Mr. O'Brien a more pleasing sound than just plain assault," mused Mr. Tutt, taking up the indictment. "I see also that my client has been honored with an alias—Augustus Menken, alias Gas-house Gussie. Are you responsible for this euphemistic appellation?"

Grady stared at him suspiciously. "Wh'd y'mean?"

"You know what an alias is?"

"It's the moniker a feller goes by among his pals or the police."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt. "I doubt if President Lowell of Harvard could give a better definition. And is Gas-house Gussie a name that Menken goes by among his pals or among the police?"

"Both."

"Did you ever hear anybody call him that?"

"That's what all them loafers calls him."

"Isn't it a fact that you invented the name yourself and gave it to Mr. O'Brien as a sort of floral decoration for the indictment? Like assault 'with a dangerous weapon'?"

"It is not!"

Mr. Tutt placed his finger tips together and pursed his lips.

"Now, you say, if I remember correctly, that the defendant had assembled some goods preparatory to taking them away. What were these goods?"

"Canned tomatoes."

"How many cans?"

"Four or five. They were on the floor back of the counter."

"Did you see a pile of such cans on the counter? In fact, weren't there several stacks of cans—corn, tomatoes, beans, and so on—right over where he was hiding?"

"Maybe there was."

Mr. Tutt looked at his watch—2:30.

"What made you go into the store?"

"I seen the door was open."

"Had you seen anyone go in?"

"No."

"Did anyone tell you someone had gone in?"

"Not that I remember."

The jury sat up with one accord.

"Why do you say 'not that you remember'?"

"I don't know. I don't remember."

"H'm! Was this a dwelling house?"

"Sure. Jake Grossman lives there."

"You're aware that unless the place entered is a dwelling house occupied by human beings, the crime is not burglary in the first."

"So I understand from the district attorney."

"But I thought this was a grocery store."

"Mr. Grossman sleeps in the rear room."

"Oh! So that makes it a dwelling house?"

"That's what Mr. O'Brien said."

"And that also makes it burglary in the first degree. . . . You know the penalty may be twenty years?"

"The judge could send him to the reformatory."

Mr. Tutt heaved a sigh. "You seem to have reformatory on the brain. . . . Was Grossman there when you made the arrest?"

"Not till afterward. I don't know where he came from."

"He'd gone out to mail a letter and left the door open, hadn't he?"

"I don't know anything about it. Menken c'd have opened it with his skeleton key."

"Why do you call it a 'skeleton' key?"

"That's what it is."

"Don't you know it's the key to his mother's flat?"

"Maybe it'll open that too."

Grady grinned at the jury, evidently feeling that he had scored.

"Were there any marks on the door to indicate that force had been used?"

"I didn't see any. I took it for granted he used a key."

"You took it for granted! Did you try if his key would open Grossman's door?"

"No, I didn't find his key until we got to the station house."

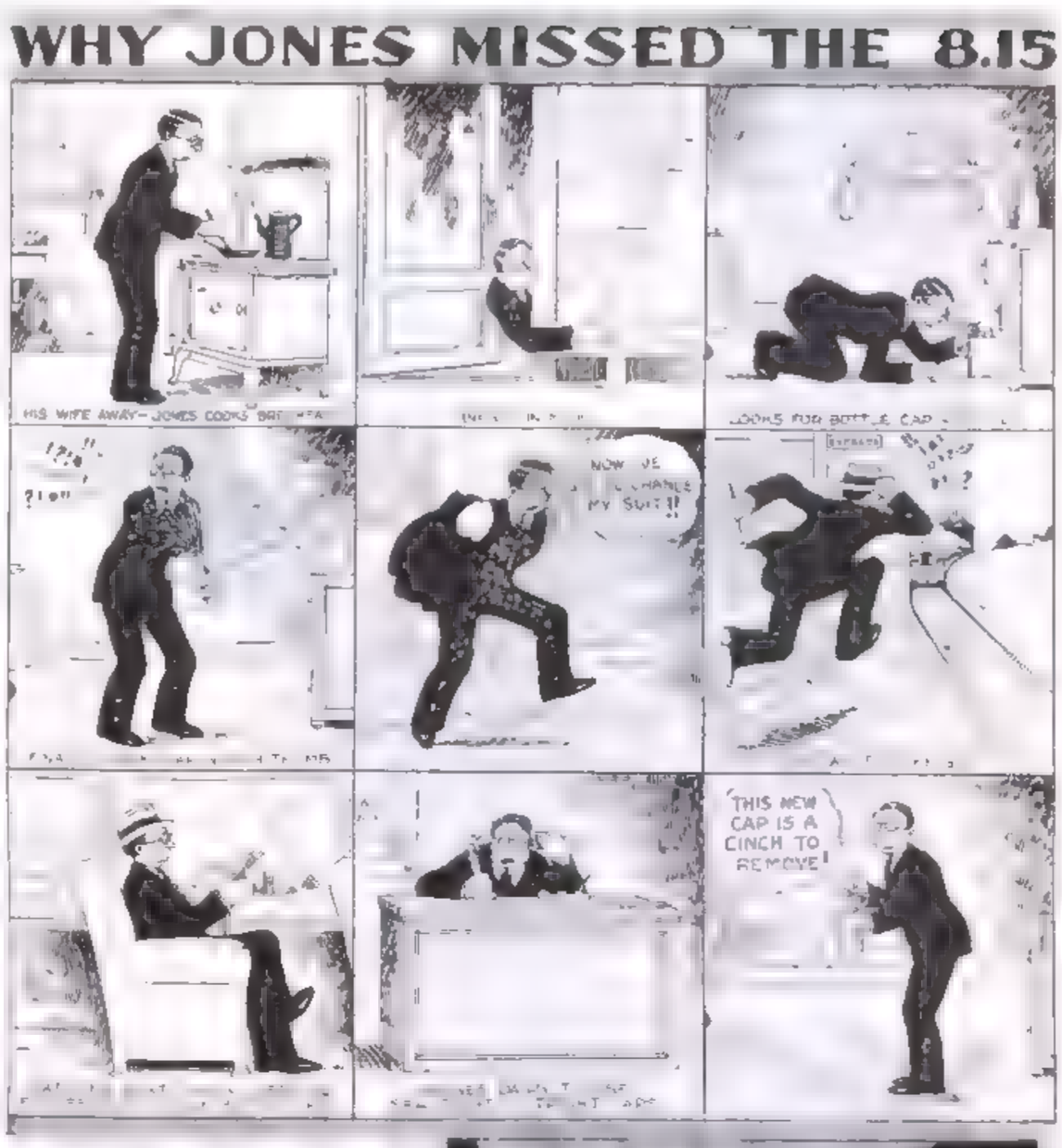
"Did you look to see if there was a key on the inside of Grossman's door at the time?"

"No. I was too busy."

"Too busy subduing this boy with your stick?" Grady glowered at his tormentor but did not reply. "Come, come, officer! Answer! Or perhaps you'd rather not! How long have you known Gussie Menken?"

"Coupla years."

"Did you ever accuse him of throwing a snowball and hitting you in the neck?"



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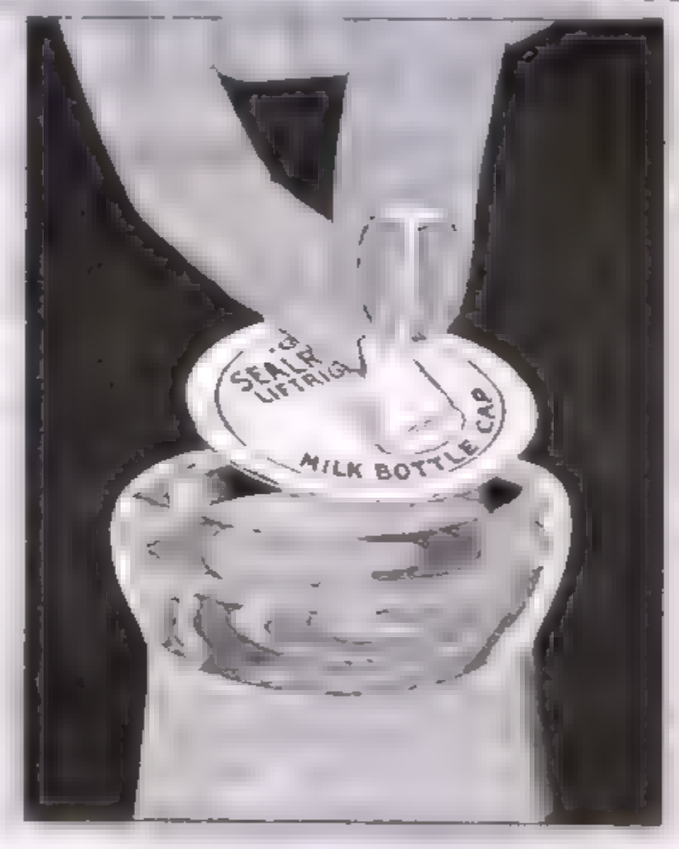

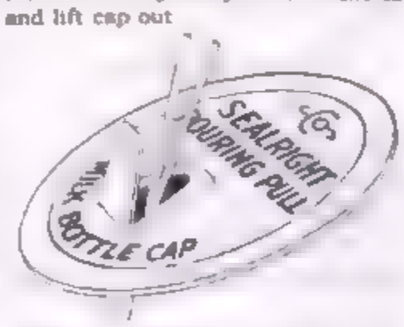

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"I did. And he done it."

Mr. Tutt paused significantly. "And did you afterward find out that some other boy was the criminal?"

"No!" bellowed Grady. "Him and his gang ——"

"I move to strike out the latter part of the answer," interrupted Mr. Tutt.

"Strike it out," said the judge. "Answer the questions 'yes' or 'no.'"

"Do you bear him any ill will because, as you think, he threw a snowball at you?"

"I don't bear no ill will against nobody!" declared Grady.

"On the contrary, you love your fellow man and it is only for his own sake that you think Gussie Menken had better be sent to the reformatory?"

"That's where he belongs!" snarled Grady. "Him and all the likes of him!"

"I noticed that you spoke of him as a loafer. . . . Mrs. Menken, please come up here!"

"What's all this?" demanded O'Brien. "If she's a witness, you can call her when you put in your side of the case."

"Merely for purposes of identification," said Mr. Tutt soothingly as the old woman came to the bar and took her stand behind her son.

"Do you know this lady?"

"I think I seen her."

"Is she the defendant's mother?"

"I guess so."

"Don't you know that he supports her when he can find work?"

"I don't know nothin' about it. I always seen him playing ball."

"Didn't you threaten Gussie that unless he moved out of that neighborhood you'd beat him up?" Grady did not deign to reply. "Thank you, Mrs. Menken. You may sit down again," said the old lawyer. "Isn't it a fact, officer, that there has been a great deal of unemployment for the last six months?"

"I don't know as there is—for them as wants to work."

"Have you any means of knowing whether Gussie Menken wanted to or not?"

"I never seen him do no work."

"By which you mean, I suppose," commented Mr. Tutt graciously, "that you have never seen him doing any work?"

"That's exactly what I said."

"I beg pardon, officer, I must have misunderstood you. . . . Am I right in my recollection that you said a short while ago that you never bore no ill will to nobody?"

"I don't neither."

Mr. Tutt nodded gravely. "Overlooking the question of the negative pregnant and proceeding—h'm—proceeding to the matter of literary style, may I ask you, Mr. Grady, once more to tell the jury what occurred upon the evening when you were assaulted?"

Grady set his teeth and thrust out his jaw. This old guy Tutt was taking an unfair advantage of him.

"On the evening of October sixteent', at about 10:30 o'clock, while proceeding along Avenue A——"

"'Proceeding'?" murmured Mr. Tutt.

Grady turned on him. He'd had enough of the old stiff! "Yeah!" he bawled. "Proceeding!"

"Whence wast thou proceeding?" inquired the old lawyer solemnly.

"I had went to the corner and I was proceedin' back."

"Ah, you had went to the corner!"

"Yeah, I had went to the corner! . . . Say, what are youse tryin' to put over on me?"

"Shut up, Grady!" ordered O'Brien. "Don't answer back!"

The jury were chuckling, and Grady felt that his dignity was involved.

"I had went to the corner," he repeated angrily, "and I was proceedin' back when I observed the door to Grossman's grocery to be ajar."

"What do you mean by saying that you observed?"

"That I seen it."

"Oh, you mean you seen that the door was ajar?"

"Yeah, just that!"

"And what do you mean by saying that the door was ajar?"

Vague memories of The Minstrel's Song and Joke Book No. 1 came floating out of the past to worry Grady at that moment. "When was a door not a door? When it was ajar." "Ajar" was a bum word! Why had O'Brien given it to him?

"I had went to the corner and I seen the door was ajar," he repeated stubbornly. "Entering the store, I found ——"

"Toying with the present participle I see," hazarded Mr. Tutt blandly.

"Wh'd yer mean?" demanded Grady.

"I object to this badgering of the witness!" interposed O'Brien. "Counsel for the defense is taking advantage of the witness' ignorance!"

"Ignorance!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt. "I must certainly object on behalf of Mr. Grady! He is the most cultivated cop I have ever met. . . . Who told you to say you were 'proceeding' and 'observing' and 'entering,' Grady? Come now, give us the truth. Didn't Mr. O'Brien tell you what to say?"

"He did not! I told him what I was goin' to say!"

"But he told you how to say it?"

Grady glared at Mr. Tutt as if he would like to punch his head. Then he spat slowly into the adjacent cuspidor.

Mr. Tutt suddenly went into action. "Grady!" The word was like a Subway blast.

"What are you yelling about?" sneered O'Brien, but Mr. Tutt ignored him.

"Listen, officer! Is it not the truth that on that evening Grossman, who had gone out to mail a letter, leaving the door open, told you that he'd seen Gussie on the street and that you thereupon started to look for him? That he slipped into Grossman's to get away and, in trying to hide under the counter, knocked off a couple of cans of tomatoes? And that you dragged him out, beat him insensible and then got him indicted for burglary in the first degree? That you invented the name of Gas-house Gussie and told Mr. O'Brien to put it on the indictment ——"

"It's a lie!" raged Grady, starting from his chair.

"—— much as he might try to give a dog a bad name?" finished Mr. Tutt. "That is all!"

"All, Grady!" echoed O'Brien. "Mr. Grossman, come up here!"

The ascending Grossman and the descending Grady passed each other behind the jury box.

Their testimony dovetailed in every respect. The grocer swore that he had put out the lights and locked the door before going to bed in the adjoining back room, and had later been roused from sleep by the noise of a scuffle in the store. When he entered, the lights were on and Officer Grady had the defendant under arrest. There was a pile of cans on the floor near by. The defendant had said nothing by way of explanation. Having stated which, he squared himself at Mr. Tutt and thrust out a jumberjaw that was the twin brother of Officer Grady's.

Mr. Tutt did not even get up to address him.

"How long have you known Officer Grady, Grossman?"

"Five years."

"How long have you known this boy here—Gussie Menken?"

"Coupla years."

"Ever threatened him?"

"I've told him to keep away from my store."

"Told him to get the hell out of there?"

"Maybe I put it that way."

Mr. Tutt bent forward and fixed the grocer with his eye.

"Tell us, Grossman, how many times have your windows been damaged by boys playing in the street in the last five years."

"Twice mit snowballs and tree times mit baseballs," he replied. "And they steal apples."

(Continued on Page 109)

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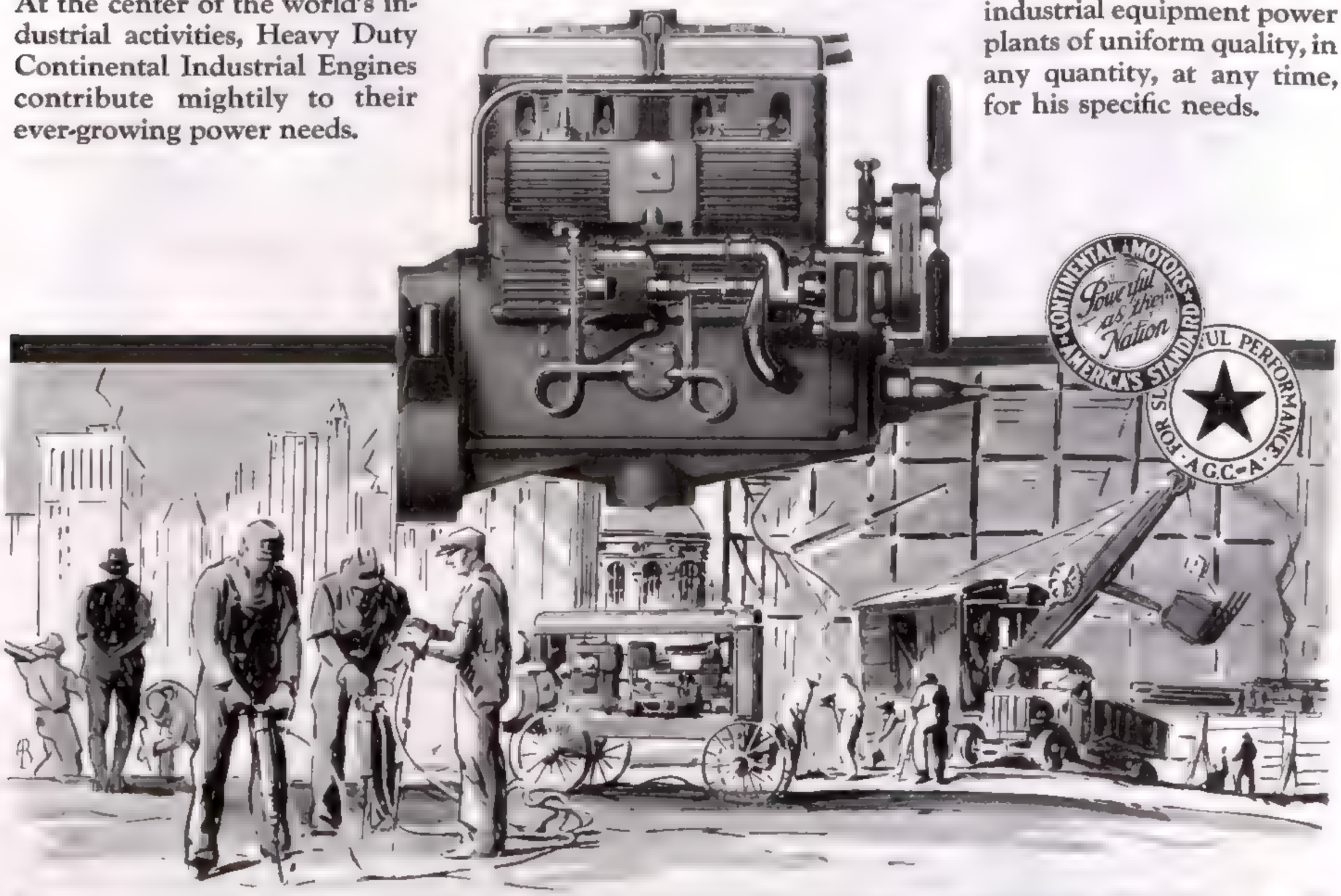

Continental Engines

(Continued from Page 106)

"H'm. And they steal apples! I suppose you regard Officer Grady as your friend and ally?"

"He's a good cop."

Mr. Tutt covered his mouth with his hand.

"Does he like apples?" he mumbled.

O'Brien leaped to his feet. "I object! We've had enough of this!" he shouted angrily.

"I withdraw the apples," said Mr. Tutt. "No more questions."

"The People rest!" snapped O'Brien. His witnesses had been unimpeached and yet ——

"Proceed with the defense, Mr. Tutt," admonished the court.

O'Brien swung himself around complacently toward the jury. Now the real case was going to begin. Just wait until he had a chance to cross-examine Menken! He'd tear him limb from limb!

"The defense also rests," unexpectedly announced Mr. Tutt.

O'Brien's jaw fell. He gagged. What? No defense!

But he had no time for reflection as to how he might better have presented his case before his lean old adversary was upon his feet, making a motion to dismiss.

"I move that all these counts for burglary be taken from the jury on the ground that there is no evidence that the place was a dwelling house, or of a breaking. If the key found in my client's pocket was capable of opening the door, the district attorney could have proved it."

Judge Tompkins shook his head.

"It is not necessary for the prosecution to show how or by what means the defendant opened the door. Even if the jury find that it had been left unlocked and the defendant had merely to turn the handle or push it to get in, that would constitute a breaking under the law. There is evidence, and it is not contradicted, that the place was used to sleep in, and some evidence, also uncontradicted, from which they may find that the defendant went there for purposes of theft. Therefore, I shall submit the burglary counts for their consideration, the counts for larceny and attempted larceny, together with that for illegal entry. I shall, however, withdraw the count charging the defendant with assault by means of a dangerous weapon as unsupported by the evidence."

"I take an exception to each and every refusal of Your Honor to withdraw the various counts as requested," said Mr. Tutt respectfully.

"Very well, then. Go to the jury. . . . Mr. O'Brien, you may have fifteen minutes. Close the doors during the summations, officer."

"Gentlemen of the jury," began O'Brien rather nervously, for the testimony had been concluded so abruptly that he had had no time to think over what he was to say, "I thank you for the strict attention with which you have listened to the evidence in this case—to the People's evidence, I should say—for there has been no evidence offered on behalf of the defense! Gentlemen, the testimony of the state's witnesses stands absolutely uncontradicted! There is no denial of a single fact as alleged by the prosecution. The court, as you observe, has refused to take away from your consideration a single count in the indictment, except that of assault with a dangerous weapon. That count ——"

"Pardon the interruption," remarked the fat man who had patted the little girl's head, "but may I ask why you put that count in if the defendant didn't use a weapon?"

"Certainly, Mr. Juror!" replied O'Brien with a hollow smile. "It was put in as a matter of form, to meet the possibility that the evidence would support the charge."

"Just as a matter of form?"

"Just as a matter of form."

"All right!" The juror looked out of the window over Mr. O'Brien's head.

"As I was saying," continued the latter, suppressing an impulse to climb into the box and strangle the fat man, "we have absolutely proved by uncontroverted testimony that this place was occupied by human beings—or a human being—and hence was a dwelling house, that the door was locked, that the defendant entered it in the nighttime for purposes of larceny and had already made preparations to deport several cans of tomatoes, when he was discovered and placed under arrest, and that he made no attempt to explain his presence. If these were not the facts the defense would introduce some evidence to disprove them. Instead of evidence, you have nothing but vague hints and insinuations on the part of counsel. Why, gentlemen, it's farcical! There's not one word of evidence in support of his implications! Not one! They haven't even called the defendant's mother as a witness—his own mother! I have no personal interest in this case. I don't care whether Menken goes to state's prison or to the reformatory, or gets a suspended sentence. I don't care whether this defendant is convicted of burglary in the first degree or of illegal entry—it's all the same to me. But whatever decision you come to as to whether this was a dwelling house, or even as to the motive and intent of the defendant in going in there in the nighttime, you cannot possibly find that he had the slightest legal right to be where he was or acquit him without a violation of your oaths."

It was at this moment that the unexpected interruption occurred which gives this story its name. A subdued scuffle occurred in the rear of the court room, accompanied by a faint yelp, and from no one knew where, there appeared in the inclosure in front of the dais a small mongrel but obviously well intentioned dog of the genus known as tike. He was neither setter, coach dog, spaniel, hound nor beagle, although perhaps a bit of all of them, but mostly, as Bill Nye once said, "just plain dog." An amiable, dirty, inquisitive, olfactory yellow cur, with an innocent interest in everybody and everything, especially the pillars of the railing. Loping about the inclosure and sniffing at O'Brien's legs, he gave the jury the once-over, investigated the cuspidor, studied the clerk's mustaches, and finally, catching sight of old Judge Tompkins, sprawled upon his forelegs, lifted his muzzle toward the bench and uttered a feeble but cordial demand for recognition. His advent was so surprising that, there being no official dog catcher, for a space none of the court officers could think exactly what they ought to do.

"Woof!" remarked the yellow dog playfully to Judge Tompkins. "Woof! Woof!" Several of the jury, unmindful of the proprieties, allowed themselves the luxury of a smile.

"Woof!" repeated the little dog, scrabbling with its forepaws and trying to lure Judge Tompkins off the bench into a friendly game of tag. "Woof!—Wo-o-o-f!"

"Where on earth did that dog come from?" cried the judge. "Officer, did you let that dog in?"

"No, sir!" called back Herlihy from the door. "I didn't let in no dog. I only seen him this minute."

"Well, remove him at once!" ordered the court, looking at Captain Gallagher. "Take him away!"

Gallagher, thus having public attention foisted upon him, timidly entered the inclosure and approached the animal from the rear.

"Phwist!" he coaxed. "Here, you!"

But the little dog had no eyes for anyone save Judge Tompkins.

"Come along now!" continued Gallagher, bending over and cautiously stretching out his hand. "Come on! Good doggie!"

But the yellow dog was clearly enjoying his new environment. Sprawling on his belly, he shoved himself by means of his hind legs in the direction of the jury box beyond Gallagher's reach and, rolling over on his back, lay pawing the air.

"I'll get him," volunteered Grady bravely, welcoming this opportunity to divert public attention from his testimony,

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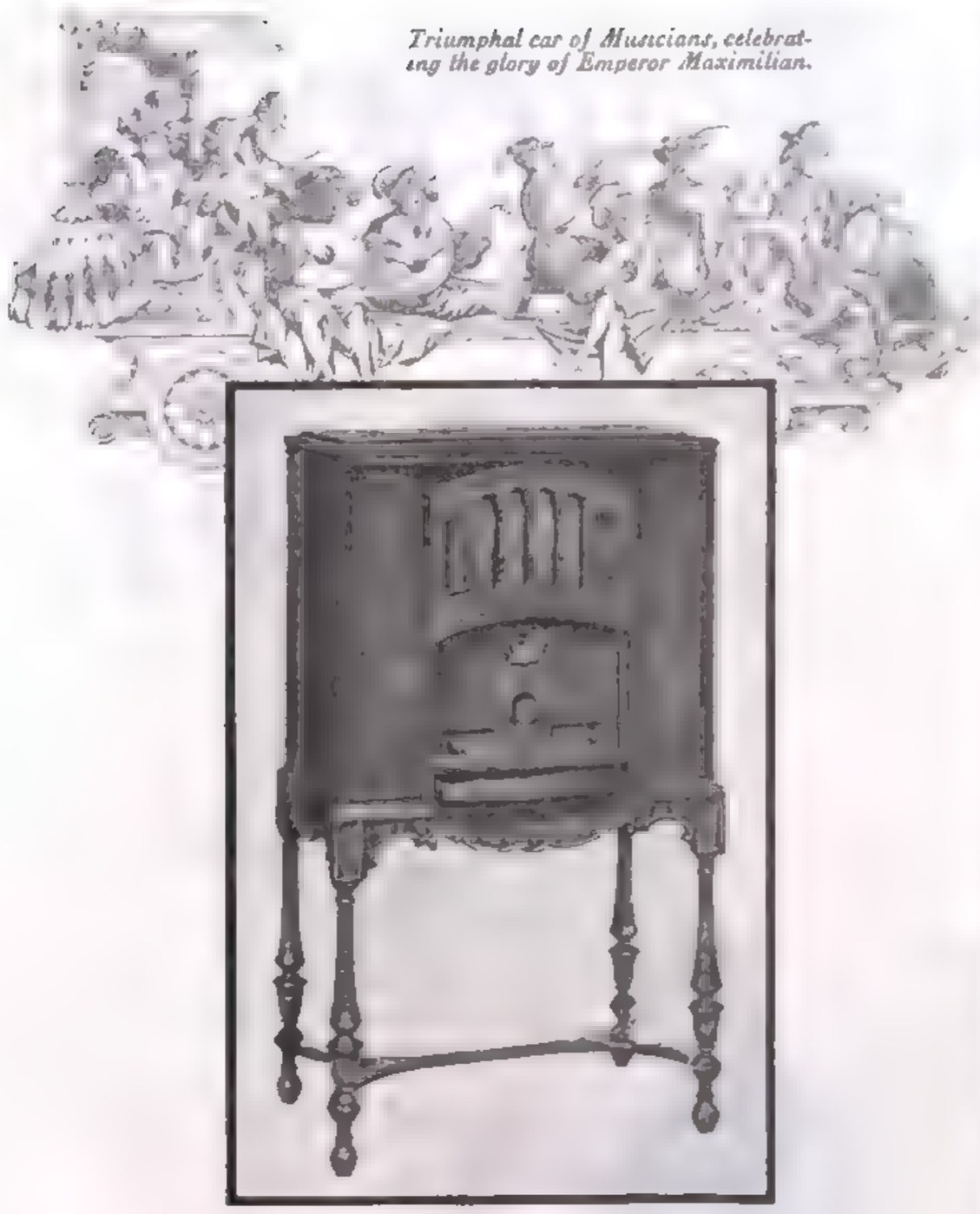

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and making as if to descend from the witness chair.

"Stay where you are!" thundered Mr. Tutt. Then he turned to the bench. "May I ask Your Honor what you propose doing with this dog?"

"What does one do with lost dogs, Mr. Tutt?" asked His Honor. "Send him to the pound, I suppose. Lock that dog up in the coat room, officer, and then telephone to the pound."

The little dog had now discovered Mr. Tutt and had rolled over again to get a better view of him. He smelled that this was a nice man—a nice old man who liked dogs!

Mr. Tutt arose, a look of righteous indignation upon his cadaverous face.

"If Your Honor please," he protested, "do I hear aright? Does Your Honor seriously consider sending this innocent animal to the public pound—a dirty kennel of snarling, vicious, mangy beasts! He has committed no offense. The door was open and in he came!"

"Woof!" agreed the yellow dog.

"We don't know, Your Honor, how he comes to be here, but probably it's not his fault. He seems a nice little animal, and unless he is taken away by the dog catcher and thrown with a lot of disreputable dogs, he will probably remain one. Give him a chance! Once a dog has been sent to the pound, even if he escapes death, he has lost all his canine caste; he is an outlaw forevermore.

"You know what happens when you give a dog a bad name! Everybody kicks him! He's a marked dog. Nobody wants him around. He can't find a master. He becomes a 'stravagler,' living off garbage, nosing around gutters, back yards and vacant lots, chased by men and boys and by supposedly more respectable dogs who, if the truth were known, are no better dogs than he, until, with a can tied to his tail, he slinks down some alley to die. I know Your Honor's sense of justice and fair play, your sympathy for the under dog, will keep you from sending him to what may well be his ruin. The time is coming when we will no longer kick dogs around and put them into pounds.

"No doubt this little fellow has a home of his own—sisters and brothers, a mother who loves him. If he is taken away from them, who knows what sort of a beast he may become under the influence of the depraved animals among whom you plan to send him, even should he not be killed!" pleaded the old man. "He will be underfed, abused, diseased. Instead of the friendly little dog we see here, wagging his tail and playing about, he will become at best an outcast, at worst a vicious, anarling beast who attacks people, may perhaps spread rabies, and whose body will eventually be tossed upon the public ash pile. I can imagine nothing that would be more horrible than to send this dog to the pound, unless it is to do the same thing with one of our own kind!"

"But what can one do with a dog, Mr. Tutt?" expostulated Judge Tompkins.

The old lawyer seemed to consider the matter.

"Well," he answered, "rather than have this poor little dog sent to the pound, I will undertake to take care of him myself."

The jury were all drinking in his words, including both the fat man who had patted the little girl and the one who had made faces at the baby. Judge Tompkins appeared greatly relieved.

"All right," said he, "if you'll be responsible for him, Mr. Tutt, I'm sure he'll have a good home. . . . Officer, put that dog in the coat room and give him to Mr. Tutt after court has adjourned. . . . Proceed with your summation."

But Mr. Tutt did not arise. Instead he allowed his eyes to run over the faces beside him in the jury box, lingering for an instant on each one and establishing an invisible bond of kindliness and sympathy between him and them.

"I've no wish to sum up this case," he said softly. "I've entire confidence in this jury. It is for them to say whether Gussie Menken shall be branded as a criminal, herded among outlaws and hounded by the police for the rest of his life, or shall be given back to those who love him"—his glance shifted for an instant to the figure of Mrs. Menken—"and given a chance to live under the blue sky in God's golden sunshine."

The silence which followed was broken by a cough from the bench.

"Close the doors," ordered Judge Tompkins. "Mr. Gallagher, see that no one enters or leaves the court room. . . . Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant, Augustus Menken, indicted under the alias of Gas-house Gussie, is charged with the crime of burglary in the first degree, which I will now attempt to define for your edification."

For three-quarters of an hour did he define it, as well as all the other multifarious offenses which O'Brien had crowded into the indictment, but none of the jury seemed particularly interested and most of them spent the time gazing out of the windows at the flock of pigeons wheeling against "the blue sky in God's golden sunshine" over the top of the Tombs.

"Therefore, gentlemen," he at length concluded, "you will either find the defendant guilty of one of the crimes I have described and defined to you, or you will acquit him."

Mr. Tutt turned to the bench.

"I ask Your Honor to charge the jury that if they find a witness to have deliberately falsified in any one material particular, they are at liberty to disregard his entire testimony."

"I so charge. The jury may retire."

A faint whine followed by a smothered yowl echoed from the distant reaches of the judicial chamber. The jurors hesitated. As yet none of them had got up.

"You may retire, gentlemen," repeated His Honor.

The juror who looked like Mr. Pipp leaned over and whispered to his brothers on the back row, and then to the foreman.

O'Brien half rose from his chair, then dropped back. What was the use!

"I don't think we need to retire," said the foreman. "We have already agreed. Am I right, gentlemen?"

"You are!" they answered with one accord. "Not guilty!"

The clerk looked at the judge, who nodded.

"Gentlemen of the jury, listen to your verdict as it stands recorded. You say you find Augustus Menken not guilty, and so say you all!"

"The defendant is discharged!" announced Judge Tompkins. "Adjourn court!"

Gussie leaned over the railing and put his arms about the little figure behind him, while O'Brien stalked haughtily out of the inclosure and shoved his way toward the door. Grady and Grossman had already disappeared. In the excitement hardly anybody seemed aware that court had adjourned. The jury were holding a mutual congratulation party around the Menkens. Judge Tompkins still sat on the bench making some entries in his case book.

As the crowd thinned out the old man on the bench beckoned to the old man at the counsel table.

"Say, Eph," he whispered, looking over the top of his glasses, "where did you get that yaller dog?"

"At the pound," said Mr. Tutt.

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CURTAIN!

(Continued from Page 15)

'What the hell; take a chance.' And I did. And we've worked so hard I haven't stopped to realize how big the chance was. Till now," he wound up with a grin. "And between you and me, Boy, if that hocus-pocus we got down there don't click—well, I guess I wouldn't feel like doin' another show for a long time."

All Boy McGuire could say was "Gee!" He said it several times. But Marks was himself again at the first sign of sympathy.

"Don't let it worry you, kid; it's my funeral. Only now you know how a fellow feels when he's takin' a big chance, that's all. Whadda you say you and I go into vaudeville if this thing is a bust?"

This was the familiar line of kidding for which he was famous, but Boy was in no mood to be kidded.

"Gee," he said dolorously, "I shouldn't have persuaded you to do a musical show."

At this, Sam Marks threw back his head and laughed uproariously. Boy didn't understand, but he was glad something had made him laugh.

"Don't you worry, kid. It's my gamble. If I make it, O. K., and if I don't, I'll take the break without welshin'. I can do a little private worryin' about my own show, can't I?" His tone changed abruptly. "You got to learn to take the breaks in show business, kid. Make up your mind, because it's full of heartaches. But it's all in the game."

Boy was now looking down upon the Manhattan dismally. Marks, remembering his delight in watching it progress, felt sorry for having dampened his enthusiasm. The kid's first first-night! He stood beside him, laying his arm across his shoulders affectionately.

"I know it means a lot to you, too, kid."

Boy had no reply to this. He felt that Marks knew what it meant to him. They stood arm in arm, watching the first signs of life coming to the new theater—the Tenth Avenue boy who had grown up with melodies of forgotten sorrows in his own untried heart and the weathered old producer who had raised a house to harbor them.

The office now lay in the belated darkness of early autumn. It made it easy for Boy to ask the question that had been on his lips so many times since the beginning of his acquaintance with this strange and fascinating paradox who knew everybody and whom nobody knew.

"I can't understand why you took a chance on me, Mr. Marks, with so much at stake, and all. Nobody else would even listen to my stuff."

Mark's answer came quickly: "I thought you had the goods, kid; that's all."

But Boy had expected something else and Marks sensed his disappointment. He floundered mentally for something to say, but it was hard for him to express what he felt.

This kid had been different, somehow. He wasn't like the rest of these wise-cracking Broadway song writers. He had dreams!

Boy went on: "When I walked in here that day to see you, I don't mind telling you I was pretty low. I'd had an appointment with Morris and Hertz to listen to my score. They were doing Blue Girl then. Maury Rheubens got me the appointment and I got all worked up over it. Thought I was as good as made. Well, I waited two hours and they didn't show up. I was sore as a pup at first, but after a while I just didn't give a hang. Well, I was to call up my girl to let her know how it came out. Like a fool, I had blown my horn about it and got her all excited. She believes in me. You know how girls are if they believe in you. But anyway, I was to call her up, and I didn't want to do it. I was walking along in the rain, dreading it—didn't even know it was raining. I guess you know how I felt. Then I happened to pass your office and it popped into my head what Benny had said about your being the whitest man in the business. . . . That's what they call you," he digressed to explain.

Marks was always embarrassed at a compliment. He was embarrassed now and had no answer.

"Well, I stood there in front of that brass sign, downstairs, remembering that, and arguing with myself to come up and see you, even if you didn't do musical shows. But I was afraid of meeting one of those stiff-necked secretaries. You know the kind -they make a specialty of 'em in show business. So I passed on by and got as far as the Subway. Even down the stairs. Then I thought of Jean again, and what it would mean to her. And I made myself come back and go up to your office. Sure enough, that guy Morris gave me the icy air—but he's all right now," he amended quickly. "You got to know 'em. They get that way in show business, I guess. Well, he told me you were just going out to lunch and couldn't see anybody. So I called myself a fool and started to go out. Then you came out. I didn't want to speak to you, but something kept saying to me, 'He's the whitest man in the business.' So I did. And you didn't hear me, remember? You leaned over and said, 'What's that, son?' Well, when you said 'son,' it gave me nerve. As long as I'd peddled my stuff around, no producer ever spoke like that to me. What made you turn around and go back to your office with me?"

It was a simple question and it asked for an answer that was more than words. Marks, in a brief second, recalled the look on the boy's face that had taken him back to his own boyhood. He remembered the job he had had trying to sell roller towels. Nothing but a kid he had been—no more than sixteen. How he had wanted to work, to make money, to become somebody! He remembered not being allowed the privilege of using the elevators as a solicitor and climbing to the fifteenth story, only to be turned away when he got there. He remembered his awe at the men who worked behind those forbidden doors; men who gave him one look and turned him away without listening to his story. He remembered his resolutions to be in their position some day, and the promises he had made to himself never to turn people away, but to give them an even break. He had tried to adhere to those promises. He couldn't give jobs to all the people who came to him, but he had tried to send them away feeling less discouraged. And ——

But Boy was waiting for an answer. Marks, who was ashamed of his sentimentality, tried to satisfy him:

"Well, you looked different from the rest of these wise-crackin' young fellers," he said, thinking that the frayed edges on the boy's overcoat had made him think of those which had once been on his own. Then, as usual, he apologized for his sentimentality: "But maybe I'll wish I hadn't come back that day," he joked. "I hope you make good for me, kid."

There was genuine fright in Boy McGuire's eyes. "Gee, suppose I don't?"

The answer was characteristic of Marks: "Well, what the hell, it's all a cup a coffee! Whadda you say we grab a sandwich before we open up the works?"

He put on his coat and joined Boy at the window. Below, they could see little groups gathering in front of the house, and already the line had begun to form.

Boy spoke reverently.

"It makes me think of the theme number," he said, "Dreams Come True, After All."

Marks laid a friendly hand on the boy's arm. "I hope they do, kid," he said.

They went out together, through the now deserted office, and through the Shubert alley across to Forty-fifth. It was eight now, and the theater had begun to resemble a theater. Solomon and O'Reilly, the box-office boys, were excitedly answering the continuous phone calls and turning away the crowd.

"Sorry, madam, we're sold out in advance. Standing room only. . . ." "You might try an agency, Mister. . . ." "Can't do a thing for you, lady. . . ." "What's the name?" Marks hurried by without looking, and Boy matched his pace, though he could have stood for hours listening to the magic words.

"Won't be long now, Boy," was the only caustic comment.

Marks ate hurriedly, answering Boy in monosyllables, and Boy began to take on his tensity. He understood, now, what actors and theatrical folk meant by their excitement on an opening.

When they came back, half an hour later, the crowd in the lobby teemed with excitement.

Boy did not know them, but press men and critics who would praise or condemn him in tomorrow's journals lounged in blasé poses, discussing the likelihood of the revue's flopping.

"They say the theater cost a million and the revue a hundred grand. . . ." "Who's this guy McGuire who wrote the music? He musta known where the body was buried or something, to crash in on Marks. . . ." "I hear it's crazy. . . ." "They say Marks went the whole show on this. . . ." "Well, I wish him luck; he's a white guy."

All around Boy they chattered, but he did not catch a word. Marks slipped through the crowd unnoticed, the newspapermen too engrossed in themselves to notice anyone else.

Inside, the overture was on and the chattering was worse. An usher handed them gilt-embossed programs of their own show. Boy followed Marks through the side doors that led to the stage. It was his custom to make a speech to his actors before the curtain went up.

Overture had been called and the chorus was already in place for the opening number. The stage manager called the nervous principals from their dressing rooms and the hallways where they paced up and down, the stage hands allowing no one on stage except those concerned in what was on or to follow.

Flonnie, grotesque in a tight evening gown up to her knees, with a red wig and feather fan. Moore, radiant in white chiffon and sequins. Joe, with the big pants and black mustache. The Kelly girls in feathered abbreviations. Cavallo, ballet skirt concealed with a shawl. The specialty dancers in kid dresses with huge bows of ribbon on their bobbed heads, the eight Hawaiians in white flannels, the chorus girls in broad black hats and pirate costumes with shiny flopping boots and bare rouged knees, the chorus boys self-conscious in a male version of the same costume.

Marks chewed his cigar, walking up and down, until they were all assembled.

"Well, folks," he began, "it's all over but the shootin'. I know how you feel. I feel that way myself. I'd like to be out in the sticks somewhere, right now, where they never heard of show business, but I got to sit down there and take it, and you got to stand up here and do your stuff for 'em. And I just want you to know that I'm with you. You've all worked hard and deserve a good show, and I want to see you make the grade with it. All I ask of you is just to give 'em all you got, every minute. That's all, folks, and good luck!" He started out, but stopped to speak to the chorus girls: "You kids step on it for me. An awful lot depends on you."

"Two minutes, Mr. Marks," the curtain man called as he passed.

"O. K., boy. Give 'em a good snappy one."

The house was packed and the women's voices rose high and shrill above the overture. (Continued on Page 114)

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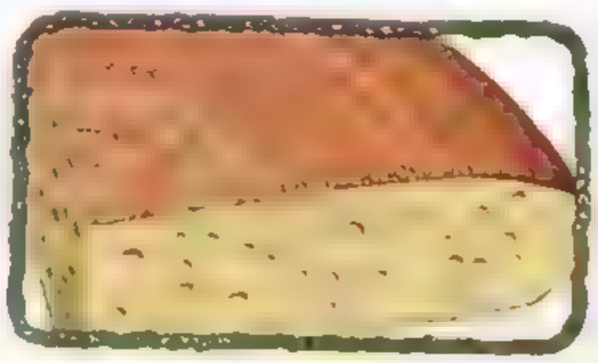

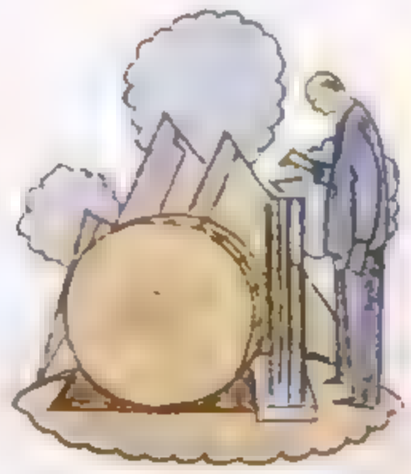

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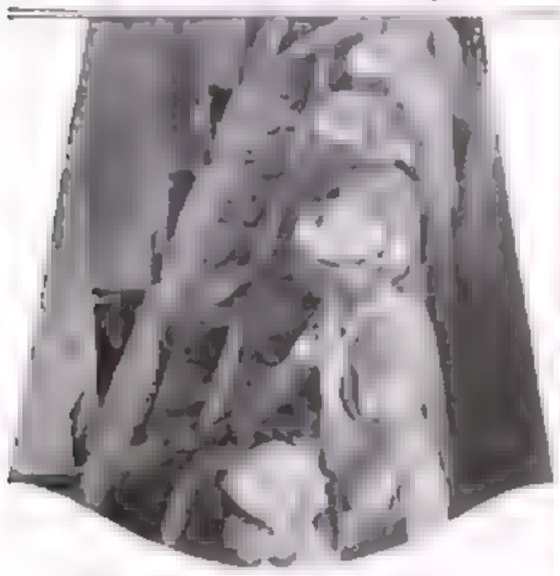

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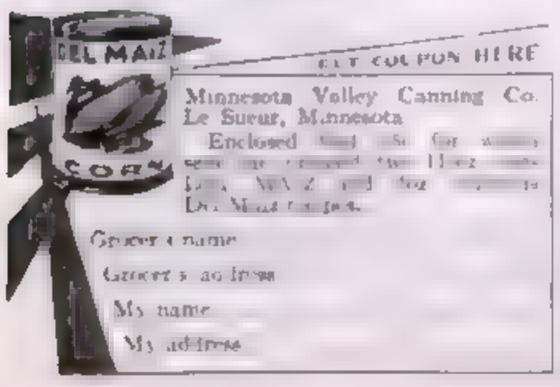

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(Continued from Page 112)

Marks slipped to his seat, not even taking off his coat. He took out his watch 8:40. He took it out three times in the next minute. Why didn't they take that curtain up? Boy half rose in his seat, trying to locate his mother and Jean. His mother saw him and waved, embarrassing Jean, who pulled her back into her seat. Boy sank back, relieved that they were safely there. Marks looked at his watch again. Something was holding them up, the overture was playing a repeat.

"I wish it would start," complained a woman directly in front of them. "We have to make that 11:25."

"Go back there and tell 'em to get that curtain up," Marks muttered savagely, and Boy rose to obey. But just then the lights dimmed down and a hush fell over the shrill tongues. Marks' foot, that had kept up a steady rapping against the seat in front, was suddenly still. The curtain was going up.

That orchestra leader! Why couldn't he keep the music down, like he'd told him to, until they got the picture. There was no contrast when the chorus started, with him going forte. Didn't he know chorus girls had no voices? They were singing Hello, You, in thin little trebles that did not carry. Why did they have to have chorus girls anyway? Those sissy-looking spindle-legged boys. Why hadn't they looked so funny backstage? He'd look better himself in that costume.

The Kelly sisters followed the first number with a specialty. The eagle eye of Marks spotted the bandage that showed through the stocking of the little one. Fine show, with the specialty dancers all bandaged up! Feathers flying all over the place from their costumes. That wardrobe woman! Why couldn't he get competent people like other producers? Audience being polite, givin' 'em an encore. Number no good for second spot. Jenny using too much make-up. Where did she think she was—still in vaudeville? Too slow in getting off. What the —— Taking an encore on that! Cripes! What he got for takin' a chance on 'em. No more sense than to stop a show in the beginning, when it's got to have tempo.

The ingénue was on with the eight specialty girls. He couldn't see what they had all seen in her. In any ingénue for that matter. He liked the old-fashioned soubrettes, not flat-bosomed, spindle-legged things like this one. The Butter and Egg Blues was no number for her. Should 'a' let the Kelly sisters have it. The audience giving her a hand! To get her off, probably.

"Go into your dance, kid," he muttered, and was relieved to see her make an exit, leaving the eight specialty girls turning themselves wrong side out.

The audience wanted an encore! They waited in the wings, uncertain. If Joe should anticipate his entrance and kill the big laugh they counted on! He rattled his program impatiently till they came on again.

Joe gave the audience no chance to demand another. They were hardly off before he was halfway on, pulling at something unseen. The mere sight of his baggy pants made the audience sit up. They couldn't see what he was pulling at, and were craning their necks. What if the horse wouldn't come on! He had tried to persuade Joe not to use it. Joe pulled and the audience laughed. Marks mopped his forehead and was afraid to look up. Probably back there kicking down all the drops. Tomorrow night the horse was out! He heard a yell from the audience and looked up, breathing again.

"I don't see what you see in that," the woman in front whispered. "I think it's just vulgar."

"Hear that? I told Joe!" Marks exploded indignantly, but it was lost in the laughter.

The comedian made a triumphant exit on the horse and the audience was too tired to applaud.

"See that? Not even a hand? Tomorrow night the horse is out. . . . If there is a tomorrow night," he added dismally to himself.

The juvenile was singing on the apron, while the members of the male chorus made entrances, one by one, from the parted black velvet curtains. They surrounded him, preparing an entrance for Gertrude Moore.

"Where do they find them?" Marks groaned. He refused to look until Moore came on. He knew by the applause that she was there.

"Gert ought to take off ten pounds," he thought. "Too big for that number. I Wish I Knew if You Like Me Too, Baby, sounds too much like the song in her last show. Didn't she know enough not to sing to the orchestra all the time? Nervous, afraid to look up, probably."

"Isn't she the sweetest thing you ever saw?" cooed the woman in front. "They say she only eats hard-boiled eggs."

She was singing now with the juvenile. Trying to steal her number, the poor sap, "mugging" on all her lines like that. Watch out! Didn't he know enough not to walk into the scenery? Now the chorus was playing ball with her, tossing her from one to another. Now she was swinging on a saddle made from their interlocked arms. She was too big for that stuff—Gert. It made her look silly. The boys couldn't sing for the strain of carrying her. Marks began to want to leave.

Moore was off now and the curtains parting on the grapefruit sketch. One side caught, revealing the table laid for action, and Flonnie sitting there, while the other side hung helplessly.

Marks shut his eyes. Poor Flonnie! Her first entrance!

"I hope it flops," he thought; "then I'll never have to live through this again."

The audience waited patiently while sharp commands from backstage drifted out. Why didn't Flonnie pull a gag? She was good at impromptu stuff.

She did, directing it offstage with a haughty gesture. "Watson, draw the curtings. 'Tis a bit chilly in this here drawing-room."

A hairy hand appeared, releasing the prisoned curtain. There was a laugh.

Flonnie was nervous. Why didn't that ham actor cut in on those little laughs? Hadn't he told him it would spoil Flonnie's final gag? Actors! Why did he ever leave the roller-towel business? Why didn't he go into pictures, like Winnie Gold wanted him to? Winnie had made millions and here he was dabbling in musical shows. He groaned again, on seeing Flonnie's hand shake when she poured out the ginger ale that was meant for poison.

"Joe, she has me in stitches," the woman in front panted. "I could shut my eyes and swear it was that Mrs. Feitlebaum who owns that big house."

Marks rolled his eyes heavenward.

The curtain went up on the hat-shop number. Marks remembered what Boy had said about the brim not working. Who on earth ever thought up these trick numbers? He hated them. Always getting stuck. Hard on the costumes. Expensive costumes, too. The ballet dancer rose from the depths of the crown, a tiny black-and-silver ball of fluff. Not much of a dancer!

The next time he produced a show—but he would never produce another one—not the way this was going. He'd go out of the business for good. The talking movies were better than this. At least a guy could tell where he was in the movies. He could see the stuff.

The eight Hawaiians were on now. Eight Hawaiians! Had he been the one who had contracted eight Hawaiians? Well, he could sell the theater for a movie house. It was too much for him. Too many surprises. The shirt business was a good business. He might try that.

Now Moore was on again—this time in a voluminous old-fashioned crinoline costume. Boy was leaning forward in his seat, excited. She was starting the theme number, Dreams Come True, After All. Poor kid! His first show and everything going so rotten. How could he sit and watch it? It was bad enough for him who was used to it. The poor guy must think the number was a hit, from the way he listened. Looking back on the day he had first heard the score, he smiled ironically, remembering his enthusiasm. Why, it sounded like every number he had heard in his life, all rolled into one. He was not surprised when Moore finished up to hurrahs. Those small-town friends of hers from Texas. No more sense than to act like yaps. Now the ushers were carrying flowers up the aisle to Moore. Marks almost wept. He caught a glimpse of Gabriel, the critic of the American, across the aisle. He looked bored. Imagine the rap the critics would give this small-town stuff. He hoped to heaven Moore wouldn't make a speech. But she did. Marks did weep.

Boy turned an ecstatic face on him. "Great, wasn't it?"

It was going to be hard on this kid! Marks didn't want to talk to him, fearful of giving himself away, so he left the theater while the chorus was dancing an encore of Dreams Come True, After All to a dream-waltz tempo, which preceded the finale.

He sneaked out before the boys could see him. They were all there, Charlie Dillingham, and Flo Ziegfeld and Georgie Cohan—all the boys who had told him he was crazy to do a musical show. Well, they had been right, but he didn't feel like facing them now. Small consolation now, that he was known as "the whitest man in the business." He'd soon be known as "the biggest sucker in the business."

He made his way through the alley again, meaning to go up to his office. The elevator boy was surprised to see him.

"Bill, I may be asking you for a job in the morning," he joked. Bill threw back his black head and roared. "Thinks I'm kidding," Marks said to himself bitterly.

In the office he stood and looked sardonically on the stills from the hits he had had plastered over his walls. He would be remembered no more as the producer of twenty hits. Now he would be the producer of a flop. Well, he knew when he was through, anyway. He'd take a trip to Florida; maybe stay down there, go in the real-estate business.

He looked down at the new theater, debating whether to return or not. Oh, well, he'd see the thing through, anyway. It was all a cup of coffee. He made his way indifferently back. The ballet was on. He stood in the back, appraising it with cold, hard eyes. Stage wasn't big enough for a ballet setting. The stairs looked comical. The fire department would be after him, the first thing tomorrow, about that patent-leather drop. It was too long. Hadn't he cautioned people not to pass behind that drop? The imprint of a huge body made its way slowly across the back, shaking the delicate setting and destroying the illusion of a marble staircase. Marks thought it would never be over. He was grateful that Flonnie followed it. If anybody could revive an audience, it was she. He slipped into his seat as the curtain closed on the ballet.

"Great, wasn't it?" Boy whispered.

Well, let him have his good time. It was not for long.

The Kelly sisters made an entrance. It was Flonnie's place.

"Fields put up a fight over coming on so early, and we switched her till after Brooks," Boy explained in a whisper.

"She won't be worth two cents after Brooks! Two comedians following each other! What the ——" He was halfway out of his seat when he realized it was too late to do anything about it. It was what he got for letting them run wild, the way he had.

Sketches, sketches, sketches! Didn't he have anything in this opera but sketches? After each black-out the kid kept giving

(Continued on Page 118

BOSTON STATE HOUSE
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BABY CARRIAGES AND FURNITURE

MENOMINEE, MICHIGAN

ORILLIA, CANADA

(Continued from Page 114)

him triumphant glances. What the Sam Hill was the matter with him? Couldn't he see for himself?

He was relieved when Moore was on again. She was singing The Road That Leads O'er Childhood's Hill. An oak tree and a swing and a broken doll. He forgot his troubles for a moment, lost in the song. His childhood had been lived on Avenue A, where he had fought, and played in the public fountains and run from the coppers. But now he was remembering a childhood under a big oak tree. That girl Moore could hold an audience all right. They were breathless as her face faded into a slow black-out, and tears were in his own eyes. Well, the show had one redeeming feature. And he had accused her of holding him up for fifteen hundred! Lucky for the kid. He would have one song hit over, anyway. Maybe the boys would see he wasn't such a sucker, after all.

The people in front got up and left just as Joe Brooks came on. They were walking out on him! He slumped as far down in his seat as he could.

"I argued with Joe to give 'em something new," he told himself bitterly. "Even if they laugh, they'll go home and criticize."

After Brooks made his exit, Gabriel, of the American, and Atkinson, of the Times, across the aisle, rose and sneaked away. Well, he didn't have to read the papers. If these critics knew sometimes what it meant to a fellow to be ridiculed, they'd go a little easy. Maybe he could raise horses successfully. Maxie Hirch, the famous horseman, had told him he had a hand for picking winners.

He kept his eyes closed during the ladder number. He knew one of the girls would slip or the ladders wouldn't work. He knew the worst had happened when he heard a burst of wild laughter from the audience. He looked up sharply. Flonnie was making an entrance on the horse, with the stage hands pushing the worn-out old beast from behind. Was the woman crazy? Didn't she know enough not to overplay a gag?

"That's why she followed Joe," Boy whispered, pleased at the surprise they had given the boss.

A million-dollar show, and they were making a livery stable of it! Marks gave up resignedly. He was glad he would be leaving such a business. Everybody in it was cracked. You had to be cracked to be in it! He'd go into a reliable business—a business in which a man could work and get results—not a crazy racket that could make or break you in a night. Well, he still had that Allied Chemical and Smelters. He could clean up enough to stake himself. He was sorry for Flonnie and Joe and Gert, working the way they had. These days it was tough on actors. Sorry for the kid too. He had counted on it so. The finale was on and they were swaying dreamily to Dreams Come True, After All, and the kid was leaning forward in his seat, staring up reverentially. Well, he would have to learn to take the knocks. Marks was usually out of the theater by this time, but he had to stay and say something to the kid—something to prepare him for the fall.

Then it was over and the audience was gathering up its wraps, chattering like magpies. Boy McGuire turned dazed eyes on him. They had tears in them.

"What a show!" was all he could say. He was awed beyond power of expression.

Marks hesitated, changed his mind quickly. "You said it, kid. What a show!" he answered, and if his tone was bitter, Boy didn't notice it.

They stood alone in the vacated front row.

"Guess we ought to congratulate each other," Boy said, hesitantly. "How do you feel now about taking a chance on Boy McGuire?" He was wistful, waiting for that final word of praise.

Marks gave it to him evasively, "You're O. K. with me, kid."

Boy held out his hand, his eyes shining. "Nobody else will ever do my shows," he promised.

Marks took his hand with embarrassment.

The Boy's mother and sweetheart came over. They were effusive in their praise.

"It's wonderful, Mr. Marks, what you did for my boy."

"We can't thank you, Mr. Marks." The girl was clinging to Boy's arm, her eyes shining.

"Didn't I tell you you'd show them?" She was the triumphant little female now, proud of her part in it.

Marks felt sick, thinking of what was in store for them, and withdrew.

"Go along with your folks, son, and see me tomorrow." He'd try and see that the kid got something out of it. He might be able to find something for him. He would talk to the boys.

Boy offered his hand again, silently this time, thinking to seal their confidences. Marks took it, swallowing hard. Nice kid! Great business!

He watched them hurry off chattering, no one listening to the others, so excited they were.

"Those beautiful costumes! . . ." "That Childhood Hill number! . . ." "And the horse! . . ." "I died! . . ." "That Joe Brooks! . . ." "And that Flonnie Fields! . . ." "Mom, why didn't you invite Mr. Marks up to the house for dinner?"

Marks turned sadly backstage, trying to make up his mind what to say to console everybody. But when he opened the stage door and heard the clatter of voices, he withdrew. What was the use spoiling their good time? They'd all read their notices and want to quit. It was a good thing he wouldn't let Flonnie buy a piece of the show.

The crowd was dispersing, the box office closing. He crossed to the other side of the street, not wishing to be seen by the box-office boys.

Twelve o'clock! Morning was a long time to wait for the bad news. Then, with that well-known sportsmanship, Marks shrugged his shoulders.

"What the hell," he said aloud; "it's all a cup of coffee."

Then he went to his hotel and went to bed.

He awakened at five, later than his usual hour. When he saw the dark and dreary day, what hope he had left was dissipated. He sent for the papers, in spite of his resolutions not to read them. When they came, he pretended to be occupied in shaving. When he did approach them, he turned, with a great show of indifference, to the closing prices.

After he had satisfied himself that he was not curious, he turned casually to the criticisms.

He would read the Journal first. It praised everything. Might as well pad himself for the fall.

GREATEST SHOW, GREATEST CAST

Well, he had known that. He turned to the News. Burns Mantle was a good guy. He let the boys down easy.

MANHATTAN REVUE UPROARIOUS HIT

Too bad the circulation didn't affect the box office. The Mirror and the Graphic he threw aside, after one glance at the extravagant headlines. What was the use of filling himself with hot air? He took a deep breath and picked up the Times. That guy Atkinson never praised anything.

MANHATTAN REVUE UNQUALIFIED SENSATION

He was skeptical. Atkinson would praise a show and apologize afterward. But no, he couldn't make anything critical of the phrases: "Catchiest lyrics"—"breath-taking tempo"—"well-trained chorus"—"production flawless"—"box office landslide." What was the matter with these guys? Hadn't he seen them leave before the show was over? He turned to the American. Gil Gabriel didn't mince words.

VETERAN PRODUCER LAUNCHES FIRST REAL HIT OF SEASON

His eyes tore the gut from the criticism; "An evening that compensated for being a critic." "Brooks louder and funnier." "Moore superb." "Hat off to new composer." "Only regret was missing Fields' last number in rush to get copy in."

Marks threw the papers aside with one sweep of the hand. He rushed to the phone, calling Boy McGuire's number.

"Come down to my office this morning," he commanded Boy. "I got a great idea for another show.

"The next time I'll put it over like Ziegfeld—in a big way." He started pacing the floor and planning; "I'll have a chorus of fifty and ——"

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

"That baby of mine can show her heels to almost anything hereabouts, Jim. And power! Gosh, I pulled a truck up Logtown Hill yesterday that stalled halfway up and couldn't make it. I jerked it right on up to the top like it was just a baby buggy, though."

"My wreck has got the power, too; I went through mud the other day that had 'em all stopped. But I pulled right on through without a stop."

"Gosh, Jim, I kinda hate to part with my old wreck. Hate to see her go into junk. But there's no use keepin' a wreck around."

"Same here, Bill. There's no use keepin' a wreck around. She's not any account, but I kinda hate to part with her. Guess I'll sell her for junk, though. No use keepin' a wreck around."

BROOK BRANWADE.

What is Wrong With This Picture?

"THE youth of today has no ethical poise," sighed mother; "I wonder who merits the blame"; and she gave Bill some money to go with the boys to see the new film on the Racketing Game. "And why is my Mary so bold and so knowing, and where does a girl pick it up at thirteen?" Then she dug up the quarter demanded by daughter to see Purple Passion set forth on the screen. "The boys are so hardened and lawless," said uncle; "what gave them this cynical modernist slant?" Then he cut in ahead, past a signal he sped, and ran down a cripple, two dogs and an aunt. "The rock upon which our integrity rests is our great Constitution, so cherish it well!" Thus Senator X to the kiddies at school; then he phoned and his bootlegger answered the bell. "What extravagant spenders our young people are!" said grandmother, salting her bridge winnings down; then she mortgaged the homestead to pay for a car, and tossed off three hundred or so for a gown. "Why haan't religion more hold on the young?" Thus mused a good man on our faith and its needs; then he pledged all the force of his pen and his tongue to narrow the bounds of sectarian creeds. "The world should be proud of the power of the press," a newspaper magnate was heard to remark; but his profit was based, as he failed to confess, on the tabloid nice children pick up in the park. The world is chock-full of reformers, I note, who wonder how matters have come to this pass; and yet they see naught that resembles the goat when they take a good look at themselves in the glass!

—CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN.

The School of Hard Knocks

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THE truck of quality cannot be built on a drawing board. Neither the laboratory nor the shop alone can produce it. The task is accomplished only by sound experience, ripe engineering, and practical skill—a combination that comes of years of truck making.

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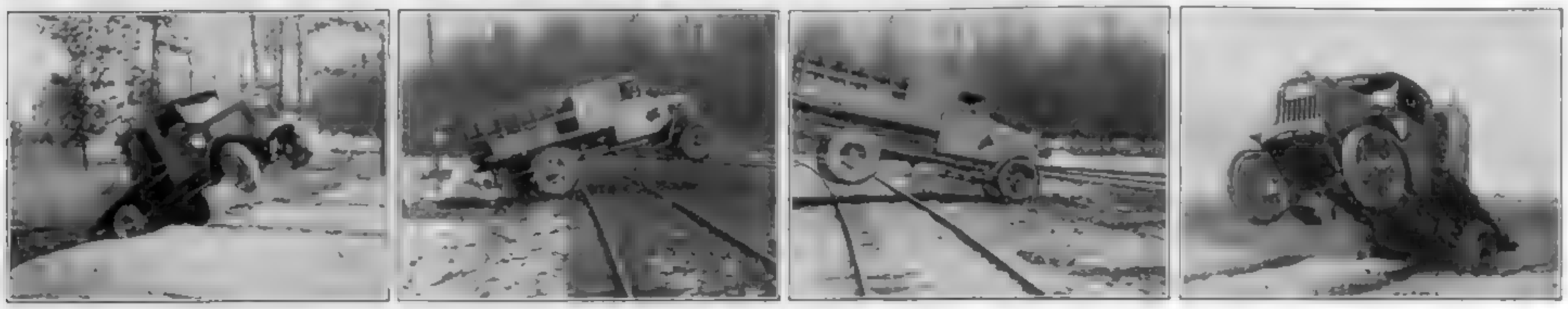

THE PROFITS OF CRIME

(Continued from Page 11)

attention an underworld murder in which a leader of criminals met death. He was a comparatively rich man, yet he never had any ready money. He is commonly reputed to have engineered criminal activities which netted millions of dollars.

Those millions which flowed through his hands did just exactly that. He paid vast sums for so-called protection from the law. He left a trail of bribery and corruption which brought woe to everyone with whom he contacted. The last fifteen years of his life he lived in unremitting fear of death. He was constantly surrounded by a bodyguard of thugs who, though they temporarily defended him against an assassin's bullet, also succeeded in shutting out of his life all the benefits of his money, all the beauties of life and all its happiness. He was infinitely more a prisoner than any man in prison.

Constant fear played upon his nervous system until he cringed at the sight of a strange face. He dared not sleep at night, so that the warmth and cheerfulness of sunshine were strangers to him.

In all his circle of friends and associates there was not a single man upon whom he could place dependence. He lost the love of his wife, the peace and comfort of his home, the respect of the community and the privilege of association with decent people. Still a comparatively young man, he was murdered in cold blood.

At Forced Sale

In this case it might be said the crime paid, because he did amass a considerable sum of money. The fruits of his effort, however, speak for themselves and substantiate the statement that even when crime pays it does not pay the criminal.

There are reasons for this, just as there are reasons for everything. Those reasons are perfectly obvious to the normal intelligence. A few of them follow:

In this day of organization it is not possible to forage as a lone wolf. The lone wolf, in fact, has always been a gift of the fictionist. Let us, however, follow the steps of a man who determines to act without the assistance and coöperation of others, thus maintaining secrecy as to his identity. It is more or less easy for such a man to break into the homes of any residential section or into the establishments of any mercantile area.

It is conceivably easy, too, that he could get away with a certain amount of loot. Understand, there is very grave doubt that he would, but he might, and for the sake of hypothesis let us assume that he did.

He may steal jewelry, merchandise or securities. He is pretty certain not to get enough cash to make it worth while, because merchants and home owners seldom keep on hand that much cash.

There, then, we have a perfectly executed crime. A man has broken into a home or an office and stolen valuables, the equivalent of the annual salary of the average worker.

Now what does he do with it? If it is merchandise or jewelry he must find some way to dispose of it. Therefore he has to contact with someone willing to buy it. Just as soon as he goes to an honest man with his ware he is certain to be caught. He must, therefore, go to a dishonest man; in other words, a fence, or receiver of stolen goods.

The negotiations which follow that step are interesting in that the thief who receives as much as 20 per cent of the value of that which he steals is a fortunate thief. All stolen goods must be sold on the basis of forced sale. There can be no competitive bidding nor can there be any publicity. The receiver immediately assumes and maintains control of the negotiations. He buys at 20 per cent of value because he, in turn, must sell at 50 per cent of value. Therefore, for every hundred dollars the thief steals he gets twenty.

Even then crime might be said to pay the criminal except for the fact that a man selling stolen goods must necessarily contact with sources of future danger. The receiver of stolen goods must have a continuous supply in order that his business may prosper. On the other hand, he must be very careful of his sources of supply, else the law overtakes him. As a result, he buys carefully as well as at low prices. Once he discovers a man is a thief, he expects that man to return to him each time he steals anything. If the man fails him in that, the receiver becomes suspicious and very often brings about the arrest of the thief in order to protect himself.

Again, once a thief sells to a receiver, that receiver feels free to use the thief in future activities. All receivers are in touch with criminals. Most of them receive reports of projected robberies before the crime is committed. The professional thief has the market established, in other words, and a value placed upon his loot before he steals it. It is often the case that a receiver and a thief are unable to agree upon values, and the thief, because of the dangers of the projected robbery, declines to go ahead. Then it is that the fence calls upon other thieves and virtually instructs them to steal the loot at the price he puts upon it. What thief dares decline instructions from that source?

So it is that the day of the lone wolf, if it ever existed, exists no more. That man who would follow a criminal career essentially places himself in the hands of dishonest people. Dishonest people are inevitably disloyal too.

However, aside from the dangers encountered and the small percentage of what he steals that actually goes to the thief, let us continue a step farther. Presume that the thief has stolen loot to be valued honestly at ten thousand dollars, for which he has received two thousand dollars in cash. That, one might say, is a fair return for a brief if dangerous labor. But it must be borne in mind that the receiver will not pay that money until he knows a good deal about the thief. Acting on the information he acquires in this way, the receiver is very apt to turn to others of his cronies and whisper to them the good news that the thief has two thousand dollars in cash.

No Middle Course

It follows that bookmakers, touts, gambling-house boosters and racketeers of every sort are instantly hot on the trail of the successful thief. What chance he has of holding on to any of his ill-gotten gains becomes instantly obvious. It is very easy for an unscrupulous man to prey upon a victim who is a known thief and possessed of ready cash.

If the thief recognizes the inevitable and plays along with his new associates, his gains will quickly be frittered away in any of a dozen schemes designed for the sole purpose of mulcting him. If he refuses to play along with his new associates vengeance will quickly overtake him either through the strong-armed methods of footpads or the insidious process of advising the police of his whereabouts and the crime of which he was guilty.

Surprising as it may seem, this latter is a very common procedure among professional receivers of stolen goods. It has the effect of protecting them against the testimony of the thief in case he is apprehended for his crime. In other words, if the thief breaks down and confesses, telling where he disposed of the material, it is still possible for the receiver to make a report to the police of his purchase of the goods in innocence. If the thief, however, does not break down and takes in silence the penalty of his crime, the receiver says nothing and profits much.

One instantly thinks that only the thief fails to make crime pay, whereas the receiver, just as much of a criminal, does

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NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

make it pay and gets away with it. To a very great degree this is true except for the habit of the dishonest dollar to propagate woe.

After a brief time the receiver of stolen goods is in the exact relation to a coterie of thieves that the single thief is in relation to the receiver. If, in the hypothetical case aforestated, the thief gets two thousand of the ten thousand dollars stolen, and the receiver three thousand, you may rest positively assured that of that three thousand the receiver will keep a minute portion. He is ever on tap for the needs of his coterie of thieves. The expenses of trials must be borne by him to prevent talk on the part of criminals. He must be ready with bail to effect the release of crooks who have fallen into the toils. He must pay lawyers. He must pay hush money to incarcerated criminals, and he must finance thieves when they are out of funds, a condition which is prevalent.

It is, therefore, impossible to engage in criminal activity without placing dependence upon other criminals—men, in fact, who have proved by their records their utter lack of dependability. There is the hitch. That is what makes crime futile and idiotic.

Now what of the man who manages to steal cash? He need not contact with receivers. Nevertheless, you can carry out the same percentages in the huge pay-roll robberies of which we read. You will find that the profitability of these crimes diminishes, even though the receiver of stolen goods plays no part.

Recently one of many holdups given considerable publicity took place in an Eastern city. A bank wagon delivering a pay roll was robbed of a sum said to be two hundred thousand dollars. Five men engaged in the robbery and during its process utilized three different automobiles. They had machine guns, pistols and sawed-off shotguns ready to hand.

Let us presume that each of the quintet participated equally in the two hundred thousand dollars stolen. That means that the individual shares were forty thousand dollars. In other words, on the surface of things, it appears that five young men, for labor lasting about an hour, gathered unto themselves in cash the enormous sum of forty thousand dollars each.

To the youth who sees only romance, adventure and excitement along a trail leading to this immense sum of money, that situation might have appeal. Let us analyze it.

The Bank Roll Dwindles

In the first place, how much planning was necessary in order to execute the robbery? Is it to be presumed that these five young men controlled the sources of supply for what they needed in the commission of the crime? Positively not. In the first place, they had to arrange to steal or purchase the automobiles they used. Then they had to have manufactured somewhere the illegal license plates with which to disguise those automobiles. They had to get the firearms, sale of which and possession of which are against the law. They had to perfect a rendezvous from which they could start and to which they could return. All this before they could hope to commit the crime.

After the crime was committed, it is obvious that everyone from whom they secured the necessary implements of crime possessed information which was worth a good deal of money. The criminals, therefore, were immediately faced by the necessity of paying for silence. You may rest assured that the charge was a heavy one.

As a usual thing the newspapers report the amount stolen in figures far in excess of the truth. This has always delighted me because it invariably taxes the participants in the crime. The very many people who have inside information are certain to accept the newspaper version and establish their price for silence on that basis, with the result that the highwayman comes out decidedly on the short end of the stick. It will readily be seen that the forty thousand dollars share which would appear to accrue to the benefit of each of the five men dwindles to a great deal less than half that almost before the stolen money is counted.

In addition to these very necessary expenses, there is the usual gang tribute to be paid. You may rest assured that novices in crime are not attempting highway robbery against armored cars. Or, if they are, they are caught in the attempt.

It follows that the five men engaged in that particular crime were experienced criminals. To gain their experience they had to pass through, at one time or another, the hands of the receiver of stolen goods, the double-crosser, and the various other nefarious agencies which bloom in the criminal hotbed.

They are graduates, and they have graduated solely because they have learned that fundamental lesson that lawyers should be paid before they are needed, that sources of danger may be dammed only with money, and that the crook who nets for his own pocket 15 per cent of what he steals dares not complain. They are inured to paying. Fifty per cent of their meager net profit is not considered too much to turn over to the lawyer who might have to defend them.

There is, so far as I can see, nothing psychological in these facts. They are the natural and inevitable outgrowth of criminal organization. Because everything in this era is organized, from goldfish salesmen to railroads, no man may work alone. In the underworld a man can make nothing but dangerous friends.

One of the Alumni

The mental and nervous strain inevitably encountered in such a highway robbery as I have taken for an example cannot be imagined. If the average person will endeavor, however, to see himself attacking an armored car in broad daylight on the crowded public highways, exchanging shots with guards and finally snatching away a pay-roll bag in order to race madly to a waiting motor which may or may not stall at the crucial moment, and then racing through highways toward freedom, some rough idea of the strain may be conceived.

Here, perhaps, psychology enters crime. Just as soon as the criminal is away, at least temporarily, he must find surcease. As the dying gambler said, he had the world to work in and he has taken of its wealth. In order to find relief from the strain, he becomes what the confidence man called a buyer of grape, and even though he got away with his crime the fruits of it await him.

With four or five thousand dollars which might temporarily result from the holdup, he must live up to the tradition of the underworld. He buys champagne in night clubs at twenty-five dollars a bottle. His nerves are shattered and his imagination runs riot. He gathers about him cronies who are out of funds, and they drink his wine with him. He struts a brief moment across the moving screen of the underworld, then he checks up on himself. Here he finds the result of his crime.

First, all the planning which was necessary for the successful execution of the crime is just as evident to the police as it is to him. The police are well aware of the fact that they are not dealing with novices. As a result, the field of search is immediately narrowed. There are, perhaps, not more than a hundred men in America capable of a job of this sort.

Of that hundred, sixty are in prisons and therefore not to be considered. A general alarm is sent out for the remaining forty, and the criminal whose plan has worked perfectly finds himself still one of a very small circle of men the police want. Any undue sign of prosperity on his part assumes immediate significance. As a result, he sets out to make a quiet killing with his share of the robbery, and right there he encounters the other fellow's racket. You may rest assured that even if he escapes the hand of the law, thirty or sixty days will find him broke.

The point is, a man cannot be a criminal in the accepted sense without forming innumerable associations in the underworld. It is those associations which in the end trip him. There is no profit in crime for the very simple reason that the criminal must buy his way through life. No matter how much he steals, his payments are in proportion.

A case in point is told of a man who died some time ago. His wealth embraced many millions of dollars. In his younger days fortuitous circumstances enabled him to amass a considerable sum of money as a result of traffic in narcotics. Just at that time commercial activity in America assumed unprecedented proportions. The man made a modest investment in legitimate industrial activities. This investment represented perhaps 15 per cent of the illegitimate funds the narcotic traffic had brought in. To his surprise he became rich overnight on the investment. From that time on he disclosed to the world a genuine skill and a keen foresight in financial promotions. He was elected to the board of directors of huge enterprises. By reason of the abnormal activity in commerce and industry he was swept to the very crest of the wave. Newspapers referred to him as a capitalist. He controlled millions.

In the prime of life he died. It has yet to be proved whether his death was suicidal or accidental. His affairs were involved financially and his personal records disclosed payments of huge sums to nondescript and unidentifiable sources. There is little question but that these payments were made to denizens of the underworld who were possessed of the damning secret of the man's earlier crimes.

"Once a criminal, always a criminal" need not necessarily be true; but "once a criminal, always a target" is certainly true. It is for this reason that crime does not pay the individual criminal. I do not believe, however, that the law serves directly to curb him, or ever will.

A Lonely Wolf

The greatest power given by law is given to the very underworld itself. When legislators say that a man committing a certain deed may be placed in prison to expiate that deed, it places a sledge hammer in the hands of the underworld to hold over the head of the violator. That, today, is the greatest power of American law. True, we catch criminals and send them to prison, but we do not catch the smarter ones. They merely become entangled in the very nets they themselves erect, and even though they never go to prison their life is a profound failure, not alone financially but from the standpoint of contentment, happiness and security.

I do not believe I exaggerate in the statement that the criminal is very much more hounded by other criminals than he is by the police. I do not believe I exaggerate in the statement that the average criminal fears other criminals infinitely more than he fears the police.

These are the fruits of crime. The man who sows degradation, trickery and deceit reaps exactly that, because he must sow in a field where only those things may grow.

A case in point is that of an unknown lone wolf to whom the press gave a picturesque cognomen. He burgled a long list of homes before he was caught. No one knew him and the police were without suspicions as to his identity. The underworld buzzed with his activities, yet waited with incorruptible patience for the appearance it knew he would have to make to dispose of his loot.

Ultimately he appeared. He offered some stolen property for sale. He was unknown to the underworld. For two or three days fences played with him. He had absolutely no cash. His loot was stored away in a cache of his own. He was taciturn, suspicious, frightened. In one of his attempted robberies he had killed a police officer who came upon him unexpectedly. With that charge hanging over his head, the receivers were worried. The police always feel a very personal interest in a case that involves the killing of a comrade.

Need of ready money pressed the bandit hard. On the pretext of defending himself before purchasing, a fence was able to make the criminal talk. The information he gave was quickly passed along to the police, the bandit was arrested, and paid the death penalty for his crime. The fence thus made capital with the police against the future.

So far as the actual commission of this man's various crimes was concerned, every one of them was successful. Yet he paid the death penalty. Each of his robberies gave him a good haul, yet he never had a dollar, simply because he could not dispose of his loot. Just as soon as he was forced to contact with the underworld in order to get money, the underworld turned him in.

It is for these reasons that I see in crime only failure. Too much has been written of the romance of crime—its adventure, its thrill, its mystery.

The Law's Greatest Threat

Facts indicate that the man who places himself beyond the ban of the written law is little less than an idiot. A grain of intelligence is sufficient to make the futility of criminal operation perfectly obvious.

Because the police cannot arrest does not nullify the law or its penalties. Because a criminal can beat a case in court does not nullify the law or obviate its penalties. For on every hand await unscrupulous men who know the law and its penalties, and invoke them both in their own way. We must not be misled by the criminal who is out of jail. He would have a great deal more money, in all probability, if he were in!

These are the points which the embryonic criminal would do well to consider. Too long have we pointed out the majesty of the law when it really is not at all majestic. Too long have we posed as enforcers of our laws and, behind the screen, permitted adventurously inclined young men and predatory individuals of foreign extraction to see that our enforcement is a pose. Too long has it been the general opinion that the man who commits a crime and escapes apprehension by the police has committed a successful crime.

This is written because I feel it infinitely better to do away with the pose and point out the true efficacy of the law, which, frankly, does not lie under the shield of authority. To the man who is contemplating a crime I commend this thought:

In order to commit the crime you have got to trust somebody, and nowhere in all the world is anyone with criminal knowledge who is to be trusted. The thing is fundamental, primary, basic. It is the indisputable and inevitable condition which every criminal must face.

Even if we had no police departments our courts would remain busy, because thief would turn in thief as a matter of self-preservation.

The law makes it possible for thief to say to thief: "I'll tell on you."

That, in my judgment, is the law's greatest power. My opinion would seem substantiated by the oft-repeated fact that 90 per cent of the arrests of professional criminals are brought about through information the source of which is the underworld.

A man may steal but he never profits.

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Old Cloister Cover
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Strathlaid
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Alexandra Japan
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Charcoal Book
Cockatoo
Fanfare
Grandee
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Alexis Bond
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Bay Path Bond
Bay Path Vellum
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Saxon Bond
Snowdrift
Strathmore Deed
Strathmore Parchment
Strathmore Script
Telanian Extra Super
Woronoco Bond
Woronoco Damask

For your Special Paper Uses

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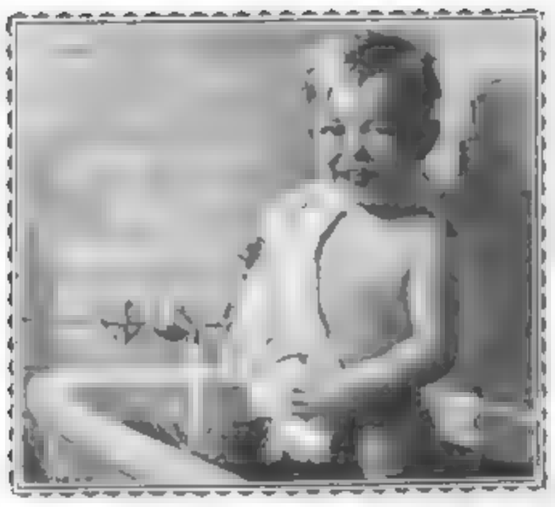

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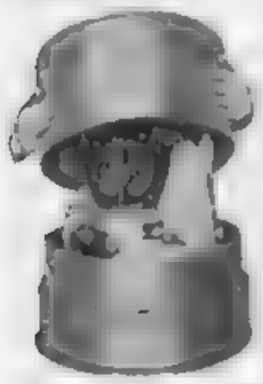

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BEFORE I WAKE

(Continued from Page 21)

conferences and delay. The very name "sound pictures" was a terror of insecurity.

"We are taking on the best-trained actors we can get." Schelling's voice with its slight German accent had grown flat.

Guarda waited for him to continue, but he did not. There seemed to be something she ought to say and she was willing to say whatever was expected of her, but she could not tell what it was.

"Trained actors," Schelling repeated—"trained in speaking their lines."

"Curfew shall not ring tonight?" queried Guarda uneasily.

Schelling gave up his circling and pounced. "We are not renewing your contract, Guarda."

She sat quite still, and then because it was the one thing she feared most of all and it had come upon her, she would not let herself believe it.

"What—what did you say?"

Schelling knew he did not have to repeat it. "All our new contracts are being made with people who have been on the stage."

"But why scrap us, who know how to act before the screen? Over and over you have found the stage actors no good for the screen—not until they have learned not to make faces and to stop flinging themselves around. You know, Schelly, and I know, and every good director knows that more footage has been wasted on retakes because of these corking good actors than for any other reason. They open their mouths and show the roots of their tongues to the camera. It's indecent and you know it. They wiggle and waggle. It's all right on the stage, but it looks like Saint Vitus' dance on the screen. You can't make that go with the good old vox populi no matter how much talk you camouflage it with."

"We gotta have the talk."

"Well, for crying out loud, why don't you put us before your little old microphones? At least we won't make maps of Borneo out of our faces while we talk."

"No, but you'll make gurgles out of your voice where you don't make mush."

"It's just learning how, isn't it?"

"Yeah; it's just that. But we haven't time to teach you when there are others who already know how. This is a thing where you have to be in line or lose out—in line today, not next month."

She leaned forward and held his arm. "Listen, Schelly—it will mean training any way you put it. Why don't you train us? We know the ropes; we know your ways. It's easier that way around than training high-hat actors who think they know it all."

"What they think cuts no ice. It's the way they pronounce their words." He rose and his face was on a level with hers. He looked it over as he might look over a rejected bargain. "Pearson writes me from Chicago that he did the work on your face, Guarda."

She had not flinched under his close inspection, but now she drew back. "The rotter! He promised he wouldn't tell. The hound! He took all the money I had — "

"Why shouldn't he tell? We all knew you'd done something to your face."

She gave a bitter little laugh. "Yes; stayed my whole vacation in a smelly hospital and used up the price of a trip to Paris to fix my face over—just as talkies were coming in!"

"Your hard luck." He looked at his watch.

"All the same, my face screened well and you liked it."

"It screened better than it used to, but I wouldn't go so far as to say I liked it." She did not seem to be registering. He began again with patience: "All our new contracts "

"Listen here, Otto Schelling: you've made thousands out of me; thousands, for years. And now right out of a clear sky, without any notice at all, you're canning me because I haven't what you call stage training. It's a rotten deal."

"It's not the whole reason, Guarda. You're not so young as you used to be."

"Say, neither are you, Schelly. But there's this: I may not be as young as some of these new high-school slips, but I am reliable and you know it. I don't get sick in the middle of the picture from hopping around dance floors all night."

He moved toward the door. "Guarda, what's the use? We're not running a church or a society column. We're running the hardest business there is to run because there is so little business in it. We're up against something so new you can't tell whether it's a miracle or the bunk. And we've got to do the best we can."

Under her rouge Guarda's face had whitened. "And that best is not to give us who have stuck by you through thick and thin a tryout on your new stuff."

She saw that she had scored some kind of hit. Perhaps it was the passionate protest of her voice; for Schelling stood still, listening to her without looking at her. Then he said, "O. K. I'll have your voice tested. If it's a good one, I'll see. But I won't train you at a thousand a week, nor five hundred either."

"When will you test my voice?" Long ago Guarda had learned to doubt the promises of the office.

Sign during your conference; you may never get your man again.

"Now," said Schelling, and its unexpectedness had the effect of another pounce. She would have liked a day to practice—to ask somebody who knew—how to pitch her voice, high or low, soft or loud—a chance to try it out. "If Lenine is still here you can be tested right now."

But Lenine had gone. He had some velocity problem to work out, and he did not work out his problems on the lot; or in his hotel either. He went off to himself some lonely place, nobody knew where. Schelling's eyes were opaque as he made a gesture that said:

"Well, I have done all I can."

"Isn't there somebody else who can make this test?" urged Guarda. Even to herself her voice sounded drawn. What it might sound in a test she dared not think, but it was her only chance. If she let Schelling get away it was all over for her.

"Claude can give it a try. He isn't like Lenine, but I'll order it, if you like. But you'd better wait for Lenine. We'll give you a ring."

She shook her head. Men and women died of "We'll give you a ring" in Hollywood. "I'd rather have it now." She stood before him stolidly.

"O. K." He spoke to the waiting secretary. "Take Miss Daran over to Claude and have him put her through some of the lines of our new play. She can go right away; there's nobody in the small room. And tell Claude to let me know when it's ready for me to hear. So long, Guarda; get a pleasant expression on your voice."

II

STUDIO trained, Guarda was contemptuous of those who stumbled over the impedimenta of a place that painted its canvases with light and harnessed the light with hundreds of electric wires. As the young man beside her caught her from falling and then untangled her spiked heel from a coil of insulated wires, Guarda found herself shivering with something that almost nauseated her.

"Fear!" she muttered. It was not stage fright, for there was no audience; just a light man up in the gallery and two young men, one anxious to serve her, and the other anxious not to be in her way. And the soundproof room might be at the end of the world, it was so quiet. A room with heavily padded carpet that made each footstep silent, its ceiling hung with monk-cloth drapes perpendicular to the double walls, with their air chambers between, that deadened all outside sound. Guarda could feel the air

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between the double walls pouring through the open space, meshed with wire above the baseboard. And just beyond the curious black blocks on the wall there were dozens of batteries on the floor and a little booth that looked as if it were made of asbestos. The booth had a camera inside; she supposed it was a sound camera as she looked in the window in the front of the booth.

"It is very simple, Miss Daran," said the young man. He must have felt her shivering when he held her. "Nothing to worry about. These cloth drapes"—he waved a hand at them, looking away from her—"can be raised and lowered so that the degree of resonance may be changed to meet different kinds of recording. Would you like to examine the camera?" He moved slowly a little ahead of her. "This little tube is the Aeo tube that helps change the electrical variations corresponding to sound into variations in light intensity."

Guarda stared sightlessly at the tripod on which was mounted this instrument of torture. The young man sent her a quick look. Then he said slowly as one might speak to a child:

"This Aeo light is kept luminous by an exciting battery." Guarda was still tense. He tried again. "Sound currents are superimposed on this luminous discharge, making it vary in intensity with the sound variations."

She waved it aside. It was no use trying to understand it. What she wanted to know was what to do with her voice.

"Oh, you just talk naturally; maybe a little slowly. You see you can't be directed, Miss Daran—not while you are doing it—for the director's voice would be recorded. Any direction has to be done before you start."

"All those I have heard sound dreadful; and they all sound alike."

He offered a defense. "Yet personality is registered more by the voice than any other way."

Some curious prescience warned her; that internal vision of the whole that now and then flashes on us with its surprising illumination of the little segment of the present moment. This registering of a personality that had been frayed by years of impersonating other personalities than its own—what could that be? She had personality on the screen. But in her voice—"Say," she said, "isn't what I do going to be in this test as well as what I say—my acting, aren't you testing that?"

"No, only your voice. You may read the lines, if you like. Of course, in a picture you would have to learn them as you do on the stage."

Guarda looked over the script handed her and halted suspiciously. "How can you test my voice all by itself, when my acting is part of the sequence?"

"But they know all about your acting, Miss Daran. It's your voice they want now. Take your time; there's no hurry."

Little obstinate lines aged her mouth. "That's making a ghost of me; it's decreasing my personality, not increasing it. It is blotting it out."

The young man hesitated. He had evidently been given directions that did not cover this emergency.

"I want them together." Her voice at least registered that she was used to having what she wanted in this studio. "I want—what do you call it—my voice and my acting synchronized—my acting, while I speak. It's the only fair test."

"Will you excuse me a moment?" He left her to move about restlessly among the lights and the wires.

"Let her have what she wants—this once," was the phrase the young man brought from Schelling's office. So he stopped for a cameraman for the other camera—a man who had photographed Guarda Daran a hundred times.

"What's the use?" this man murmured before the soundproof door. "They're railroading her out. They haven't given her anything good for months. Why waste any more footage?"

The young engineer opened and closed his hand. He worked with sound and light and rhythm in delicate balance. He was not yet molded into obliquity. "Oh, give her a chance, Tony. She's a good sport and she's fighting hard. Maybe she can speak her lines right."

"Say, buddy, my feelin' for her won't help her any, nor yours either. If you turned out a 100 per cent test, they'd never let on it was good. She's out, don't you see? If they were going to hold onto her they'd have her coached; they'd work with her and they'd see her through. You know what this kind of a test means."

"No; I don't."

"Aw, come off. You know what will happen. They'll listen to it with her, and her voice will sound lousy because she'll be excited and won't know how slow to go or how careful she has to be with her s's, and her high tones. And they'll look glass-eyed and tell her it's all sound pictures now, and she can hear for herself that she isn't suited for them. And that will be the end of her."

"There are other studios." The young man was frowning.

"Sure! And they have as many ears as cornfields. Already they know Guarda Daran's contract isn't going to be renewed. And they'll have the same reasons for not signing her. She can free-lance, yeah. And sell her car to pay her rent too."

"But if the test showed her voice was as good as her acting?"

"You know it won't, buddy. And I'm tellin' you it wouldn't help. She's no spring chicken."

The young man laid a reluctant hand on the door. "Couldn't we tell her about the s's?"

"Say, wait until you know these women, buddy! You can't tell Guarda Daran anything."

III

GUARDA looked at Schelling's secretary doubtfully. "Mr. Schelling," she said, "is going with me to see my test, and to hear it; he and Swain."

The secretary's face was blank. "But you can't get in the sound room, Miss Daran; that's why I asked you to come here. The door is kept locked when anything is going on there. You can see, the merest footstep would make a difference."

"Look here!" the flash of Guarda's eyes had been photographed a thousand times and the secretary was used to it. "I turned down a corking lunch engagement to get here at this hour. Swain himself telephoned me; and I'm twenty minutes early. Now which projection room are they going to run my test in? I understood it would be in the little sound room."

"I don't think so, Miss Daran. They are working on other tests there this morning, so they can't be going to show anything. And Mr. Schelling isn't here."

"I don't believe you."

Guarda made a swift movement across the room and opened the door into Schelling's room. It was empty. The secretary's face had flushed, but Guarda's eyes were on Schelling's desk. It was strewn with papers, and there was a pen lying on the blotter as if it had been put down only a moment ago. Schelling had been there and he was coming back. If she had only had the luck to meet him going out of his office as she was coming in. There was no use asking the secretary anything. But she stood still staring at him. Sometimes this worked.

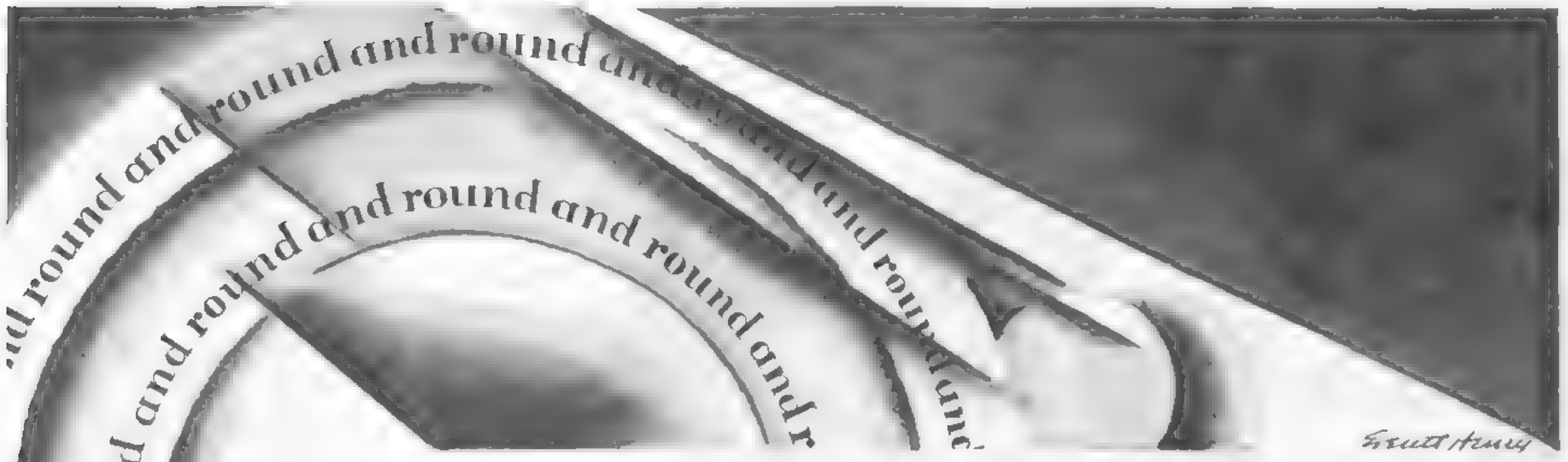
He had risen from his desk and followed her into Schelling's room, and he stood waiting, his resentment at her intrusion still flushing his face, but he had nothing to say and Guarda could not bear the silence.

"I am going after all the head men to look at this test," she said, and moved back into the secretary's office.

He closed Schelling's door noiselessly and reseated himself at his desk. She could feel his opposition. Under the spur of it Guarda's mind cleared.

"They are seeing this test without me. They didn't want me here until they had seen it."

(Continued on Page 129)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(Continued from Page 126)

It was the flicker of his eyelids that spoke to her; not his voice that said, "Miss Daran, I do not know what Mr. Schelling is doing. He has left his office."

"He must have left word where he was."

The secretary picked up his pen and began to sign papers. Guarda stood uncertain, measuring the thing that was happening to her courage that she should be bickering with Schelling's secretary over an empty office. She moved abruptly into the marble corridor. It was cool and dank, with its dim line of closed doors—soldiers mounting guard against people like her. She found herself pushing her hand out against the dim air.

Somewhere in that long array of offices and projection rooms Otto Schelling was looking at a simulacrum of her and listening to the filmed sound of her voice. And all she could tie to in the world hung on what he thought. He was there with Swain, who would make suggestions about her contract, with a scale that ran up or down as she made good or did not make good.

She looked at the doors desperately. There must be some way of opening the right one; some way of having a voice in this thing on which hung not only her bread and butter but what was much more. Her outflung hand lifted itself. A little luck; just a little luck!

And then, as she stood there, the young man who had started the queer electric contrivances when her voice test was made came around the sharp angle that hid the stairs and in his hand was an aluminum can that held filmed material. His face grew kind as he saw her; it was as if he saw some hurt in her that he would like to do something for but couldn't. She moved to his side, away from the secretary's door, and took her chance.

"Oh, what luck!" she spoke breathlessly. "I was a little late, and I just had to stand in Schelling's door and wait for you. The sound-room door is locked."

He did not seem surprised. "They aren't going to hear your test there, Miss Daran. The room is in use; Mr. Soames is making tests there. Mr. Schelling and Mr. Swain are next door. You would have missed it, but they were delayed trying to get hold of Mr. Lenine. Mr. Schelling wanted him here for these tests now being made and he thought Mr. Lenine could look in on your work too. But they can't find him."

"Is this—is this my test—that you have in your hand?"

"Yes." He looked away from her.

"You have seen it? I mean, you have heard it?"

"Ye-es. Well, you know it is just your first tryout."

They had reached the door toward which he was going and he hushed his voice and turned the knob gently. The door opened on a darkened room and Guarda slipped in, melting against the denser darkness of the wall. In the square of light on the screen at the other end of the room, Guarda could see Schelling's sleek head as he lolled in the cushioned wicker chair, cigarette in mouth. He was talking with a shadowy figure beyond the rays of light that outlined the screen, and as the door closed the blank white square became a slice of moving life and neither man turned his head. Guarda knew they could not have seen her, had they looked, with their eyes focused to the square of light. She knew what they were doing; they had no idea of looking at this test with her there.

Slowly she let her eyes follow that figure on the screen—herself in white cloth, reading a letter, staring silently into space, crumpling the letter in despair and then tearing it into bits that her fingers could hardly bear to let fall. There was real despair in her movements and yet they were as suave as silk and perfectly timed. Her eyes, wide with pain, caught the light at just the right angle as she reached for the telephone and spoke into it.

Back against the wall where she stood, Guarda suddenly reached out to hold onto something. For a curious metallic voice came to her, tinkling a tragic question that sounded like a comment on the weather for all that the words used were desperate ones. This strange thin voice was hers! The figure reaching for the telephone had moved with its usual grace, though not so rhythmically adjusted to the tempo of a narrative long shot as was customary with her work. But the voice had neither grace nor rhythm.

There must be a different tempo with this synchronization of sound to movement; for she who never jerked on the screen moved abruptly whenever she spoke. She listened to her voice curiously. It had neither reserve nor depth. Its words fell flatly. And because they were words laden with feeling, the flatness sounded silly.

She heard Schelling saying something that drowned out her own recorded voice, but she did not hear what it was, she was so absorbed with the strange fact that the excellence of her acting, which she had counted on to carry her through, made this flat voice sound worse.

She recalled that she had no particular feeling as she went through the motions of the scene she was portraying, beyond the feeling anyone would have who was fighting against odds.

But her lack of feeling had not shown in her acting. She looked the part. Her impassioned eyes took up the light, and flung it forth emotion-laden. There was not one gesture too much. But her voice—at the moment when it should have vibrated with feeling, it was like an egg beater in a tin receptacle.

"Say!" She heard Schelling, able now to separate his voice from her own recorded one. "Say, who has perfume on? You, Swain? Why don't you take a bath instead?"

The figure on the screen had to cry out against a lover deserting her, and the sound it made was—it was dead common.

"Perfume! Whathehel has you by the nose?"

"Well, I smell perfume; and my nose has been doing business every day at the same place for forty years."

"What was it doing the other twenty?"

Back against the black wall Guarda slipped down on a bench. On the silver square at the end of the room she was an agonized woman, just dramatic enough to make a picture of agony. But as this agonized woman made you see her despair she spoke shallow-sounding words that turned the picture into a farce. Yet surely these men must see how well this agony was done; how it held back so that you believed in it; how wistful she looked.

"Swain, honest, you got lily of the valley on you. Where you been?"

"You smell Lenine's contract. Say, that's some price, Ott!"

"Well, how else can we get him from North? Lemme tell you that man is a born inventor; he'll deliver goods you ain't looking for right on that contract. He's been twelve years in the Eastern Electric laboratory. Jerusalem, my tooth aches."

"Why don't you have it pulled?"

"Yeah. This is my front tooth. They don't pull abscessed teeth now."

"What do they do? Look. You gotta hand it to Guarda, she keeps thin. Say, Ott, you gotta get altos for these talkies. The sopranos sound like tin horns."

"Yeah, Schumann-Heink! You have an autogenous vaccine."

"What, for Schumann-Heink?"

"No, you fool! You have it for your tooth, now, when you get an abscess."

"Well, why don't you buy yourself one?"

Guarda stirred. How could they tell what she was doing? There, that was good. On the screen she had turned her back to the audience with only the drooping shoulders to show her grief. Guarda strained her eyes to see if the two men were looking at the screen, but she could only see the dark curve of two heads.

"Gimme a light. Say, Ott, for gossake get some decent talk in this test stuff. Listen to those lousy lines."

"Sure, we should hire Belasco to write our tests! That's Guarda's voice, not the lines. She could say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' in that voice, and you'd hope she would die before she woke. I'll take that lighter back."

"Well, I'm telling you, you gotta buy some talk. Listen to that! Ain't there anybody any more who can write talk like people talk it!"

"Yeah, in a book maybe, or for the stage. But for pictures, that's something else again. Pictures have to have talk that won't hold up the action or there's nothing to photograph while the talk is going on. And none of the little presidents and vice presidents have found this out yet. They think all they have to do is to buy a play and get an actress to talk it. Just wait; there's more repeating of fool talk in a play! And its action is just moving around so that something is doing while the talk explains the play. It's just the opposite in pictures, and the backers ain't learned it yet."

As Schelling's voice died down, Guarda's filled the room. The men listened a moment, then Swain spoke:

"Say, leave me one cigarette, Ott. I'm tellin' you, you gotta buy some wit. And you might buy some cigarettes while you're buying."

"Yeah, and if I was in my right mind and had my hearing and didn't have to walk on crutches, I could put the wit in myself and save myself the trouble of buying it. Ten cents would cure you of being so careful of your cigarettes."

The projector stopped clicking and the lights flared on. With an audible yawn, Schelling rose and stretched. "Say, I do smell perfume and that's no lie, you old woman. You tell her, Swain."

"Tell who what?"

"Tell Guarda. She's probably waiting outside now."

A white figure suddenly jerked itself before the screen and came to a stop. Schelling jumped back. "Well, can you beat it? How'd you get in here, baby? Been here long?"

Gray-white under her rouge, Guarda looked at him in silence. Then she moved out the door.

IV

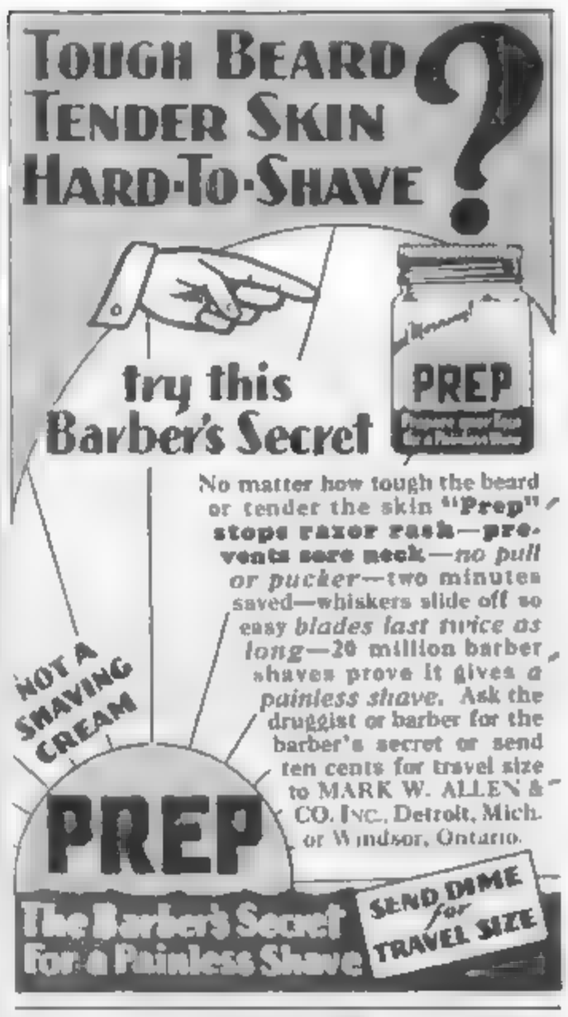
WHITE-LIPPED under the careful red bow painted on her mouth, Guarda Daran ran her car off the road under the cliff and sat staring out at the sea. There was nobody there to look at her and she let her shoulders, thin with months of dieting, sag as she watched the slow lap of the water on the sand, each wave a little lower down the beach than the last one.

Behind her was the carefully planted foliage of the new subdivision for motion-picture people that was to have mountains and sea and wild flowers; uncultivated nature arranged with sophistication. Guarda owned some expensive feet of it, back on the winding road she had come through. If it were not for that, she would have some money saved up for her present emergency.

She closed her eyes on the picture forming before them; Schelling, opaque-eyed, flat-lipped, ominously shaking his head; Swain with no brogue in his words; Tony, who had photographed her so often, beating a hasty retreat; the young sound engineer with wide eyes that turned away.

Guarda opened her eyes on a shaft of sunlight let forth by a rift in the gray clouds, painting one spot on the sea with a great brush of light. For so many years these motion pictures without sound had been brushes of light, painting her daily movements for millions to see; the turn of her curled head, the rhythm of her swaying body, painting her in grief and joy, in hate and love.

She had not had much love for all that she enacted it so passionately. Screen love, carefully timed to the sixteen beats a second of the clicking camera. One, the arm about her waist; two, her head upon a shoulder; three, the lifted face; and four, the kiss, carefully placed not to spoil her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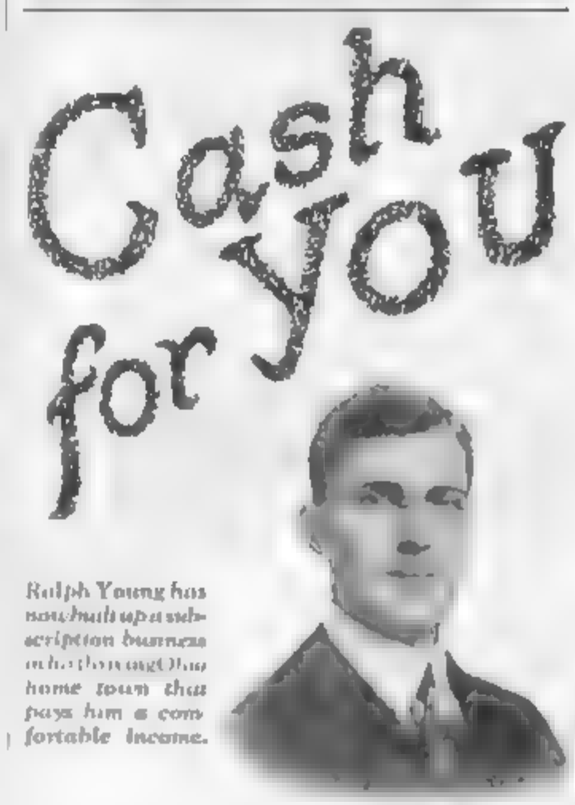

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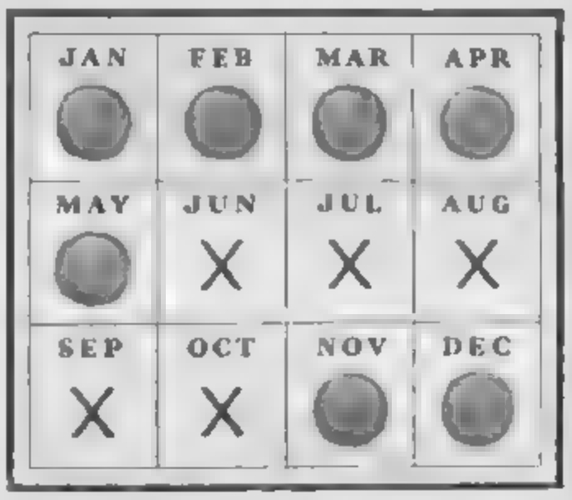

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make-up. One, two, three, kiss; held to the beat of a camera footage.

And off the screen—where was the man who could offer anything new to the woman who had been acting love scenes all day; and what was love to such a woman if it could not be presented in a kindlier form than that of the screen's practiced lovers? Love—an engagement to marry Soames, her director, broken by him because she thought of herself and not of Constance Gray that night they had found Constance almost dead—starving. She had thought of the part she would get if Constance died.

Guarda sat up. That girl starving to death, still had a voice men listened to. Soames had listened and could not forget it. She would have died, but Soames kept remembering her voice when she asked him for work. But Constance Gray had been in pictures only a few months. She was still herself; the self she had brought from Kentucky. And she left the pictures and went back to Kentucky still herself. That took nerve; but she had done it too soon, for here were sound pictures, and with her voice she might have gone far. Only—had she stayed would she have lost that quality in her voice that you could not forget? Did not the constant impersonation of characters alien to your own do something to your voice—or rather to yourself? Was the voice closer to what you really were than your appearance?

It had been a long time since Guarda had thought of that intangible thing, the real self—either her own self or the real self of others. Peasant and princess, heroine and hussy, shopgirl and debutante, one rôle upon another, sincerely acted even when insincerely conceived—what was there left of her real self? And who cared if there was anything left? Not Soames, who had said he loved her, but who would not go through her picture impulses to what was real in her; not Schelling, discarding her because a surgeon had operated on her face; not even the men of Schelling's company for whom she had made money, but to whom she was but a two-dimensional figure on a screen.

Guarda slipped from her car and moved among the rocks closer to the water. Careful as her make-up was, it stood out a mere stain against her paper-white face. This was where all these years of struggle brought her. There was not enough of her real self left for any kind of life—not life with Soames, not her life of work in the studio. She was shredded. How was she to make another start? She had nothing left to start with.

She knew the slope on which her feet were set. Mortgage and second mortgage on this land she had bought so gayly in the first year of her big contract; then a single room instead of her apartment; then the sale of her car. And always the daily ride to the studios—casting manager after casting manager; an agent who would keep her worried but wouldn't do any better than she did; parties where directors might go; perhaps even Soames telling her he could not use her. She shivered.

"Fear!" she whispered. "All the rest of my life, fear; and this horrible asking for work, smiling as I ask, smiling as I am turned down."

Once that had been all in the job. And she was young and strong, with time to go back and try again if she took the wrong direction. It wasn't so bad to lose your job at twenty, when you knew your work. But now, with this new sound and all to learn, and nothing left to learn it with—and she was forty.

The shaft of sun made a dancing path on the water and Guarda stared up at the riven cloud.

What lay behind these waves of light that could make sound into their own atoms? Her eyes traveled down the straight white path of light to the water. What if it were true that death was not the end? Would we become something made of light that could take to itself other things like sound? This God—a name on all their lips, in the studios and in the streets—He wasn't a sound god anyhow. If you wanted to know what the picture meant you had to watch what happened. He did not explain it with words that He spoke. If she were to walk out into that path of light and chuck her job of living, would she find another job waiting for her, harder than this one?

She looked down at her hand, finding she had unconsciously spread it out in a gesture of appeal; a subtle gesture that would have been perfect on the screen. If she walked out into that water her hand, so well able to express the slightest shade of meaning, would become a useless thing; her whole self would—or would it? There might be no more fear, but it was her whole self that was fearing.

Some forgotten part of her swung into the rhythm of the waves with words lately heard. If I should die, if I should die before I wake —— She leaned against a finger of rock and her eyes grew ironic. A prayer! Little Eva clasping her hands before Uncle Tom. Now I lay me down to sleep —— She moved her head following the great brush of light as it moved across the water. If I should die before I wake —— Some of her must have been dying for a long while in spite of her carefully preserved body. At the time of her life when what she was should stand forth a living personality, she was a creature —— She bent over with a gasp that caught her throat jerkingly, deepening into a sob.

■

BEYOND the finger of the cliff that guarded a secluded bay, a man sprawled with a pad of paper on which he was jotting formulas dotted with x to the nth power. The intensity of his concentration made his whole lean body merely an instrument of record. His precise fingers spread his hieroglyphics over page upon page, and it was not until he reached his conclusion that he straightened his shoulders and looked out at the water, his wide-spaced eyes caught by the gold imposed on the oily-gray water by a ray of light from a broken cloud.

He had been imprisoning the speed of light in symbols marked x. Master of light for the moment of his solved problem on the penciled page, he saluted the shaft of light upon the water. Light did not paint a picture until it was stopped by a surface.

He rose languidly, relaxing into the diastole after the systole. And leaning against the cliff his senses sharpened to a rhythmic sound; a woman sobbing. Not the easy sobbing for another to hear, but the deep sound of long-hidden despair.

He put his papers in his pocket and peered hesitantly around the finger of rock, hiding himself with care. A woman was huddled against the other side of the rock—a beautiful woman, shaken with sobs. He drew back, dismayed, his sound-trained ears recording a pain that wore itself dumb with its intensity.

He laid hold of the rock to keep himself still. He came to this place to work out his problems of sound and velocity because he could be absolutely alone here. This woman must have come for the same reason. He could not go around that finger of rock and intrude, even if he heard the cry of one who was wearing away the fibers of resistance.

"We hang on," he whispered. "That can be said of us."

No sound came to him now from the other side of the rock, and with the silence came doubt. If he had heard a woman cry out, attacked by some tangible thing, he would have gone to her help. Might there not be as urgent need for help on the other side of that rock as if this woman were attacked by something you could lay hold of and fight? He moved abruptly around the rock finger.

There was nothing there. Back on the road an empty automobile; down on the water's edge a white leather bag. He sent a swift look out over the water. Nothing there. His heart sank. A minute ago there

(Continued on Page 133)

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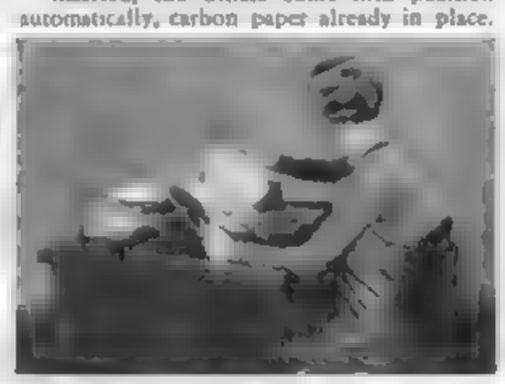
1 *Typing the form.* After the first form is inserted, the others come into position automatically, carbon paper already in place.



2 *Removing the form after typing.* One swift motion does it.

3 *Removing the carbons*—just a little pull at the corners.

Rediform Interleaved, *the newest development in office forms. Cuts typing costs from 25 to 50 per cent*

Your typists may be fast and accurate now, yet only half their time is spent in typing unless you use Rediform Interleaved. The other half goes for assembling forms, putting carbon paper between them, jogging them into alignment, adjusting them in the machine.

With Rediform Interleaved practically *all* their time can be spent in typing. That's because the forms come in a continuous strip, folded zigzag, with carbon paper *already inserted.* After the first form is in position, the others follow *automatically.*

A survey of many concerns who have been using Rediform Interleaved shows savings as high as 50 per cent. It is the modern high speed way to handle office routine. It does for record keeping what conveyor systems and automatic machinery have done for modern manufacturing.

Send the coupon for further particulars; also for booklet, "The Key Operations of Business," which explains how new speed and economy may be introduced into your key operations of buying, receiving, production, stockkeeping, selling, delivering, billing.

The idea of forms in continuous lengths—the basic principle that has made possible new speed in record keeping—is most completely developed by the American Sales Book Company, as you will note by the illustrations below. The Rediform Line is the only line containing continuous forms in sufficient variety to meet all the needs of modern business.

Rediform service consists of so applying these forms, backed by an experience of 45 years, as to give the most efficient system results.

Three simple operations instead of the customary eight

With ordinary cut forms your typist must: 1. Pick up forms or tear them from a pad. 2. Insert carbons. 3. Jog forms and carbons into alignment. 4. Insert in the typewriter or billing machine. 5. Adjust for typing. 6. Typewrite. 7. Remove forms from the machine. 8. Separate carbons and forms. . . Rediform Interleaved eliminates five of these operations; it is the fastest operating stationery made.

AMERICAN SALES BOOK COMPANY, Limited
ELMIRA, N. Y.
Factories: Elmira, N. Y., Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Sales and Service Offices in 60 Principal Cities

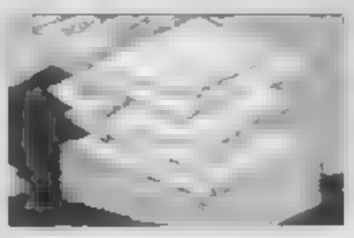
Rediform
CARBON COPY RECORDS
For Key Operations of Business

Speed stationery for every modern business need . . . .

Rediform FLATPAKIT. Forms in two or more continuous strips for Rediform WIZ autographic registers

Rediform Sales Books. Pages folded zigzag, but so arranged that writing upon the original produces a carbon copy on the duplicate.

Rediform Continuous Interfolded. For billing machines, typewriters, and similar devices where carbon is available for manifolding.



Rediform ZIG-ZAG. Single forms only—not interleaved, for speeding operations where carbons are not needed.

. . . . . SPEED COUPON . . . . . .

AMERICAN SALES BOOK COMPANY, Limited
ELMIRA, N. Y.

Please show us Rediform Interleaved Speed Stationery for typewriter we use (make) .....

Tell us more about

- ☐ Rediform Continuous Interfolded
- ☐ Rediform (Continuous) ZIG-ZAG
- ☐ Rediform (Continuous) Sales Books.
- ☐ Rediform WIZ Autographic Register
- ☐ Rediform (Continuous) FLATPAKIT.
- ☐ Booklet "The Key Operations of Business"

Name .....

Business .....

Address ..... S. E. P. 2-9-20

The Giant of modern business

FACTS dare not be ignored. Did *your* company's sales curve climb during 1928? Did the expense curve drop? Did profits increase? Would you be interested in a method of spreading the sales and expense lines farther apart—a veritable Giant of modern business? Whether these curves speak in terms of millions or thousands, the Addressograph Company has a definite, helpful plan for you in 1929.

Addressographs increase profits. They are *demonstrating* it every day in thousands of concerns. They open the doorway to more *profitable* sales. They reduce expense. The amazing range of Addressograph applications includes practically every problem of recording names and data on modern business forms. Countless forms are handled with Addressographs *10 to 50 times faster than by other methods*—statements, shop and store orders, stock records, shipping tags, production records, pay sheets, pay and dividend checks, etc., etc. Addressographs keep you in close contact with customers and buyers by speeding letters, circulars broadsides, etc., into the mail without delays—by cutting to a mere fraction the cost of hand or typewriter addressing—by providing "Customer Control", an automatic system of preventing and reviving inactive accounts.

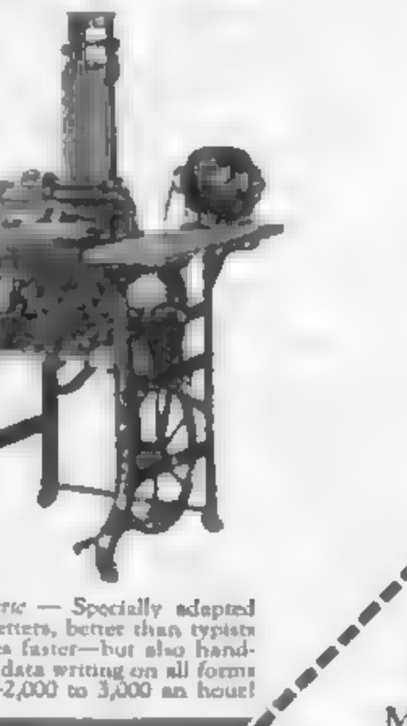
Discuss this important matter with the Addressograph representative. You will find him qualified to analyze your requirements in a businesslike, concise way. Or mail the coupon with your letter-head.

Sales and service agencies in the principal cities of the world

ADDRESSOGRAPH COMPANY, 900 W. Van Buren St., Chicago

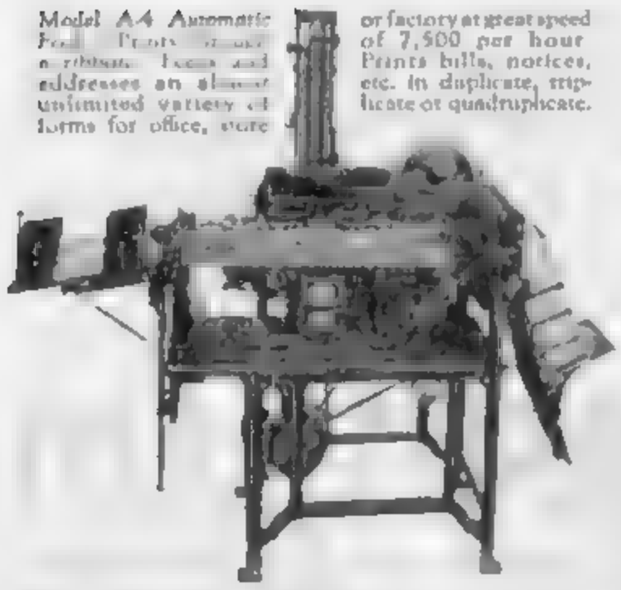
Canada: Toronto, Vancouver, Montreal *European Head Office and Factory:* London, England

Manufacturers of Graphotype Addressograph Dupligraph Cardograph

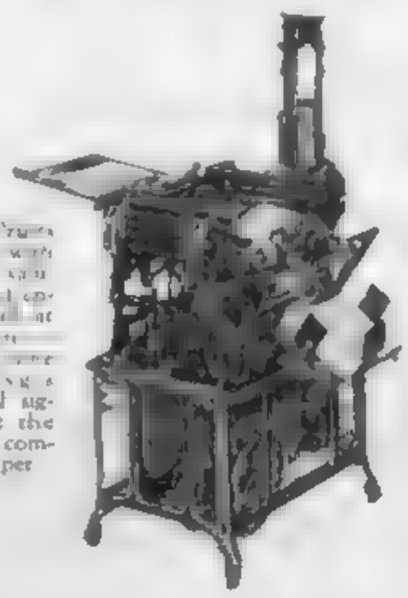


Hand Operated Machines — For addressing and imprinting names and data on standard business forms 1,000 to 1,500 impressions an hour! Prices as low as $25

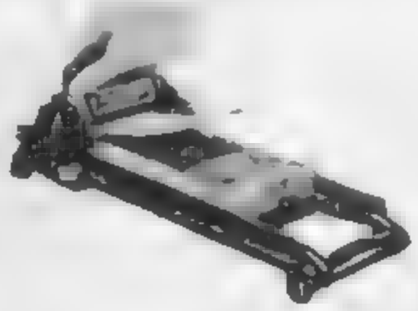
Model A-4 Automatic — Prints ... numbers, forms and addresses an almost unlimited variety of forms for office, store or factory at great speed of 7,500 per hour. Prints bills, notices, etc. in duplicate, triplicate or quadruplicate.



Dupligraph — Prints ... typewritten letters with ... addresses and ... Love and sprite letter ... at one operation through the same ... machine and signs them in actual signature ink at the rate of 2,000 completed letters per hour.



Cardograph — Produces 1,500 messages on post cards in an hour! A completed card every operation through a ribbon. Also used for imprinting standard data on forms, etc.



Model F-2 Electric — Specially adapted to "filling-in" letters, better than typists ... to 30 times faster—but also handles names and data writing on all forms thru a ribbon—2,000 to 3,000 an hour!

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Addressograph
TRADE MARK
PRINTS FROM TYPE

Mail with your letter-head to

ADDRESSOGRAPH COMPANY
900 W. Van Buren St.
Chicago, Illinois

Please advise how Addressographs will increase my sales and reduce my operating expense.

2-1929

(Continued from Page 130)

had been a human being, fighting some kind of battle; and he had stood aloof with no offer of help. And now there was nothing.

And then his searching eyes found in that moving ray of light upon the water, something white.

He was in the water with short unpracticed strokes. "If I do not make it," he muttered, "I shall have helped to kill."

From the little hollow in the rock where she had thrown herself, Guarda sat up. She had heard a splash in the water. There was somebody in the water, somebody who was not in bathing clothes and who did not seem to be doing much swimming. She sprang to her feet.

Below her on the sand was a man's coat and a pair of shoes. No man could have gone swimming that way. Besides, that man couldn't swim. But he did not turn back on that account. Guarda's heart began to beat harder. He was swimming out as far as his labored motion would carry him, and then when he couldn't swim any more he meant to stop. She kicked off her shoes.

"A second chance for you, old thing; whoever you are."

VI

"FOR heaven's sake, let go of me," he said angrily. "I can walk in from here."

"Your offer of marriage in return for the saving of your life is accepted," said Guarda, "but I won't let go of you until you are on dry land. You're no good to me at all, old man, drowned."

From the tail of her eye she saw that he was not old. And with his shoulders and height he ought to have known how to swim. The pallor of his face spoke of an indoor life, unless it was hunger; but his wide-spaced eyes were those of far horizons. A full underlip pressed itself into a narrow angry line as he tramped stocking-footed up the beach with Guarda holding fast to him.

"Where were you?" he asked, as he stopped beyond the finger of rock where he had been working before he heard her sob. She was not a young girl after all, nor was she a beautiful woman, as she had seemed huddled against the rock when he first saw her. She had a look of age for all the smoothness of her face—a face that should have shown signs of contact with life, but did not; as if the signs had been wiped off as a boy sponges his slate when his problem is proved wrong.

"Where was I when? Listen, your teeth are chattering. Can you build a fire?"

His angry voice clipped his words. "I haven't any dry matches."

"Maybe there's one in your coat, little Boy Scout; and there's scads of driftwood. What do you mean, where was I? I was in the nick of time. A minute more and it would have been all up with you. Don't you know you oughtn't to go into the water when you can't swim any better than that?"

From under slanting lids she watched him bring from his coat pocket a lighter and pieces of paper inscribed with *x* and *y*. He collected the driftwood beyond the high-tide mark and made a blaze with deft fingers. Beyond his pallor there was nothing in his face that looked as if he were grief-stricken, or in the grip of any despair that was enough to drive him into the water this way.

"Are you in pictures?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Lost your job?"

"Not yet."

"Feel it coming on?"

"I don't know."

She studied him as he worked with the fire. Not a man who would tell what was in his mind just for the asking. Yet he had jumped into the water with his clothes on and the poorest stroke she had ever seen. And for all she knew, if she left him here without changing his mind for him, he might go back into the water.

"Haven't you anybody who cares about you?" she asked, standing close to the fire.

He crossed his sticks of wood and heaped up new ones. "No. Have you?"

She heard herself laughing with amazement. Ten minutes ago it had been a tragedy that not a living soul would care if she had walked into the water. And now this somehow seemed funny. "Well, it's no reason to drown yourself. Any moment somebody might care for you."

He stared at her. Then from his coat he drew a dry handkerchief and offered it to her. "Would you mind," he asked, "wiping your eye? You have one black eye."

"My make-up isn't waterproof," said Guarda calmly, and wiped her face. Streaks of mascara colored the handkerchief. But she saw that it was hand-whipped linen with an embroidered initial. He could not be hungry; and the lighter he had taken from his pocket might be gold from its look. Guarda gave her face another dab. "Is that better?"

"There on the side of your nose, and there." He touched her face with his finger.

"You are frozen!" she exclaimed, and took him by the arm.

He looked down at her. "How could you have gotten in that water there behind me?"

"I jumped into the water, Annette."

"Yes, yes, but —"

She interrupted. "Now can your temper! It's no way to talk to a lady who has just saved your life. I jumped into the water to get you back to the shore alive. Didn't you ever learn to swim when you were a boy?"

He shook his head. "No, I am lame."

She brought her shoulders up under her ears. Men had been known to give up because invalidism threatened them. "Is that what's worrying you? Does it hurt your job in pictures?"

"Not that I know of."

He had built his fire against a tiny ledge of rock. Guarda sat down on it with her wet feet and her wet skirts close to the growing blaze. He watched her with puzzled interest.

Searching for some break in the armor of his reserve, Guarda seized on this puzzlement. "Will you dry yourself? And why do you look at me that way?"

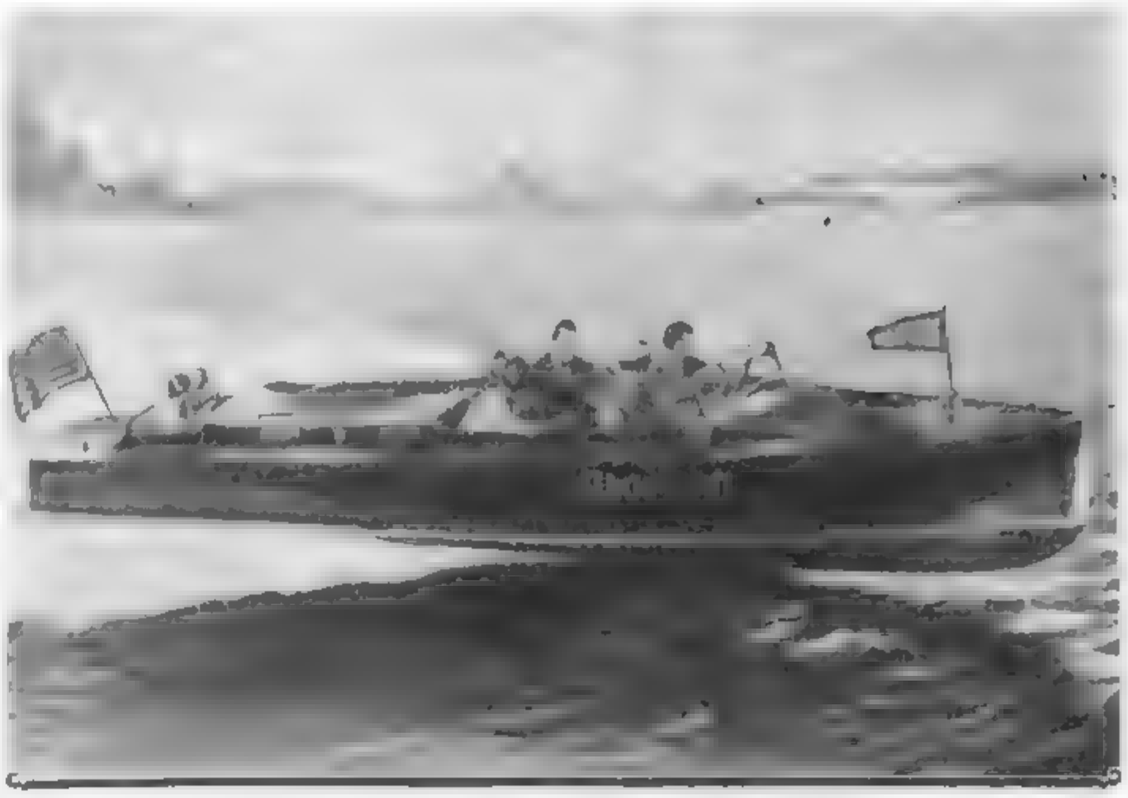
It was a childish question, but it produced an answer. "I have an odd feeling that I have seen you before; and yet, so far as I know, your face is entirely unfamiliar to me. It was the way you moved when you sat down. It was as if I might have dreamed of it and forgotten it before I wakened."

Sharply the moments of her anguish when she had last used that phrase came to Guarda. If I should die before I wake. Was it only a few minutes ago that she was wondering if she would ever waken if she walked out into that water. And she had walked in, and where was the anguish? This other human being who had actually done this thing she had been wondering about —— Guarda hunched herself together; he didn't seem like the kind of man who would do this, but you couldn't tell. She tried to find some words to seize on this thing in another's mind that might destroy when once her back was turned, that she might wrestle with it. She had not many words at her command, and the effort brought her breath out sharply, flinging color over her white face.

The man bent his head toward her in amazement, for she had suddenly grown beautiful.

"Listen," she said. "Are you listening? There isn't anything so bad that can't be made better if you tackle it. And if you can't tackle it you can always sprint. And the long road and going fast will make you over so's you can tackle it. I know a lot about this picture game. It takes the heart out of you a hundred times a day. And you just gotta go right on, heartless; and get your heart back when you can. It winds you. But what's that compared with keeping your head? Say, you aren't half through—not at your age."

He made her no answer. It was as if he could not, staring at her in his deep amazement. She caught the look and some long



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With a Chris-Craft the business man can get his needed outdoor recreation while he has capacity to enjoy it—can give his family the clean outdoor thrills and pleasures that build both health and character.

Regattas—camping, fishing and picnic excursions—swimming and aquaplaning parties—social events—business trips—all assume new meaning with a Chris-Craft at your hand. Every leisure hour becomes a golden opportunity for recreation and sport for every *member of the family.*

East, west, north and south—in every boating community in the United States and in foreign countries—there is now being exhibited the most outstanding selection of all-mahogany motor boats ever created—the new 1929 Chris-Craft fleet.

Thousands of families, many of whom have never owned a boat before, are planning now for a Chris-Craft year—a year of freedom—of joy—of health—of clean, wholesome sport for the young folks.

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withdrawn thread of gold began to weave itself into the unrolling fabric that had denied her motherhood. She put out a hand that cherished and laid it on his arm—something just a little more than the perfect gesture perfectly timed, and yet something that also held that.

"Listen, Annette, I don't care for so many people, and if I did it wouldn't do me much good when I got into trouble; for there aren't so many people who care about me. And besides here in Hollywood there is too much trouble for even your best friends to listen to yours. They've got their own. So when I'm all raw with some director making me go the wrong way; or when I have to play with a camera hog who never gives me a chance; I go home and shut myself up and I talk my head off—all to myself. I just talk and talk. And talking a thing sends it flying. It's better if you have someone you can talk it to. Have you?"

"No." Some place he had seen that trick of widening eyes. And wherever he had seen it, it had not been the face of a woman of forty, but a young and lovely woman warding off something that threatened her but did not alter her beauty.

"Wouldn't I do? I'm safe to talk to; I don't tell things." Visibly she was calling on some long-unused part of her mind. Her voice had become a little husky and she spoke as women do to cherished children, striving for their withheld confidence.

The man stirred, unaccountably moved by the thing she was trying to do. And always at the back of his mind was this confusing imagery. Not so long ago he had seen that head under a crown, held regally. The hand upon his arm had been extended to a kneeling courtier. And then, because his ear recorded memories more surely than his eye, there returned to him the long sound waves of applause that had seemed so odd to him since it was given to a flat-surfaced screen.

"You are—you are Guarda Daran!" he said, and fell silent in dismay. "Why, I have gone to see you every time I could for a year. It was the way you moved across the screen. I learned screen tempo from you." He paused and drew back, unconsciously giving himself more room to search her face.

And on this new road Guarda had sprung into she found her swift movement impeded. She reached out for the old crutch; she felt for her vanity case, concerned with the shell of herself that must always be perfect. But the powder and the rouge came from her pocket soaked in brine. She dropped her hand and turned her eyes away from the man.

His look at her had deepened. So it was Guarda Daran who had been sobbing. "It is my turn to ask questions, Guarda Daran. If I promise to tell you what made me go into that water, will you tell me why you were breaking your heart on the other side of that rock so short a time ago?"

"Breaking my heart? You listened?"

"I heard. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes."

"Well, then. If you had heard a man cry out in pain, and had not moved because of some foolish fear of intruding, and then when the cry was stilled found yourself in the grasp of a worse fear, and you had gone to the man and could not find him, what would you think? You would think that if you had not been a coward, and had gone to him at once, whatever had happened to him might not have happened. I heard you, and then you grew still. And when I went to find you—there was only that white spot on the water."

Through the clear pallor of her skin a flush crept. "You went into the water, not because you had some trouble, something you couldn't stand" she stepped backward—"you went in after me; because you thought I was there. And you went when you cannot swim any better than you can—for me."

"I went in for myself, I tell you. That is what I have been telling you. And now—your answer. It was a bargain, you know."

The flush that had mounted to her forehead faded out, leaving it whiter than before.

"I—I haven't any reason. Not any reason for all I was thinking. I don't know why I cried like that, now."

He looked away from her. He had no need to ask Guarda Daran why she sobbed as if the fibers of her heart were being torn. He had been asked to help at that tearing and he had taken himself down to the coast to avoid it. And what had befallen him?

"Why, you were waiting in Schelling's office yesterday when I came out!"

She had been all white and gold; white fur about a golden face. And there had been nothing in that face to make him believe she could sob as he had heard her. Had he seen, he would have gone to defend her against those unskilled handlers of human fibers instead of running away.

He narrowed his eyes on her. No white and golden hot-house exotic this; shallow-voiced with her vanity and her self-seeking. She had not even thought of herself when she found she had been trying to save him from a despair that did not exist. And her voice—its tenderness as she had tried to make him speak; its husky depth as she asked him to believe that he might safely confide in her. He had a place for that.

"You won't tell me what you were sobbing over, even if it is all gone now?"

"It was just a chance I had, and lost. I couldn't make the grade with my voice in the new sound stuff."

"But one test doesn't prove that."

"How did you know I had only one test?"

"They spoke to me about you—Schelling and Swain. Listen to me now. I can put a record of your voice on that gelatin that will make these men clamor for you. Not Schelling, and not Swain—they would not know if they heard. But North—North, who runs straight while these others are circling—as straight as a man can run on a crooked road."

"You!" she whispered. "You are Lenine!"

Her eyes swept to the tousled hair crisping into what would have been curls had it not been shorn, and then back to the kindling eyes that saw something she could not see.

"My voice sounded dreadful," she said.

He frowned. "The voice is not only what you are, but what you have been, and sometimes what you may become. I cannot test you as some young girl with a silly paper romance. I cannot just add a voice to the kind of things you have been playing and make the record any different from the one made yesterday. For you are no longer a young girl. But I can test you in the rôle of a grown woman—a woman with tears in her voice. And I can test you for sheer comedy; a woman who has tried it all and can laugh over it; a woman who knows that laughing perception will do more for the heavily burdened than blowzy sentimentalism. Will that content you?"

"Mother parts! And D. G. North?"

He saw her face age before him, and her fingers stray to a tiny scar below the wet strings of her hair.

"Parts that give you the chance you have not had."

"But what do you mean—North—and you signing with Schelling? Why, you came from his office with your contract in your hand."

He moved closer to her. "Yes, and I might have signed it tonight but for you and"—he spread his fingers out toward the fire—"and this. And if I had signed it, it would have been the end of me as surely as if you had let me drown in that water."

He put out his hand. "Will you believe in what I want to do? And will you believe that you can do it?"

She looked out over the water. The great brush of light had faded and the sea had become a gray cloak over the shoulder of the world. Back here on the shore a fire glowed, and a hand was held out. She put her own within it and felt it close, warm and strong.

"You lamb!" said Guarda.

NEVER HAVE YOU SEEN FULL FASHIONED HOSIERY OF THIS QUALITY AT $1

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And why not!

Full-fashioned hose of this quality has always been regarded as a luxury for the privileged few. Now Bemberg Yarn makes it possible for chic to go hand in hand with economy. The ambition of the hosiery industry to present a really fine full-fashioned hose for $1 has been achieved. ***Hosiery of Bemberg is of construction and quality that cannot be equalled at $1 in hosiery made of any other yarn.***

While thousands of stores all over the country sell these dollar stockings made of Bemberg, it is just possible that your favorite store might not yet have them. As you really must see this remarkable hosiery to appreciate its value, we have available a supply of hose from our customers, the *hosiery manufacturers. We will send one pair to each person (meeting color preference as nearly as possible) who sends the name of the store unable to supply her, together with check or money order for $1. Send the coupon at the bottom of this page to the American Bemberg Corporation, 180 Madison Avenue, New York City.

The following hosiery manufacturers for your protection are marking their first quality hosiery made of Bemberg with an identifying label:

Full-fashioned Hosiery Manufacturers

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KRAEMER HOSIERY CO. . . . . Nazareth, Pa.
LANSDALE SILK HOSIERY CO., Inc Lansdale, Pa.
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Size .... Check Shade Preferred: Light ☐ Dark ☐

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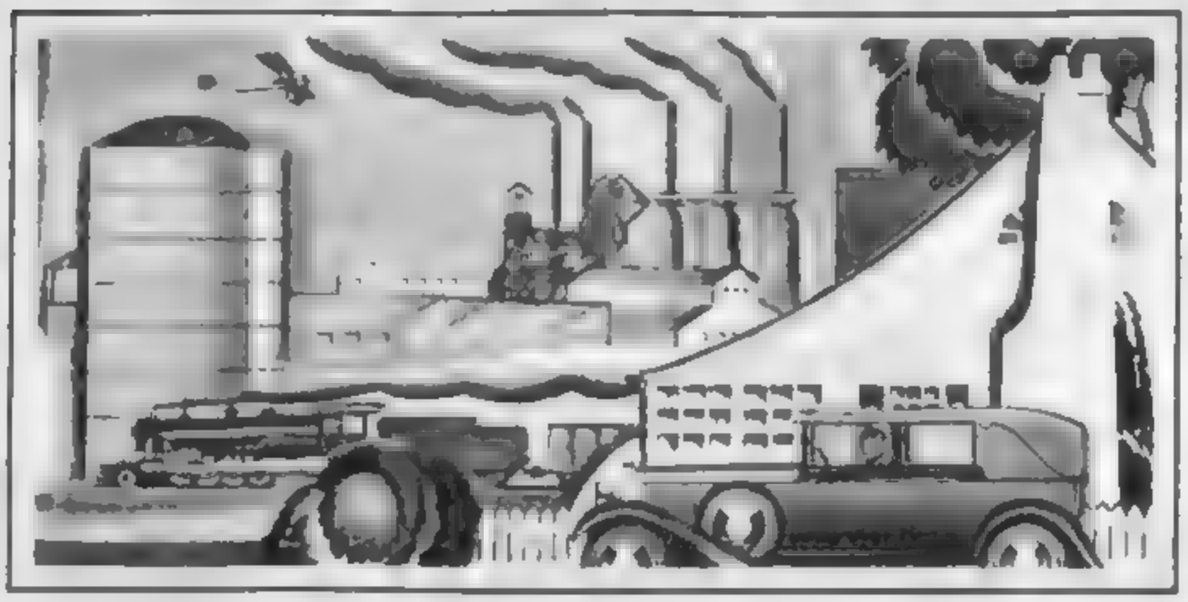

It is a far cry from the type of steel required for the delicate hair spring of your watch to that used in the thousands of miles of pipe lines—without which there could be no modern cities or industries. They typify the universal scope and indispensable nature of *steel.*

The most important of all types of steel is the tough, malleable, easily workable steel, because it can be adapted to most human needs. Such a steel is COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, produced by steel makers who have grown up with America. In this highly refined, copper alloyed steel are retained all vital requisites—and to them has been added an element which sets up a powerful defense against the forces of decay.

For twenty years, this copper alloyed steel has been subject to practical and severe tests in many forms of construction and manufacture, by railroads, industry, agriculture and the home. Through outstanding merit alone, in this fast moving Age of Steel, COP-R-LOY has established new standards of service with greater utility and economy.

As proof of its faith in COP-R-LOY, the Wheeling Steel Corporation employs it in the manufacture of Pipe, Plates, Tie Plates, Spikes, Flat Sheets and Roofings, Tin and Terne Plate, Agricultural Fence, Wire and Rods. Facilities of the Wheeling Steel Corporation for the making of COP-R-LOY cover every phase of steel manufacture from mine to market. This has the important advantage of insuring a uniform quality from day to day, and in always protecting the investment of the buyer, no matter in what form he may specify COP-R-LOY, either in basic form for fabrication into thousands of metal products, or in finished product. The name COP-R-LOY is a guarantee of longer and more satisfactory service at low cost.

"From Mine WHEELING STEEL *to Market"*

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For Building Construction—Roofings—zinc, tin and terne coated; gutter and spouting, metal lath, corner bead, window and door casements, clothes and coal chutes, furnaces, ranges, heaters, and many other necessities to convenience, economy, protection from fire and freedom from repair. Important among building needs is Wheeling Pipe, made of COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, frequently used in the uncoated state as well as the bright galvanized finish for extra protection. It is an example of the day's best pipe making skill as well as the standard quality in tubular goods, sold and installed to the architect's specifications by leading plumbers and pipe fitters everywhere.

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For Railroads—COP-R-LOY Plates, Sheets, Pipe, Car Roofing, Tie Plates and Spikes, are specified by railroad metallurgists and engineers to reduce maintenance costs while improving construction of buildings, rolling stock and right of way.

Wheeling Steel Products Ready for Use

In addition to COP-R-LOY Pipe the maker supplies a number of finished steel products to manufacturers and distributors. Cut Nails, for example, since 1852, Wire and Wire Nails, Staples, Barbed Wire, Riv-weld and Arc-weld Range Boilers, Steel Drums and tubular products for developers and refiners of petroleum in all the principal oil fields of America. The name Wheeling applied to any steel or steel product is the word of the maker that protects the buyer.

Write to us for an interesting, non-technical account of COP-R-LOY, *the Copper Alloyed Steel, and its list of uses important to your own convenience and economy.*

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WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

Subsidiary Companies

Wheeling Corrugating Company · Consumers Mining Company
Pan Iron Mining Company · La Belle Transportation Company
Ackermann Manufacturing Company · La Belle Coke Company
The Consolidated Expanded Metal Companies

RUNNING PAST THE SIGNAL

Continued from Page 23)

only thing they could do—that is, they sent their man on to New York. He had never bought or sold a share of stock on the exchange of which he was a mute, inglorious member. He was a stranger to the business, who could not be expected to do much actual buying and selling while he was learning the game—which, I may add, calls for unusual qualities and much practice even in quiet times. With all his handicaps, amid the pandemonium of a roaring bull market, the greenhorn earned for his firm something over $12,000 in commissions during the month of November. At that rate he was earning $144,000 a year. His seat had not cost the firm much more than that sum, so that it stood to make a yearly profit of 100 per cent on its investment.

Today a broker's branch office hundreds of miles distant from New York has practically all the facilities that you find in the main office, under the very shadow of the Stock Exchange itself. It does not seem so long ago that not a stock ticker was to be found in New York City north of Fulton Street. I recall when James R. Keene had a ticker installed in his bedroom in the Waldorf Hotel because the physicians forbade his going downtown. The newspapers made a front-page story of the incident.

Quotations used to be sent out by leased Western Union wires. Many of the old-time plungers learned their Morse and could take a message as well as the office telegraph operator. Today it is different. There is the cattle baron in Wyoming, thirty miles from a railroad, who makes daily use of the radio, the telephone and the telegraph to speculate on the New York Stock Exchange. Tickers whir and click away in brokers' offices in the towns and cities, south, west, east and north. There is the movie ticker that flashes the running tape on an illuminated transparency as on a screen, enabling the passing crowds in the street as well as the staring customers in the office to get glimpses of the workings of the wheels of chance. And the brokers' earnings have grown commensurately with the greater facilities, which, in turn, have brought in more customers.

Tips Telephoned to Europe

There are firms which have been making $1,000,000 a month in commissions. When a concern does a business which reaches 800,000 shares in one day you may be sure that the commissions will amount to much more than $1,000,000 a month. The odd-lot houses do even better than the commission houses. But the point to remember is that stockbrokers have a most lucrative business. Bankers and manufacturers have stopped sneering at them, and now envy them. What can be nicer than to have the entire world for clients?

There is no need to dwell on the classes of Americans that at this writing are interested in stock speculation. Wherever you may be in these United States, if you will take the trouble to listen, you will know that the speakers are speculating in stocks. You hear it in hotel lobbies and theater foyers, in office-building elevators and in street cars. At dinner tables and in your own office, in telephone booths and in your wife's boudoir, you listen to customers of stockbrokers—if you listen at all. And the rest of the world is placing bets in Wall Street on a scale never before seen.

The partner of a well-known house that numbers among its customers one of the new kings of the Street, a man with the Midas touch that makes him a bull-market leader—as long as the newspapers do their share—telephones to London every day. He has clients there. The London speculators to whom he tells his opinions, he asserts without the slightest egotism, follow his advice instantly and implicitly. They do this not only because of their justified confidence in his judgment and trading ability—he has been right on this market to the tune of many millions of dollars for himself and his followers—but because those Englishmen who are intelligent enough to preserve an open mind on American affairs have the faith in the destiny of the United States that makes them very bullish. It is these Englishmen who accept the telephoned bull tips without hesitation or delay. Britons may be slow to see an American joke, but when it comes to serious things like making money by betting on American prosperity, they are about as slow as chain lightning. The telephone across the Atlantic is kept busy during New York Stock Exchange hours.

A Private Wire to London

One day my super-tipster could not use the telephone to London because the most spectacular plunger of the Ten happened to be in London and reserved the wire for his exclusive use. He wished to keep in touch with his brokers in New York. His bill for that one day was $25,000, according to one of his intimate friends. I cannot vouch for these figures, for in a bull market every friend of every successful stock operator constitutes himself into a megaphoning press agent—and they do mighty well for amateurs.

Telephone charges of $25,000 for one day may seem a bit hefty, but, after all, what is it to a man who, according to the same enthusiastic friend, made more than $100,000,000 in 1928, bulling stocks which everybody said had reached the danger point in 1927? It was the same man who predicted 7,000,000-share days and $6,000,000,000 of brokers' loans when wiseacres were saying that if the transactions in the Stock Exchange crossed the 4,000,000-share mark the machinery of the Stock Exchange would be put out of commission for a month—the same sapient saps who swore that if brokers' loans ever reached $4,000,000,000 there would be a world panic.

It would be a mistake to assume that the speculators who were so recklessly buying all sorts of stocks at all sorts of prices in 1928 must have been young and reckless pikers who knew nothing about sound business principles or sane commercial practices. That this was not so you learned when you made a tour of the brokers' offices. There you found that everybody was speculating blindly, disregarding precedents and ignoring warnings. And though such slumps as were seen in June and December of 1928, euphemistically referred to as "healthy reactions," or "salutary readjustments," or "needed corrections," or "red signals," and so on, reduced paper profits by many millions, the fact cannot be ignored that huge fortunes were won in Wall Street and vast numbers of small speculators intelligently retired from the Street with stakes of varying sizes. If everybody and his wife had not known, of their personal knowledge, of friends and neighbors who had made more money in Wall Street than they ever had possessed before, they themselves would not have sought the brokers' offices, bent on scoring encores. And because both are urged by the same desire to get something for nothing, the piker is in the same class with the plunger. Both will fill the same Wall Street grave.

In the course of my visits to a dozen brokers whom I knew personally, I met at least fifty men who, I was assured, had made each more than $1,000,000 in the stock market in 1928. At times I feel like doubting this, and yet I know it to be true. In one office I walked in just as a stranger was walking out. The senior partner, who was escorting him, introduced me. He suspected my errand, for he said to the stranger:

"I think this alleged writer has come here to hear some stories of big winnings.

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"The Nickel Lunch"

When you've just time to grab the train, grab a bag of Planters Salted Peanuts. They are "The Nickel Lunch." Big, delicious peanuts; brown as a Pullman Porter, crisp as a new ticket. 5 cents everywhere.

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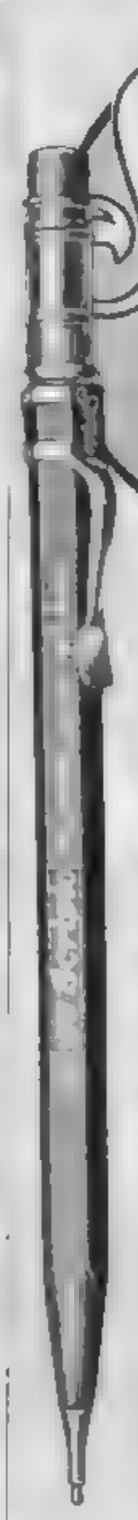

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Does more! Costs less! Tastes better!

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$400 KEI-LAC MACHINE EARNED $5,040 IN ONE YEAR. $150 machine earned $2,100. One man placed 100. Responsible company offers exclusive advertising proposition. Unlimited possibilities. Protected territory. Investment required. Experience unnecessary. NATIONAL KEI-LAC CO., 557 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago

OVERHEAD GARAGE DOOR
Opens up, out of way. A child can operate
Send for catalog
Overhead Door Corporation Hartford City, Ind.

He doesn't believe that anybody ever makes money in Wall Street. Don't you want to make him feel good by telling him about your case?"

The stranger smiled and said, "There isn't anything to tell. I had that stock ever since the present company was organized. It didn't cost me anything to speak of."

"And did you figure that any price was a profit?" I asked.

"No. I think my stock is worth what it is selling for, and perhaps more; but I decided that it was wise to reduce my holdings and invest that money in something else. I didn't sell all my holdings, you know. I merely sold a fairly large block while I had a market for it."

"Did you have any trouble in selling it?"

"Oh, no. I began at 135 and sold on the way up. The last went at 152. The market took it without any trouble."

I looked at the broker, who understood, for he said to his client: "You might tell him how much you sold."

"It was only 80,000 shares," he said. He was not talking for effect. He would have had no trouble in selling five times that amount in that market. Yet, it was not so long ago that he could not have sold 10,000 shares without driving down the price almost to the vanishing point. I do not care to mention the stock, but the fact is that this man made a profit of more than $10,000,000; though he was not, strictly speaking, a speculator. He was a business man who profited by the foreseen prosperity of a legitimate industry, an intelligent optimist who took a rather slight chance and made a very large profit; quite the reverse of the average speculator, whom the bull market turns from a man with dollars into a man without sense.

One of the most successful brokers in New York told me that shortly before the December reaction he went uptown to a furrier from whom he had bought furs for years—a hard-working, reliable man.

He walked into the shop. It is not on Fifth Avenue but the owner knows furs. There was not a soul in sight. He walked through an open door into the back room. There was the furrier. He sat at a table. On the table were cards and chips. About the table sat several coatless men. They were playing poker.

"What's the matter?" asked the broker. "Gone out of business?"

The furrier rose to his feet and smiled. "Well," he said, "I'm not looking for any."

"Don't you want to do business?"

"Say, what can I make out of the fur business to equal what I have made in your office? You ought to know which is better." And he smiled gratefully.

No Time to Attend to His Business

"It shows," the broker said, "how successful the customers of a reputable commission house are. I'll allow you to publish the name of my firm and the address."

"With the names and addresses of those of your customers who lost in your office?" I said.

"Joking aside," continued the broker, "I want to tell that I had quite a little trouble inducing that furrier to get me some first-class sables for my wife. Why, he whined like anything over the time he would have to spend finding and matching the furs I wanted. He was afraid something might happen while he was out on my business and my office could not get at him quickly, and he might lose a chance to make in the stock market a hundred times what he would make out of my furs."

But I found in the brokers' offices another type of American—that is, customers who were neither pikers nor plungers but successful business men—either retail merchants who were neglecting their businesses to make easy money, or retired business men who were still interested in making money by using their brains. I judge that more than one-half of those I saw in the brokers' offices were not New Yorkers, but came from various parts of the country. I spoke with scores of them, for they were a type of speculator with which I was unacquainted. They did not exist in other bull markets.

Then there is the successful business man who has been trading in stocks. These men, the customers' men tell me, have been the hardest of all to induce to take profits.

A banker, whose son is a broker with the conservative tendency of his sire, told me that the youngster lost much sleep up to the time of the "salutary readjustment" of December over the obstinacy of these really sound business men in not turning some part of their paper profits into good hard cash.

Faith in Other Business Men

"They are not in the millionaire class," said the banker, "but they can and do buy and hold thousands of shares without unduly straining their financial resources. They are shrewd enough, quick to perceive chances, adaptable, and can heed precedents without being slaves to them. And yet, of all my son's customers, he tells me, these really clever men have been the hardest to convince that every bull market we have any record of always has had the same ending. Theirs is not the self-inflicted deafness of the greed-stricken. They are, as a matter of fact, the victims of their own virtues. You see, they succeeded in their own businesses through their own efforts. They know they cannot be utter asses, or they would not have made good. Therefore, they have the self-confidence that success implants in men's souls.

"If you inquire into how these men succeeded in their businesses, you discover that they did it by having the courage of their convictions, by overcoming foolish financial fears, by each man knowing his own job thoroughly, by using common sense. But chief of all, I suspect, by taking chances that their clear vision told them were not at all desperate. Very often, in their businesses, they found it highly profitable to disregard the advice of cautious bankers or of overconservative partners—that is, of the very men who, in October and November, 1928, advised them not to buy stocks but to sell them, to take profits. Silly advice that was!

"Never forget for one minute that these men made their money—some good-sized fortunes, some of them—by thinking for themselves. It is their money that they are risking today—in many cases the very money they made by not doing what old bankers like myself or timid brokers like my son advised them to do. You must not accuse the members of the New York Stock Exchange of indifference to their customers' success. The broker does not live who can shake out a man who has both adequate margins and superabundant self-confidence. For these really intelligent and genuinely prosperous business men the only dislodger that so far has been found effective is a bludgeon. Even such sharp breaks as we saw in June or in December do not have the educational value they should have."

I found another type of successful speculator in 1928, responsible for much of the widespread demand for stocks in this bull market. There are scores of men all over the country who made millions out of the big rises in the popular trading stocks—men whom you never heard of. They believed in the bull market and took logical positions on certain stocks. They were successful men in their own towns and cities—widely advertised local successes. They had themselves interviewed by the local

(Continued on Page 142)

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—*And It's the World's* ONLY *Completely Automatic Toaster!*

SEE HOW IT WORKS

1 Just drop bread in the slot and press down two levers. That's all. Two-side toasting starts automatically
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You don't watch it or think about it. You read, go out of the room, answer the phone; do anything you like, leave it as long as you want; and never burn toast, never get anything short of *perfect toast.*

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In a few seconds, there's a *POP!* and a piece of toast, just as you ordered, is *automatically discharged* from the machine and the current *automatically* turned off.

It toasts both sides at once. Thus giving you the superlative in toast. Moist and tender inside, crisp and crunchy outside—with all the flavor sealed in. It has supplanted all other less-modern toasters, last two years, in thousands of homes.

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IN every human heart there lies that pleasant dream of calm and quiet ease, of peace and friends about us. We may not voice it much, perhaps, but still it is the urge which prompts us, when we build or buy, to seek for lasting things.

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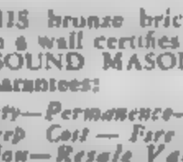

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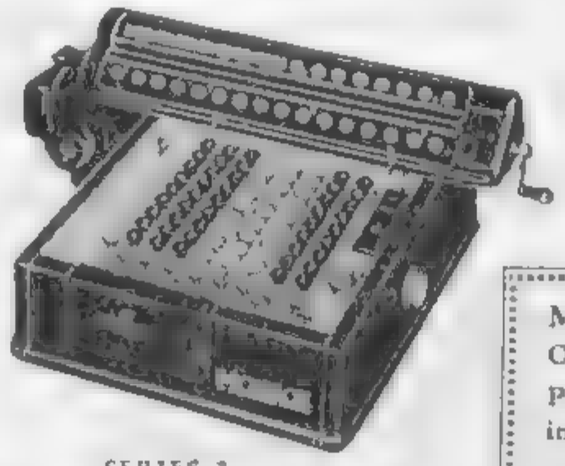

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(Continued from Page 138)

papers. They gave out patriotic statements, full of bullish enthusiasm not only on the United States but on the particular stocks in which they were most interested. Such men, having no special responsibility, could make assertions and indulge in prophecies that no reputable stock-exchange house could dare make. These chaps have mailing lists and have acquired a following that runs into the hundreds and even thousands of pikers. Naturally, during the bull market, all these followers made money. The buying power of scores of these minor Napoleons and their adherents is difficult to estimate, but it is enormous in the aggregate. Their success in beating the game gave them all the following they needed.

More than once I have been asked to tell when, how and to what extent executives of corporations concern themselves with the market for their securities.

A friend of mine not long ago was in the office of the president of one of the largest industrial concerns in the country—I mean exactly that—and a mutual friend came in. Naturally, they discussed the stock market. The president said he was sorry to see the public going crazy.

"Well," said my friend, "your stock is selling at 185."

"Yes; that is twenty points too high," the president said. "I want our stock to be in the hands of investors. I don't like to think of it as a trading favorite, as they call it."

I now invite the laughs of 5,000,000 readers by stating my belief that this corporation president actually meant what he said.

It so happened that on the third day of the first December slump the same man was in the office of the president of another corporation whose stock had risen to high figures on public buying. The official said that his company was making so much money that he thought he owed it to the stockholders to support their stock. There were many people who believed in the company and wanted to hold their securities, but would be frightened if the insiders did not show their faith in the stock by buying it on the way down.

"The stock," he said, "is worth more than it is selling for, in my opinion. I cannot come out and say so, in so many words, without laying myself open to charges of stock gambling and innumerable innuendoes of every sort. Supporting a corporation's stock with the corporation's money may seem indefensible at first blush, and yet, as I tell you, there is no sense in blinking the fact that investors, no less than speculators, study the stock tables and are influenced by the fluctuations. I get hundreds of letters every day from holders of our securities who ask me whether they should continue to hold or sell on the rise. Those letters are best answered by doing what I have just done. The outlay can be charged legitimately, in my opinion, to advertising account. As a matter of fact, we have the legal right to retire stock by purchases in the open market at the discretion of the directors."

It depends on the point of view.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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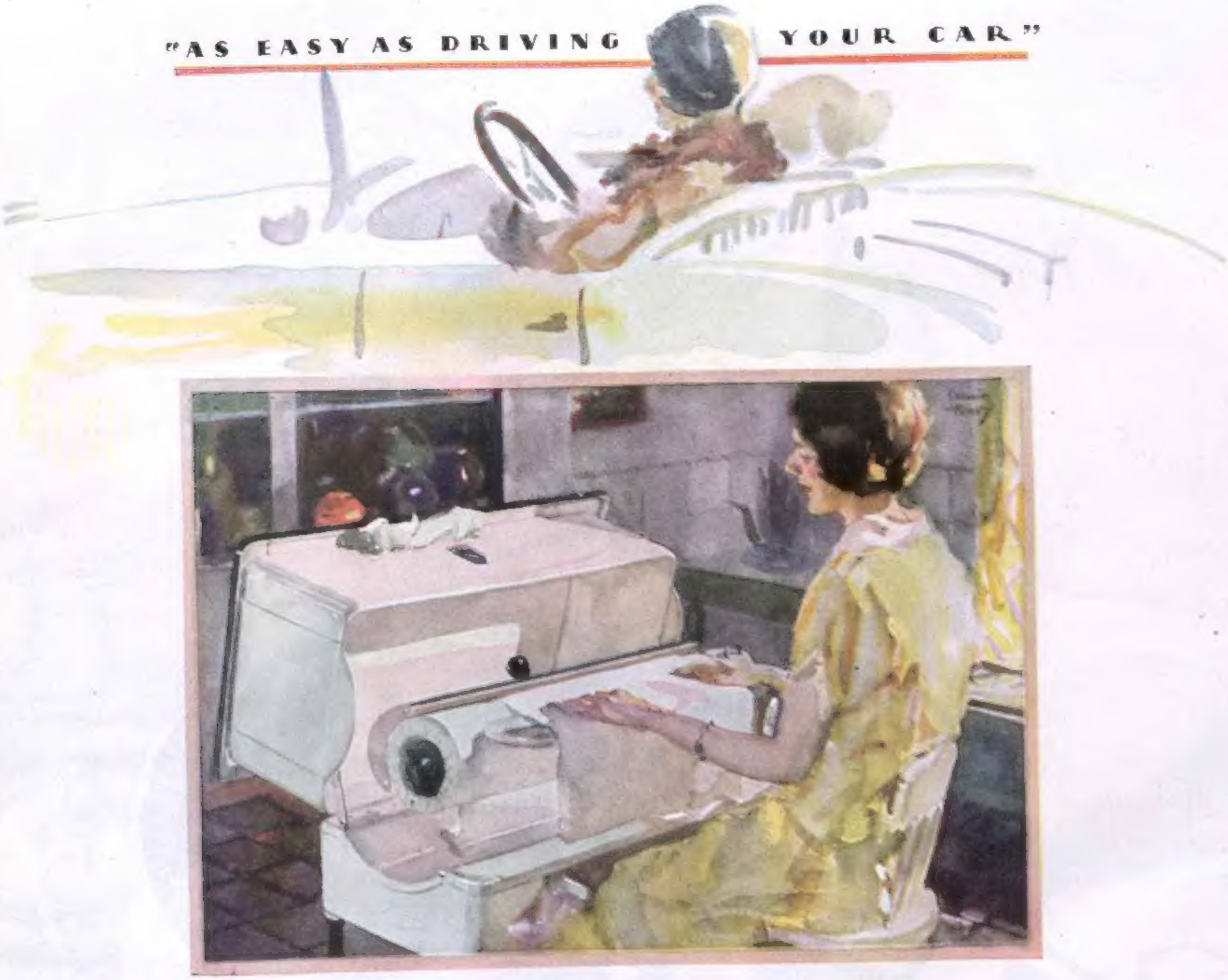

Have you seen the new Graybar Ironer?

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